Hearst's International OSMOP litan

A Novel About the SPIRIT WORLD by SIR PHILIP GIBBS



STAINLESS

PORCELAIN





EASY TO CLEAN

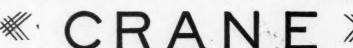
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG SERVICE

O apparent and so pronounced are the merits of fixtures made of white solid porcelain, that they appeal instantly to those who desire a certain distinction in all their home furnishings. The very name, white solid porcelain, stimulates the imagination, bringing to mind the long and honorable ancestry of this fine sanitary ware.

The sight of the fixtures themselves reveals an eye-filling beauty of simple, graceful line and lus-

trous surface. To the touch, they present a feeling of substantial character that at once translates the term "solid porcelain" into years of lasting service.

In colors to accord with many color schemes, or in the white, these solid porcelain fixtures are as hard to stain and as easy to clean as a china plate or porcelain vase. Any responsible plumbing contractor will gladly explain their specific advantages for your contemplated installation.



EVERYTHING FOR AN



Back to the Gracker Barrel

HAVE about given up all hope of ever becoming a city man. Like the rest of the fellows back in the brush I had my Big Dream. I wanted to become a thorough cosmopolite—one of those slick city chaps who could call hotel clerks by name in London. Paris. Cairo and Shanghai.

one of those slick city chaps who could call hotel clerks by name in London, Paris, Cairo and Shanghai.

Others could dream of being big-town chiropractors or drummers traveling out of Chicago and New York, but I craved the insouciance of the nonchalant man-about-town—the boulevardier, if you please, with the pearl derby and dove-gray state.

After twenty years I have acquired a working knowledge of various table-forks, the outward dip to the soup-spoon, the polite murmur of small talk and even the proper inflection of "Really!" But I cannot get the hang of New York traffic. It is entirely too much for my plowboy mind.

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too much for my plowboy mind.

I have studied the fish-eyed lights blinking on Fifth Avenue. I have hurled myself fearlessly into traffic waves. I have watched such worldly pedestrians as Otto Kahn, Floyd Gibbons and Michael Arlen. And after the last two hectic years I give up.

I am willing to complete the cycle and climb back on the cracker barrel in front of Biggerstaff's grocery store. It was as a member of the Spit and Whittle Club there that I went forth into the world to do and to dare. The boys have been predicting I would come back.

Kin Hubbard, the Hoosier philosopher, has hit the nail on the head. He says the only way to cross a New York street safely is to lead a cow. I have reached that age where knowing friends whisper: "He's not so spry as he used to be!"

Yet even on the down grade I cling to the old-fashioned notion life is a rather glamorous thing, and I have no desire to experiment with the immortality of my soul under the wheels of a limousine or one of those lovely lavender-and-gold-striped taxicable.

So it is that, whereas most of my fellows are enjoying the bounty and freedom of middle age, I have become pretty much a recluse. I am not unconscious that some of the neighbor children stop in their play, nod toward me, tap their heads and whisper, "Old McIntyre, the hermit!" as I pass by.

But after all, I have my books, the radio, and what with the

crop reports and the neighbors bringing in things the isolation is not so bad.

I can remember when I thought absolutely nothing of putting on my hat and walking across town. There were times when it seemed to me I "sallied forth" like the hero in a book.

Today it is all so different. I leave the house with moist eyes while my wife rolls her handkerchief into an anguished ball. We wave all my way down the hall to the elevator and she yells a departing: "Have you your card?"

It is clutched in my hand and reads: "In case of accident notify, et cetera." And thus I launch the great adventure. Just this morning I stood on a Fifth Avenue curb, stepping out timidly only to scuttle back again like a frightened rabbit.

When my patience became thoroughly exhausted I clapped my hands sharply and cried: "See here, officer, when is it my turn?" I did not hear his reply, for just then a building blast lurched me from under my hat.

After two more attempts I made it and on the opposite side found I was clutching the hand of a withered old man whose expression resembled that of a disturbed screech owl.

I respect the law of the sea—women and children first—and my veneration for age is profound, but in New York traffic I believe in every man for himself.

It seems to me every time I reach the middle of the street, traffic is suddenly released with a Niagara rush and there I am with the sickly pallor of a flounder's belly, playing the grim game of tag with Death.

I have been chased up alleys by bicycles and down Broadway by lumbering sightseeing buses. Indeed my life has been largely made up of skipping gutters and thumbing my nose at costly limousines that just missed hitting me in the pistol pocket.

I shudder to think of New York for the oncoming generation. Still I did some shuddering back in 1898, when I wrote that ringing editorial stringing clear across the page:

THE BICYCLE HAS COME TO STAY—OUR STREETS MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR PEDESTRIANS.

So I suppose, after all, it will come out all right somehow. Things always do.

By GHARLES



ister's First Beau

DANA GIBSON



T WAS a police constable on night duty be-tween the Bon Marché, Brixton, that overpopulated suburb of southwest London, and Ezra Road, which was the end of his beat, who became interested in what he called certain "goings on" at a photographer's shop where Ezra Road joins Electric Avenue.

He decided to mention the matter one night to the inspector who was making his rounds in a drizzle of rain which blurred the lights from the street-lamps.

"Anything to report?" asked the inspector, after a friendly remark about "dirty weather." He liked to be human with his men.

"No, sir," said the young constable, who had been a gunner in the Great War and had a smart way with him which had already marked him down for promotion. "Nothing definite, as you may say. But I've noticed something rather queer about that there photographer Jago. Number thirty-five."

He flashed his bull's-eye onto the shop front and illumined the name on the brass plate.

EMERY JAGO Artist Photographer

"Anything suspicious?" asked the inspector.

"Foreign kind of name, ain't it?"
"English, by the looks of him," said the constable. "Takes a drink now and again at the local pubs. Longish hair, clean-shaven when he shaves, artistic looking, and a bit untidy with himself. Communis-tic, I wouldn't be surprised, knowing the type."
"Ah!" said the inspector darkly.
"Seems to know the smart set," said the con-

stable. "Lately they've been coming up in their cars at odd times—after theater hours now and again. Young females a bit short in the frock, with young gents in evening clothes and opera-hats. Claridge's and Carlton stuff, by the look of them. They go in by the side-door and stay the best part of an hour. Thought I'd better report it."
"!ust as well, Budd," said the inspector.

"And as a case in point," said Budd, surprised that Providence should supply immediate proof, "here comes a party like I've been describing.
Better take cover, sir, don't you think?"

The officer and his man withdrew into the dark doo way of a tobacconist's shop next to the photographer's. The head-lamps of the motor-car were searchlights sweeping the wet pavement of Electric Avenue before turning into Ezra Road and shining along the shuttered shop fronts. Their glare caught a lean cat slinking round a dust-bin, and its eyes

gleamed like amethysts. The long body of the motor-car with its raking line and silver hood swished quietly along the curb-The chauffeur's cap was silhouetted at the side of his wheel as he stared up at the numbers and then put on the brake outside the photographer's shop. A white hand touched a switch inside the car which was suddenly filled with a soft rose-colored light.



C."Do you see anything?" asked Emery been there for an hour. "Not a thing, with this silly rot. You are a fool,

in a low voice. They had Em. . . Oh, I'm fed up Em. Straight," said Belle.

ed Emery

a thing,

Illustrations by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

There were four people inside—a girl in a green silk cloak which fell away from her bare shoulders, and three men.

One of them-a good-looking boy-opened the door of the motor-car and asked a question of the chauffeur.

"Sure this is the place, Bennet?"
"It's the number," said the chauffeur rather sulk", "according to Professor Boyd." ily, "according to Process"
"Yes, that's all right."

The young man glanced at the name on the brass plate and gave a nervous laugh. He flicked open his opera-hat which he held under his arm and thrust it to the back of his head.

"Don't you think we might give it a miss?" he asked, addressing the two men and the girl in the

"Good Lord, no!" said a hearty voice. "You're not funking it, are you, Billy? It's going to be amusing, and I'm getting interested in this sort of thing. Out you get, dear lady."

THE girl in the green silk cloak accepted the hand Tof the young man who had been first on the pavement. She stood under the street-lamp which gave a glint of bronze to her shingled hair. She had covered her bare shoulders because of the dampness of the night, although the drizzle of rain had stopped.

"Feeling nervous. Billy?" she asked the young man-hardly more than a boy-who had helped her

out.

He was lighting a cigaret and the flare of the match revealed his clean-shaven face, rather thin and delicate.

"I don't approve of this sort of thing," he said. "It seems to me next door to blasphemy. However, as I owe everything to Mr. Mallard, I have to follow his adventurous lead. To the gates of Hell, so to speak."

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad as all that!" said the girl. She laughed quietly and then used the light of the head-lamps to slip off a diamond wrist watch, which she handed to the young man with the cigaret.

"Slip that into your pocket, Billy. One never

knows in places like this. Does one?"
"Oh, it's not that kind of risk," he answered, but he put the watch in the fob pocket of his white waistcoat.

The two other men came out of the car, dropping their half-burned cigars. One of them was a middleaged man with red hair and an ugly whimsical face blinkered by a pair of horn spectacles. He had a black tie over a crumpled shirt-front and his dinner jacket looked too short for him, so that his bony wrists showed beyond his cuffs. He hid his red hair

under a black felt hat with a broad brim.
"We might learn something," he said, "about our frightful past or our still more frightful future. It was Lady Ardington who gave me the tip about these people. They scared her horribly by producing her second husband whom she had hoped to forget-

and she takes a bit of scaring!"

"Well, they won't scare me," said the young wo-man in the green cloak. "It's all nonsense anyhow."

The red-headed man grinned at his companions.

"I don't degmatize about these things. approach them with scientific detachment. So far the evidence doesn't satisfy me, but as a psychologist I I don't altogether deny

"Don't give us a lecture on the curb-stone, professor," said the boy who had the diamond wrist watch in his fob pocket.

He laughed, but rather impatiently.

The last man who stepped out of the motor-car was taller than his companions, and as he stood under the lamp-post the white light revealed a hatchet-face, very finely carved, with a raking jaw and thin smiling lips. His brown hair was slightly silvered, and because of his height he stooped a little when

he spoke to the girl.
"Directly you get bored—or frightened -give me a sign and we'll clear out. Perhaps we ought not to have brought you to a place like this. It's Boyd's fault. He stirred my curiosity by all that scientific rubbish he talked. And you know my in-satiable interest in things. mind?" Do you

He looked at her with a sudden anxiety as though he might be leading her into some

unpleasantness.

"It's for your sake I mind," said the girl.
"People might see

you. It might get into the papers. You're always very rash, Mr. Mallard." She laughed in a low voice, and her hand crept to his sleeve.
"No," he said, smiling down upon her. "I play for safety as a

rule. Too much. Well, we may as well get on with this absurd adventure. Is this the door, Boyd?"
"I'm trying to find the bell," said the man who answered to the name of Boyd. He was inside the dark doorway and struck a match which went out instantly; then another, by the light of which he peered through his horn-rimmed glasses until he found the electric bell. They listened to the sound of its ringing inside the house. After a few moments there was a glimmer through

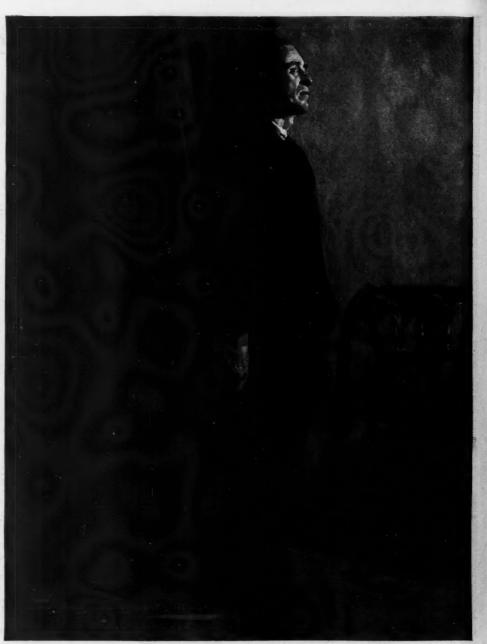
the fanlight above the door, which opened an inch or two.

Boyd spoke. "Is Mr. Jago at home?"

A girl's voice answered. "Are you the party from the Carlton?"

"Yes," said Boyd. "We telephoned."

"That's all right," said the girl's voice. The door opened, letting out a streak of yellow light from a narrow hall with a streath of threadhare ligoleym, a hambog hat strand and a table stretch of threadbare linoleum, a bamboo hat-stand, and a table with an aspidistra in a pot tied up in pink silk. The people from the motor-car went into the hall, the tall man with the silvered hair standing aside a moment to let the lady pass. Then the door was shut again.



Q"Is it possible to get into touch with some of your spirit friends?" asked

The police inspector and the constable came out from the darkness of the doorway into which they had retired. "Queer!" said the inspector.

"Queer!" said the inspector.

"Seems so to me," said the young constable.

"That tall man—hatchet-faced, distinguished-looking sort, going gray before his time—do you know him at all?"

"Can't say as I do, sir. Face seems familiar, somehow."

"It ought to be!" said the inspector dryly. "That's Mr. Adrian Mallard, K. C. Defended the Camberwell murderer and other famous criminals."

THE girl who had opened the door led the way upstairs. Rose Jaffrey, who was the lady with the green silk cloak and a glint of bronze in her shingled hair-her name and charm need no reminder to those of us who remember her in many gracious partsfollowed her first and noticed the girl's thin shoulders, under a cheap frock of black silk, and her thin white arms with long nervous hands. She had a "ladder" in one of her stockings, and the heels of her shoes were worn sideways as though she had weak

The girl's face had been visible only while she held the door open in the dimly lighted hall—a white face, rather pretty, like a



Boyd. "Personally I have no powers. I am merely the medium through which other voices speak," said Jago.

wax doll which has been left out in the rain and has lost the color from its cheeks, with big blue-gray eyes that had a frightened look in them—or were only shy—and a mop of fair fluffy hair.

The staircase was carpeted with old drugget and two of the

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banisters were broken. From the narrow hall below them there came up a reek which was interpreted by Boyd, a professor of psychology at King's College, but a humorist in his spare time. "Steak and onions. Phew!"

The girl stopped on the landing above and glanced over her

shoulder at the people following her.

"If you'll step into this room——" she said and stood aside to let them pass through a narrow door.

It was a big bare room, divided from another by a place for folding doors which had obviously been removed and replaced by a black curtain of imitation velvet, frayed at the edges and hung from a brass curtain rod with rusty rings

Against the walls were some wooden chairs stained brown, and in a corner of the room near the curtain was a small compartment or alcove, with a framework of bamboo and covered with some black hangings which seemed to divide in front like a tent. Nearby was an electric lamp on a wooden pedestal.
"Won't you sit down?" asked the girl in a curiously toneless

voice which was not unpleasant. "I'll tell Mr. Jago. He's downstairs."

"We're rather in a hurry," said Adrian Mallard. "It's getting late, I'm afraid."

"He won't keep you long," said the girl. "Elsie is speaking to him-that's his control, you know-and he doesn't like interrupting her in case she has something important to say. She's

She smiled with her lips, but her big eyes looked gravely from one to another, rested for a moment on Rose Jaffrey, and studied Mallard with a flutter of eyelashes. Then she slipped out of the room, but as Professor Boyd pointed out afterwards, they

did not hear her footsteps going downstairs again.
"Well, here we are!" said Mallard with cheerful irony. "It's up to you, Boyd. Won't you sit down, Rose? And don't look so scared, my dear! It's quite all right. Three of us to protect you from ghosts or devils."

He raised her hand to his lips, that expressive hand which helped the magic of her words when she played her parts, and led her to one of the wooden chairs against the wall, where she sat down with a comical sigh, letting the green cloak slip from her shoulders.

"We ought to be ashamed of ourselves," she said, smiling up at Mallard. "Such childish nonsense! As for your Adrian Mallard, K.C.

Professor Boyd turned sharply. "No names here," he said, "for

heaven's sake!"
"Sorry!" said Rose Jaffrey, and put the tips of her fingers to her lips as though to keep back indiscretions.

B oyd was examining the room, feeling the walls, tapping them with his knuckles.

"Ghastly!" said the boy whom Miss Jaffrey had called Billy. He was Wilfred Neal, who was beginning his career in the Foreign Office, after Stonyhurst and Oxford.

Rose Jaffrey started in her chair and looked around nervously, or perhaps made a pretense to do so, as a good actress with a sense of

"Ghastly? What, Billy?"

"That wall-paper," said young

"Good heavens, yes!" agreed Mallard, staring with humorous horror at the pattern of purple flowers wreathed round a yellow

Boyd disappeared into the curtained alcove. They could see it bulging as his hands fumbled about inside.

"For goodness' sake don't do that, Mr. Boyd!" said Miss Jaffrey. "It looks perfectly horrible. All squirmy!"

Boyd reappeared and took off his horn-rimmed glasses to wipe

them on a handkerchief.
"Nothing suspicious," he said,
"No apparatus."
"I'm getting impatient," said
Mallard. "How foolish of us to leave the Carlton for this rather smelly room! They keep mice here, I should say . . . Confound that spook merchant!" "Hush!" said Miss Jaffrey, put-

ting her hand on his arm.

The curtain which covered the place where there had once been folding doors was pulled on one side with a faint clink of rusty rings. A man came through and closed the curtain behind him and bowed slightly to the company.

'Sorry to have kept you wait-

ing," he said politely.

He was a younger man than Mallard, perhaps under thirty. He was meant to be clean-shaven, but his pale face was blue about the jaws as though his razor had not been active that day. It was a pale face with a rather long nose and thin lips, but one noticed his eyes first because of their dark, luminous melancholy.

He wore his hair long, brushed back over his forehead without a parting and slightly curled behind, where it touched the collar of a velvet jacket that had frayed cuffs. His feet were in wool-worked slippers over which his trousers fell



C.She was worth taking nicely, plate when he saw her sway "Don't go spoiling a good



Emery thought. He was making ready for the sixth and stumble on her pointed toes. "Steady!" he said. plate. There's not a gale of wind out there, is there?"

baggily. Rose Jaffrey remarked his hands. She always looked at people's hands as a test of character. His were small and plump, delicately made, almost womanish, but his finger nails were dirty.

"Are you Mr. Jago?" asked Boyd.

The man nodded, and one of his small hands thrust back his hair.

"I understand you come on the recommendation of Lady Ardington?" he asked.

"Does that matter?" asked

Boyd, rather sharply.
"Not very much," answered
Jago with a faint smile. "But we have to be careful, you know. The police are not friendly to spiritual investigations. They call it fortune-telling."

"And isn't it?" asked Mallard, with just the faintest touch of

irony.

"The spirits don't call it that," "When they said the man gravely. come from behind the veil it is with no light purpose, sir. And I imagine you've not come here in a spirit of mockery?"

"By no means!" said Mallard

courteously.

"I am glad," said the man. "The spirits resent frivolous inquirers. It angers them more than anything; as we may well understand, I think."

"That's all right," said Mallard. "Can't we get on with the-

PERHAPS he was going to use the word "show" until Rose Jaffrey touched his arm. He substituted the word "demonstra-

"My sister-that's the young woman you met on the stairs— is rather tired tonight," said Emery Jago. "The spirits have been giving her no rest lately. There's a red Indian named Black Eagle who takes possession of her at times and is very insistent. Some wonderful things have come through from him. Warnings about the state of Europe. Conflicts in China. Earthquakes in the United States. Many of them have been fulfilled."

"Rather a useful source of in-formation," remarked Mallard quietly. He winked at Boyd very

slightly.

"Is it possible to get into touch with some of your spirit friends?" asked Boyd politely, as though asking for an introduction to dis-

tinguished people.
"Yes," said young Neal, "let's get on with it!" He spoke impatiently, as though he disliked Emery Jago and the whole affair. "If you can call up spirits from the

vasty deep, give us a proof of your mysterious powers."
"Personally I have no powers," said Jago quietly. "I am merely the medium through which other voices speak—an instrument sensitive to psychic vibrations which use me as a kind of microphone by

which they speak to human minds

ng nicely, ber sway g a good attuned to them in sympathy and reverence. That perhaps is

a reasonable explanation, though I make it humbly."

"Quite interesting," said Boyd, with a touch of professorial condescension. "Richet says something of the same kind."

"Yes," agreed Emery Jago. "He's a very good man."

RUPERT BOYD, professor of psychology in the University of London, looked mildly surprised at the erudition of this shabby medium over a shop in Brixton.

"Not that I've read his book," said the medium with a little deprecating gesture. "Only extracts in Light."

He looked over at Mallard, who had shifted on his chair with a sign of impatience.

"My sister and I are both sensitives," he explained. "She gets more quickly into touch with the other side. As you seem

in a hurry—"
"Yes," said Mallard.

Emery Jago sighed, as-though regretting this impatience. He drew the black curtain slightly on one side and called in a gentle voice: "Little sister!" There was a moment's silence in the room, broken only by

young Wilfred Neal who crossed his legs jerkily.

Then the girl with the face of a wax doll came from behind the curtain and stood with her hands clasped below her waist. "Yes, brother?"

"We want you to go into the silence again. Not for long. We won't worry you. We know how tired you are."

He spoke gently, soothingly, as though to a child. "Not too tired," she answered, with a plaintive smile which

made Rose Jaffrey feel very sorry for her.

That queer young man, Emery Jago, placed a chair for her, and she sat down in it with her chin raised, showing her thin white neck above the black frock and resting her head on the top rail of the chair.

Her brother, as he had called himself, turned out the light by a switch near the mantelpiece, and there was only one little glow of red light from the lamp on the wooden pedestal. All the room was in darkness except for that red bulb by which they could see vaguely the girl's face and the shadowy form of Jago in his black velvet jacket and his small hands, faintly illumined

and moving slowly and rhythmically above the girl's head.

"Sleep, little sister," he said caressingly. "How tired you are!
You feel heavy-eyed. You seem to be dropping, dropping into the depths of sleep. Into the great silence. So quiet. So very silent. Into the stillness. Into slumberland. Into dreamland."

He ceased this monolog. A long-drawn sigh came from the girl. Her head with its mop of fair hair seemed to fall sideways.

Her lips were parted slightly and her eyes closed.

"She has gone into the silence," said Jago softly. He stood on one side with his arms folded. Rose Jaffrey saw the white vagueness of his face, and his eyes were as luminous as a cat's in that dark room. He was looking towards Mallard.

The silence lasted a minute. Boyd timed it by the luminous hands of his wrist watch. To Rose Jaffrey it seemed like ten. She wondered what Adrian Mallard was thinking. Turning her head slightly she could see his fine profile faintly visible in the

darknes

At the Carlton his eyes had spoken love to her so clearly that even the waiters must have seen. It was getting dangerous for her as well as for him.

How could she go on resisting his kindness, his tenderness, his foolish worship of her?

From the girl on the kitchen chair strange noises were coming. She was going to have a fit or seizure of some sort. They were gurgling epileptic noises and rather horrible.

'A spirit is struggling to come through," said Emery Jago in his

quiet voice.

A man's voice spoke through the lips of the girl in her trancelike state.

"Say, kid, here I am again! Black Eagle speaking. Do you remember where we left off last time? Wasn't I putting you wise about that revolution stuff in China? It's darned serious for the poor old British Empire and those more or less United States. The beginning of the Yellow Peril, and no bunk this time."



II was Mr. Guttery, the chemist, who turned up the lights. Emery was in a state

Sir Philip Gibbs

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Jago's voice came through the darkness, explanatory, whis-

pering.
"That's a red Indian chief. He was an airman in the war, with the American Army, and crashed somewhere in France. He seems to be interested in China."

The voice went on speaking with a strong American accent, harsh and nasal. He mentioned the names of various Chinese generals and said that one was Satan's chief lieutenant. It all seemed very dull to Rose Jaffrey, especially as it lasted for ten minutes or more. The others were getting restless too. She was aware of their impatience.

Wilfred Neal—Billy, as she called him—sighed heavily several times and scraped his heels on the bare boards. Her attention wandered. She was thinking of Evelyn Mallard, Adrian's wife. The last time they had met she had said something rather cattish

with an air of charming graciousness, in a thin tired voice.
"My husband is one of your devoted admirers, Miss Jaffrey. Personally I find Shakespeare rather vulgar, but then, you see, I have no intelligence. Adrian found that out a long time ago. I prefer bridge and the latest jazz-tune."

SHE had smiled when she said that, but somehow it had made Rose shiver. Another unhappy marriage! How was there no loyalty in love? No happiness after the first few weeks of passion? . . . What was that man saying now—that medium with the long hair and womanish hands? Was there

any truth in this sort of thing?

"There is another spirit trying to communicate. Black Eagle is angry. It is a young spirit. Young and vital . . . Insistent."

A new voice rang through the room. A boy's voice, cheerful and jolly, coming from that poor hypnotized creature with her head on one side. "Is that you, Adrian, old boy?"

Adrian Mallard gave a slight start in his chair. Rose Jaffrey saw the fingers of his right hand tapping on his knee.

"Is there anyone here named Adrian?" asked Jago in a whisper.

"If there is, let him answer the spirit voice."

Mallard remained silent, and Rose Jaffrey saw Boyd turn his

head slightly in Mallard's direction.
"Are you there, Adrian?" said the masculine voice, speaking through the hypnotized girl. "Answer," whispered Jago.

Mallard stirred in his chair. "Who are you?" he asked. "Don't you know me, old man?" said the boyish voice again. "This is Ivo speaking."

Mallard's chair creaked sharply. Rose Jaffrey and the others could see his dark form lean forward suddenly as though startled. She felt herself become pale, with a nasty feeling of goose-flesh up her back.

Mallard had had a young brother named Ivo killed in the war. She had read his sonnets, written in a dugout on the Somme, and letters home which had been published with a preface from Adrian, exquisitely written.

Mallard answered again, coldly but with a slight tremor in his

"Why do you call yourself Ivo?"

The girl, or the voice speaking through her, laughed in a boyish

way.
"You didn't want a proof that I was your brother when we used to rag together down at Southlands. I've been trying to come to you ever since the bloody old war. Once I stood in your bedroom and called out to you, but you thought you were dreaming and went to sleep again. Don't you remember?"

Mallard seemed to remember. His answer was an admission, with a doubt. "Most people dream now and then."

"You've been doing great things since the war," said the voice.
"Bravo, Adrian. That's the stuff to give 'em. Your friends on this side are proud of your career. It's going to be bigger still if you take my advice."

"What's that?" asked Mallard.

"Watch your step with the pretty ladies, old lad."
There was a faint guffaw of laughter (Continued on page 186)



of nervous prostration. "I hadn't an idea," he said. "It was-Elsie! She came with r-r-roses!"

Cobb What's A11

A Humorous Explanation
of WHY We Got All Het Up

Over the Old-Time Campaigns

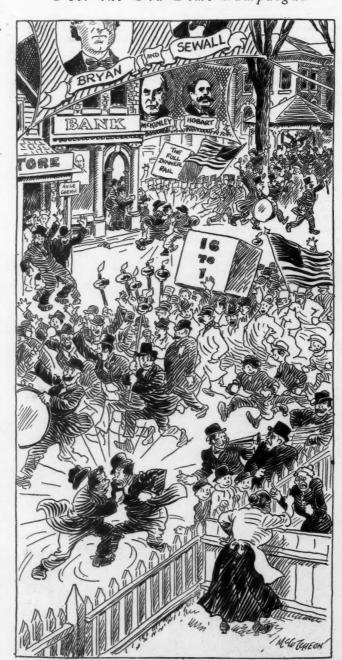
ATURALLY Wall Street is apprehensive and as time passes will continue to be more and more apprehensive, this being a Presi-dential Year. Wall Street gets nervous over the least little thing — a sudden change in the weather, a slump in the Navaho rug or the canary-bird bathtub market, a slackening in the demand for Mexican jumping beans, a war scare in the Far East where they raise war scares for the export trade, a report that Secretary Mellon has a hangnail, any little thing. When it comes to being nervous, Wall Street is the rabbit's nose. If, as has been al-leged, it's the barometer of our national business, then the windflower of the wide prairies is the national emblem.

So, since we are making ready to elect us a President, Wall Street from now on may be counted upon to give an excellent imitation of a quaking aspen in a stiff breeze. Did it behave otherwise we should be disappointed. With or without provocation, we expect that every fourth year every big operator down there will begin going out of one congestive chill into another and that every little bloodsucking operator, riding along like a cattle-tick on the dewlap of financial destiny, will dig in and holler for help.

But why, just because there is to be a general vote on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of next November, should Main Street feel called upon to become frightened or even to get all hot and bothered? That is the question we would ask and pause for a reply.

Wall Street is merely a little deep gash in Manhattan's lower jaw where a bulk of money bides, and money, as we all know, is by instinct spinsterish and cowardly. Money

and cowardly. Money looks under the bed every night for the bad bogy-man. Money pulls the coverlet over her timorous head and quivers when the evening air toys with the shutters. The more money there is, the more scared that money is. In mob psychology there



is a perfect genius for senseless panics yet in that regard money psychology has it beaten a mile.

But Main Street is the country at large and the country at large is doing very well, thank you for asking, and from all prospects will keep right on doing the same no matter what happens, or fails to happen, at the polls.

This thing of getting all excited and unsettled and generally fluttered and flustered over a presidential election is largely a popular heritage and a popular tradition. It dates back to the time when as a people we took our politics more seriously than we do now, or at least when we let the politicians upset us to a point where we dropped nearly everything else and suffered our business to languish and neglected our own private affairs for the ballyho of the canvass and the exhortations of the spellbinders. All America was a frenzied camp-meeting then.

Ah, brethren, but surely those were the days to stir a patriot's soul. Take the year of the free-silver campaign; in 1896, that was. Two friends of long standing would meet in the barber shop of a Saturday night. "What do you think of this fellow Bryan?" one would ask. "I think he is the pride of the land and the hope of the civil-ized world," the other would say. "What do you would say. "What do you think?" "I think you are a liar and a scoundrel and a demagog and the truth is not in you!" And then the first man would try to feed the other his umbrella, a foot at a time, and the other would back off and reach for one of those old-fashioned castiron cuspidors and crown him king of all.
I still lacked some

I still lacked some months of being of a voting age but I caught the contagion myself. The day after the Cross of Gold speech was uttered I came out flat-headed for Bryan.

If I could not cast a ballot I could at least throw rocks and harsh words at the parades of the bigoted and besotted opposition, and if memory serves me aright, I threw quite a few of both. And the entire household quit speaking to the family next door, they being

the Shootin' About?

a traitorous Palmer and Buckner outfit. Alongside of them we regarded Judas Iscariot as a perfect gentle-

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Then, three or four years later, the Goebel fight for the governorship came along and my state of Kentucky divided itself off into armed camps and for a long spell we were practically in a state of civil war; at least it amounted to war but if there was anything civil about it I failed to notice it at the time.

And before '96 my boyish fancy was regaled with torchlight processions and an overlapping succession of rallies and ratifications, where German-silver tongued orators wore the plating off of those gifted tongues and neighbor quarreled with neighbor; and from April to November people talked politics and dreamed politics and thought politics, and nothing else mattered.

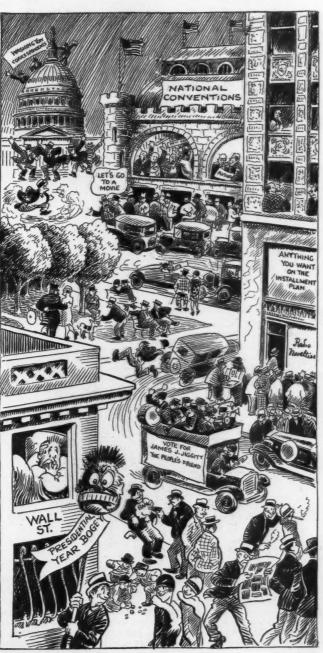
I saw the Cleveland cohorts marching in serried columns by night and chanting: "Burn, burn, burn this letter," and I was present on the interesting occasion when the grand marshal gave the command: "Blow, flam-beaux, blow!" and a worthy Confederate veteran and lifelong Democrat got confused and, instead of blowing, sucked, thereby imbibing a considerable quantity of hot kerosene which failed to mix comfortably with his other ingredients.

And likewise do I recall, as though it were yesterday, how on the morning after election when the final returns showed that Blaine and Logan had been licked, our town and our state and the whole Solid South, which was solider then than it is now, went mad from joy and the stores all closed but the saloons all stayed open and the few resident white Republicans in our parts went into their holes, although protected

as well, nobody worked except the barkeepers and the police force and the hang-over specialists of the medical profession. For sake of direct contrast let us shift the slide forward to

by the game laws. Through that day and that night, and through the next day

And a Cheerful Explanation of WHY We Shouldn't Get Excited Over An Election These Days



this present year of grace, 1928: Can you imagine any sizable assortment of business men and artisans and professional men-in short any typical and representative cross-section of our industrial groupstramping for weary miles night after night to celebrate the nomination of this or that candidate? Can you picture the whole country going raving crazy on the eve of the election and the winning crowd behaving like dancing dervishes when the outcome is known? Can you conceive of any fairly rational storekeeper of your acquaintance letting his business go to pot while he emotionalizes at the market-place and ramps across the public square with a torchlight over his shoulder and a campaign hat on his head?

If you can, there's something wrong with you, too, because nowadays it simply isn't done. The simply isn't done. average campaign meeting is as characterless as restaurant lemon pie; the average platform is as sapless as a kipper and could be traded for the adversary's platform without serious loss or noticeable gain to either party-lots of people wouldn't even know there had been a trade; the average so-called rally is as dull as a newspaper account of a Gridiron Club dinner. And the average citizen re-mains perfectly calm, cool and collected. He does his duty by casting his vote, and if the other side wins he probably will be disappointed later on.

Save for the Washington correspondents and the chronic job-seekers and the self-appointed, self-anointed leaders, nobody, practically speaking, gets steamed-up to the exploding point over the impending crisis, if any. Because, through past experiences having learned that nearly always an impending crisis never comes to a he. d but

takes it out in impending, the business of the country continues to function and Wall Street, emerging from its burrow on the morning following the election, is pleased to note that the republic shows gratifying signs of (Continued on page 16)

The day

The day s of Gold red I came for Bryan. and harsh

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thing cheerful to say. Somehow, since Willie's death in February, the meals had been uncomfortable. was a little confused as to whether it was the loss of his brother or the war growing worse that increased the feeling of sadness with which he left the table each day. There was a new worry for each meal. Last night it had been General McClel-

Richmond.

Yet in spite of knowing that something horrid would be sure to come up at breakfast, he had come down that morning almost happy. In place of his black suit, his mother had allowed him to put on his Zouave uniform with baggy red flannel pants and a bright blue coat. Also

there was sunshine: the happy sunshine of a May morning after a week of rain. The family dining-room, so dreary when it rained, was flooded with morning light and gay with yellow tulips from his mother's gardens. The room didn't seem so large when there were no shadows around the huge sideboards.

Tad could think of no way to put these thoughts into words that would divert the conversation, so he deliberately poured a flood of molasses over his pancakes. But his mother did not protest and his father did not wink at him. The silence was

Suddenly his father broke it. "If only it's nothing worse than contraband! But news is going steadily to Richmond from here.

"Well," said Tad's father, "they've said so many worse things about me, that being called a Rebel sympathizer would seem like a kindness. And I reckon I wouldn't feel too much humiliated, if I were you. Postmaster-General Blair's sister-in-law was put in the Old Capitol Prison yesterday for the same offense. Blair's in an awful stew about it."

so sure that I'm a Southern sympathizer that if this gets out,

relatives, Abr'am, instead of mine! The country's

"What!" ejaculated his mother. "Miss-" she interrupted herself with a glance at Tad, who was devouring pancakes and molasses and missing not a word of the conversation. Miss L. B. B.?" she went on.

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Lincoln's SPY

An UNTOLD STORY of the White House

Cabinet news, as well as war plans. Does aunty know Miss B?"

"They've met at tea here," replied his mother. "My dear, I wish you'd let me go visit Miss B."
"Miss L. B. B.," appended Tad with his mouth full.

"Miss L. B.B., appended 1 ad with his mouth that.
"Taddie, you repeat anything you hear at this table and I'll smack you," said his mother sharply.
His father was looking at her thoughtfully.
"Might not be a bad idea," he said. "I mean the

visit!" with a wink at Tad.
"I'm going too," announced Tad. "I want to see how a pwison looks."

"If you come, you'll only see the outside of it,"

declared his mother.

"Why?" shrilled Tad indignantly.

"Because," replied his mother, with finality.

Thus it happened that very soon after breakfast, a pretty, rather plump little lady, with black silk skirts billowing over a crinoline so huge that the small boy in a Zouave uniform seemed no more than the gay tassel to a parasol, made their way up the path to the door of the old Capitol, now used as a war prison.

The guard at the entrance stared with interest at the pair and smiled at Tad, who whimpered when his mother again refused to allow him to enter with her and left him on the door-step.

"There's a little girl yonder that you can play with," the guard suggested.
"I don't like gals," growled Tad, turning

to stare, nevertheless.

A small park planted with trees lay before the prison. On a bench under a tiny pink magnolia sat a child holding a

hoop and staring at Tad. She was a handsome little girl with long, fair hair worn tight back from her forehead under a round comb. Tad, pushing his kepi over his ear, sauntered toward her. He came to pause not a foot from the bench and eyed the pantalettes and white stockings exposed by the undulations of the crinoline that distended her black dimity skirts. Girls' clothes were

For a full moment neither child spoke-then the little girl remarked:

"Well, Mr. Smarty, what are you looking at?"

"On a boy, they's dwa's. I don't know what gals call

'em."
"Dwa-a-s! You talk like a baby; and you look like one too," taking in with scornful eyes of blue the round cherubic face, the soft violet eyes and the

delicate mouth of the little boy.

"I'm no baby," protested Tad angrily. "But I won't be able to say the letta' that comes befo' s till they cut something unda' my tongue. I'm eight. How old a' you?"

"Ten. Let's see what's under your old tongue."

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer



"I dm't like gals," growled Tad.

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"Rose," said the President, 'tell your mother she's not to leave Richmond till this war shall

Tad obligingly opened his mouth and the little girl scrutinized the interior thus exposed.

"I don't see anything in particular," she reported in a disappointed way. "What's your name?"

"Thomas. But eva'body calls me Tad because when I was a baby Papa called me Tadpole. What's you' name?"

"Rose. Is your mother going to stay in prison?"

"Nope. She just went in to call on anotha' lady—a fwiend that's been giving medicine to the webels. My aunt's been doing it too. Maybe they'll put us all in jail just for that. Then I'll kill all the gua'ds and get us all out."

Rose sniffed but looked at Tad a trifle less disdainfully.

"Whea' do you live?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, I just visit around," answered Rose vaguely. "Wherebouts do you live?"

"At the White Heyer. My fethels President!" tessing his

"At the White House. My fatha's Pwesident!" tossing his head.

"Shucks! What a lie!" taking up her stick and preparing to

roll the hoop.
"It's not!" shouted Tad, catching the hoop and holding it

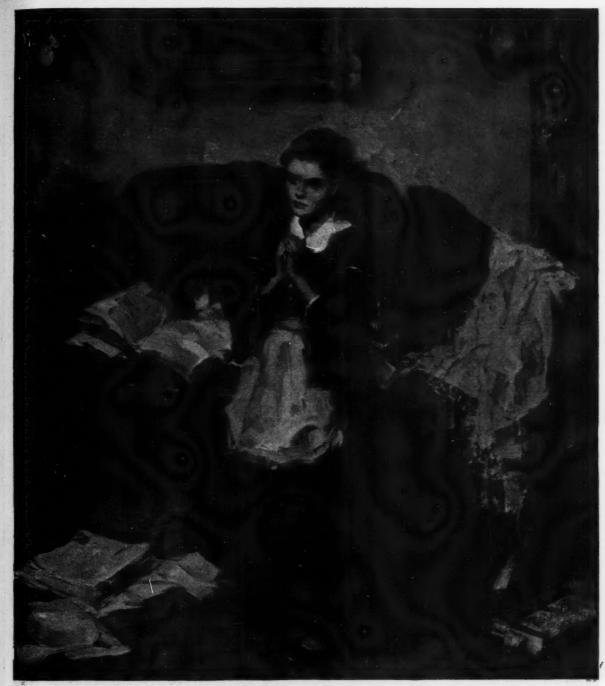
fast.
"Leave go this hoop. I can't play with strange boys, 'specially boys that tell silly whoppers."
"You just come along with me and I'll show you," shouted

Rose hesitated for a moment. Then she said, "Well, I'm sick of this old park day after day, so I guess I just as soon come, just to prove you're a big liar," with a switch of her head that sent her bright hair over either shoulder.

Tad stamped his foot and shouting at the guard, "You tell my motha' I've gone home," started off at a run.

Rose followed, trundling the hoop.

The White House gardens were a blazing glory of tulips and reeling-sweet with lilac and magnolia. Tad led the way through



end. Tell ber there are already too many orphans that she and Jeff Davis and I have helped to make."

the turnstile gate from the Treasury grounds and pausing before one of the beds flung his arm wide. "All this ga'den is my motha's."

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Rose permitted herself to look mildly interested but she said, "Anybody could come into this garden and say that."

Tad seized her hand—she was only a little taller than he—and

said fiercely, "You come with me!"

He led her to the iron steps before the beautiful south portico.
Here Rose paused. "I'm not going in where Abe Lincoln lives,"
she declared. "He murders children. My mother says so."
Tad gave her a look commingled of anguish and wrath, lifted

a grimy little hand and slapped her mouth. Then he burst into tears. "He wouldn't kill a wo'm!" he sobbed.

Rose dropped her hoop and scratched Tad's cheeks with a pair of practised little paws. Then she, too, began to cry. James, the colored houseman who was sweeping the portico, hastened to separate them.

"What for did you hit this little gal, Marse Taddie?" he

inquired, holding each sobbing child by the arm "She said my fatha' killed childwen," shrieked Tad. "You leave go of me, James. I'm going to make he' go up and look at Papa day."

"Take your hand off me, nigger," ordered Rose, with a sudden cessation of tears.

James freed her, saying in a dignified tone, "I reckon the best thing to do with this here Reb, Massa Tad, is to show her to Massa Lincum."

Rose turned pale and would have run away had Tad not clung to her black skirts. "You got to see him and tell all the Webs how kind he is—" Then between set teeth, as Rose continued to kind he is—" Then between set teeth, as Rose continued to struggle: "Cowa'dy cat, 'fwaid of a wat, 'fwaid of a bat, 'fwaid of a slat, 'fwaid of a—— All Webs a' 'fwaidy cats."

"They're not. I'll come," said the little girl, stifling a sob.

They crossed the portico and entered the state dining-room

where Rose stared at the great crystal chandelier. They picked their way up the private staircase and along the family hall to folding doors which Tad opened disclosing the public reception-room, before the President's office. Billy Stoddard, the young secretary who sat at the desk in the reception-room, said warningly, "Your father's very busy, Tad," but having known Tad for over a year, he made no further attempt to waylay the children.

The President's office faced south with great windows that framed the Potomac and the fairy hills of Virginia. General Jackson scowled from a gilt frame over the mantel down upon the huge old Cabinet table. A tall desk of many pigeonholes stood near one of the windows. A man in a loose gray suit, his black hair rumpled, sat before this desk, talking to another man who pounded his fist upon the Cabinet table as he shouted replies and questions—a man with spectacles and a dark beard which had a peculiar streak of silver at the chin.

Dragging the shrinking Rose, Tad pushed between the two men. "Papa day—this gal believes you kill childwen. You tell he', you show he'— Oh, how can they, Papa day!" suddenly flinging his arms around his father and, with a great sob, kissing

Tas father put a long arm around Tad and smiled at Rose. He had strong white teeth and a smile of extraordinary beauty. At the sight of it, color began to return to the little girl's face.

"Well, Tad," said his father, "your little friend looks good and pretty enough to eat, but saying that doesn't prove I'm a mur-derer, I hope." A faint dimple stirred in Rose's cheek. "Whose little girl are you, my dear?

"I'm not allowed to tell, sir," replied Rose in a voice so small

that Tad looked at her with astonishment.

"He' name is Wose and she lives awound with he' kin-folks like some of oua' aunts and uncles do," volunteered Tad.
"If she were kin to me," said Tad's father, "she'd never live with but one relative and that would be me. I've always han-Rose edged a little nearer. "Supposing the little girl was a secessionist?" she asked.

"What's politics got to do with it as long as she's an honest, loving little child?" demanded Tad's father.

She placed a delicate hand on his knee. "My father was killed but the Vente at Rull Par."

by the Yanks at Bull Run.'

Tad's father put his other arm about Rose's waist. "What a

A great roar from the man beside the Cabinet table interrupted

his spectacled face was purple.

"Is this a nursery, perpetually? I tell you what, Mr. Lincoln, I'm not coming here again. You come to the War Office when you want me. You'll not find my children intruding there." He turned angrily toward the door.

Tad's father said slowly, "You tell General McDowell to leave Fredericks! urg and help McClellan's drive on Richmond, not later than the twenty-sixth of this month. They'd better not

go by water as McClellan suggests. It takes too long."
"Water would be better," grunted Stanton, "even if slower."
"Speed is important," insisted Tad's father. "Those Rebels are like so much quicksilver. I believe General Banks will be able to keep that fellow they call Stonewall Jackson off McClellan's back for a while but-

"Come on, Wose, let's go," murmured Tad. "I'll show you

my day goat, Nanny."

Rose followed him with alacrity. "What's a day goat?" she asked as they reached the hall. "Different from a night goat?" Tad paused in the hall to stamp his foot at her. "A day goat, I said; like you begin a letta'—my day Uncle John."

"Oh! you mean dear. Then your father is Papa dear." Rose giggled and Tad's blue eyes flashed, then softened as the little girl added, "But I think dear just suits your father. If my

mother'll let me, I'm coming here again."

As it turned out, Rose's mother was entirely willing. Rose, after a very satisfactory morning with Tad and "day" Nanny, trundled her hoop back through the May sunshine to the Old Capitol Prison and asked the guard at the door to let her see her mother. The guard turned her over to the matron. The matron examined her to see that she was not concealing something contraband in her clothing, then let her down the corridor to a room that overlooked the top of a budding horse-chestnut.

A noble-looking woman, a mature replica of Rose, sat by the The room, which had been a committee room of the old Capitol, was large and not uncomfortably furnished with mahogany that had seen much service in the early days. And while it was not much of a boudoir it still could be used. The liquor buffet made a bureau and dressing-table. The Empire sofa made a day-bed. The bookcase made a wardrobe.

Rose's mother, who sat in a mahogany rocker writing on a little

lap-desk, looked up with a start of pleasure as the child burst in. "Well, Rose, I thought not to see you until tomorrow." "Mother! Now, Mother, listen! Abe Lincoln likes children. You were mistaken, if you don't mind my saying so, Mother, He was so kind to me, Mother, and Tad, he's lots of fun. He's just like a little pepper-pot, Mother, with lots of sugar in it." Rose stopped for breath, staring pleadingly at her mother as though altogether uncertain how her news would be received. Rose's mother frowned a little. "Get your breath, daughter,

and tell me clearly. Is it possible that you've been playing with Tad Lincoln, the Yankee President's son?"
"Yes, ma'am, I have." Rose's lips quivered. "And he doesn't The frown deepened. "Where did you meet him, daughter?"
Rose swallowed hard. "Now, it was thisaway—"
"Dear me, you talk like a nigger," from Rose's mother.

"It was this way. I was in front of here and so was he, waiting for his mother. She was visiting someone. And I told him he was a big liar when he said his father was old Abe. And he said for me to come and see for myself and so I did, Mother."

"Did you tell the little boy or any of them who you are?"

asked her mother.

"No! No! I'm ashamed to tell that!" replied Rose, flushing. Her mother moved the little desk to the window-ledge and drew Rose to sit on her lap. "My dear little daughter," she said gently, "you don't understand yet that I'm proud to be here. I did our glorious Confederacy a great service and our enemies imprisoned me for it. But you mustn't forget that while they scorn me in Washington they love me in Richmond. And that the Confederate President, a greater man than that dreadful ogre in the White House"—Rose wiggled uncomfortably—"has written me a letter thanking me for striking a great blow for liberty. We refuse to be tyrannized over by this Northern scum."

'Tad's not scum, Mother, really. Even his goat's nice. "Hush, Rose! Now tell me, did you really see Abe Lincoln?"
Rose nodded. "I saw him, and a man with a beard and a voice like our old bull was there, and Mr. Lincoln was just going to hug me when the old bull bellowed like anything."
"Why did he bellow?" smoothing the child's beautiful hair.

"Try to tell me exactly, Rose dear.

The little girl relaxed as she saw the expression of eager interest

on her mother's face.

"Because he wanted to talk about the war and Mr. Lincoln was busy telling me I'm pretty. And the bearded man said if the President wanted to talk to him he'd have to come to his office where there weren't any children."

"That must be old Stanton, the War Secretary," said her other. "What did old Abe say to that sauce?"

mother.

"He said"-the child scowled in an effort of memory-"that somebody was to go help take Richmond. And they was to go on

they own legs, not on water."
"Who was to go, dear? Try to recall the name." The child, her mind turned inward, did not observe the burning eagerness

of her mother's eyes.

"What's the name of that place where Uncle Jim got killed licking the Yanks, last winter?" asked Rose.

"Fredericksburg! Was the man's name General McDowell?"
"Yes! And that's all. We went to play with the goat then,"

the child nodded. HER mother clapped her hands. "Glorious! Glorious! Now listen, little daughter. Don't you want to help Mr. Jef-

ferson Davis, too?" "Yes," replied Rose. "He's kind to children just like Tad's father is."

Her mother winced, but let it pass. "If you help him, you help me. If I can send some news to him that will help him lick the Yankees, he can come and get me out of prison and take us back to Richmond where we can be happy together."

The child sat with wide gaze on her mother, absorbing this idea. "You, just a little girl like you, have a wonderful chance to end this awful war, dear. All you have to do is to play round Tad's father and tell me all you hear. I can do the rest."

"You mean you'll let me like old Abe?" incredulously.

Rose's mother was thoughtful, then she said, "I can bear even that. Go up to the White House every day, play nicely with the little boy and don't let them know who I am nor where I am."

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II, "General Banks' army's in complete rout!" exclaimed John Hay. "It looks as if Washington is in serious danger."

"Well," sighed Rose, her dimple showing, "for once I don't mind doing what I'm told."

Thus Tad driving day Nannie over the gravel walks of the garden early the next morning met Rose, all smiles.

"I made your father a present, last night," she announced, displaying in the palm of her fine small hand a pocket pin-ball shaped like a boot. shaped like a boot.

Tad tied day Nannie to the iron fence rail which she immedi-

Tad tied day Nannie to the iron ience rail which she inhance ately began to chew on in a meditative way.

"He loves pwesents. Let's go up now!" exclaimed Tad. Followed by his two hound dogs—one had belonged to Willie—he again led the way to his father's office.

The same gray suit. The same tired face. The same lovely smile. He looked down at the pin-ball (Continued on page 102)

FIRST SHORT STORY

George

has written

Years-

and, Believe Us, It's Worth Waiting For

ERBERT LITTELL
DODSWORTH, designated by his own small world as "Herbie" Dodsworth, was a full-blown specimen of what American opportunities person what American opportunities, parentage, higher education and real estate can do for the grandson of a grandfather. He had a family tree nearly six feet tall and wore the same weight the year round and al-ways shaved himself, but he had one or two faults.

If he had been as godlike as he pictured himself to be when he closed his eyes and saw Herbert Littell Dodsworth looming, like a Washington Monument in a huddle of hitching-posts-if his superiority had lapped over or even connected with the degree of excellence which

he awarded himself, there would have been no beginning to this

story and, therefore, no story.

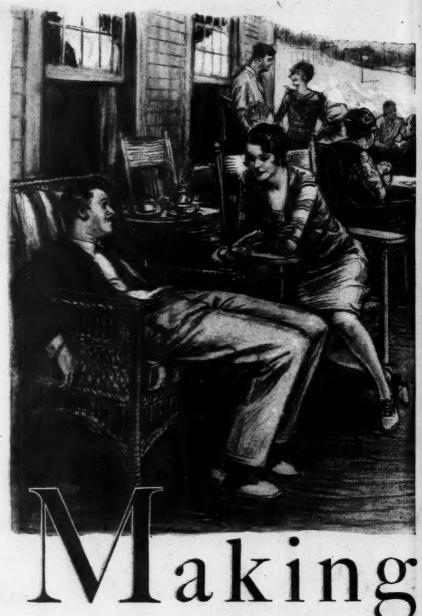
He had a right to swank, but how many members of the Opoochee Country Club had allowed that sometimes he abused

the privilege? Practically eighty percent. "Opoochee" is an old Pottawatomie word meaning "high grass," but the city of Kingsville had outgrown the original libel fastened on the camping-grounds by the Indians, for it had a population of ninety thousand, a Little Theater movement and

had given a reception in honor of Dean Inge.

The first Dodsworth came out into the wilderness and traded with the Indians. Shortly after that the Indians departed to the westward in an impoverished condition, while Grandfather Dodsworth and succeeding Dodsworths remained to collect the unearned increment. The family had improved and improved until Herbie was totally unlike his grandfather.

He had attended a university whose football games are discussed wherever the sporting page is read. He had been measured by London tailors who breathe through the nose and seldom consent to do up clothes for Americans. He had tossed gold coins on the tables of the Riviera and then looked the other way while the ball was spinning. He had taken tea on the terrace at Shepheard's, in Cairo. In fact, he had lingered at most of the famous hotels congested with personages of charming immorality



and had been secretly elated to discover that he was not awed when completely surrounded by titled celebrities who spoke so

many languages that they could do as they pleased. He had approved of the Taj Mahal and confessed to a disappointment regarding Fujiyama. Merely as a matter of record, and not because it has anything to do with anything, he had admitted that the surf-riding at Waikiki was "not bad."

You can see for yourself that he had carefully trained himself

into a condition almost European and that is why Kingsville, when he came back to it, looked like a crack in the road.

He found himself back at the old starting-place with four jobs to fill and no work to do. As a director and official of the First National, inheriting all of his father's importance, he learned that there was a chair reserved for him whenever he chose to sit in it, but he could seldom think of any good reason for sitting in it.
From all that can be learned, the details of the banking business are quite irksome

He had a definite office site, with gold letters on the window, advertising the fact that while the souls of Grandfather Dodsworth and Father Dodsworth were marching on, the rents were still being collected. His ignorance of the rent-roll was appalling and his sensitive ego would have flinched if he had known of the methods employed by Mr. Silas Cooper and his assistant blood-hounds in wringing tribute from hundreds of unimportant

About the only things to be said in Herbie's favor were that he was not a type, he was calmly unconscious of being a rasp to the nerves of his fellow-directors, fellow-bridgers and fellow-golfers, and he was abjectly devoted to Letitia Ewing.

In order to condense this narrative it may be said that Letitia or "Lettie" Ewing was to Kingsville what St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham Palace and plover's eggs are to Merrie England; what the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe and the centime are to France; what Mussolini, ravioli and Asti Spumante are to Italy; what Al Smith, orchids and ten-dollar caviar are to New York City.

Possibly Otis Hornbrook of the Hornbrook Saw and File Company put the whole thing into a nutshell when he said, speaking of Lettie's performance of Yum-Yum in "The Mikado" for the benefit of the ever-starving St. Thomas Episcopal Church: "She is in a class by herself.'

Now that you know all about Letitia it may be added that she intended to marry Herbert Littell Dodsworth-but not until he had been deflated. He was living all alone in the big house, with an English he-menial and several pallid



rade

people habitually broke because of their devotion to movies, silk shirts and snake-skin shoes

He was an official of the B. and D. (Bludsoe and Dodsworth) Furniture and Kitchen Cabinet Company and had a right to go out and give orders to the help, but the factory was beyond the tracks, at the discouraged termination of a badly paved street, so he attended the annual meeting of the stockholders.

He was the nominal head of the Pleasant Vale Cemetery Company. For a long time the Dodsworths of Kingsville had been getting them after they were dead. Anyone who thinks that dividing land worth sixty dollars an acre into plats twenty-five feet square and selling the plats at one hundred dollars each isn't high finance is mentally unbalanced. Herbie shivered at the thought of owning a graveyard but he continued to cash in on the local grief.

ITH all of his large holdings and several titles he had no office hours, and that is why he found so much time to brood over the fact that this world and the creeping things thereon were not being properly stage-managed. He was a smiling personality who could not keep his nose from sniffing. That is why there had been several shower-bath meetings at the Opoochee Country Club at which more than one speaker had said, "You furnish the rope and I'll find the tree."

women servitors, and she wanted to save him before it was too late. She figured that he was worth saving even if those who golfed with him often walked far behind and watched him prayerfully, hoping that he would fall into one of the deep Donald Ross traps.

If Herbie had any one habit which, more than the others, caused onlookers and bystanders to lay secret curses on him, it was his penchant for sitting very low in his chair and then looking at the universe from heights above. The lower he sat, the higher he got. When he was resting comfortably on both shoulder-blades, he was riding far above the laws of nature and had a contempt for all limitations of time and space. Yes, it

was as bad as that.

It so befell that Lettie Ewing had not been hitting them clean and true, when, late one afternoon of a golden September day, she flounced wearily into a chair on the veranda of the country club and gazed resentfully at Herbie Dodsworth drinking Asia Minor tea, which he had imported himself. Possibly it came over on a special ship. If so, he had not corrected the rumor.

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window, er Dods ents were appalling wn of the nt bloodmportant "I suppose I shouldn't blame George Milford," she explained. "I know I was better than Helen, but when you play best and aggregate and try to carry a man partner whose slice is a birthright, and the other girl is saved at every hole by Bobby Jones

fifteen years from now, I will politely inform the world that the afternoon is a total loss. I'm so down that I'll even take some of vour Soviet tea.

"I didn't catch the name of Helen's partner," said Herbie, lifting himself until part

Colonel Wilson's practise and they say that his address to the high-school graduates was wonderful."

Do you mean to say that Mr. Hooper has acquired distinction in this dreadful town merely by making a speech at a high-school commencement?

"They say it was an unusual speech-brilliant."

"Anyone devoid of shame can make a speech of that kind, Oratory has become a discredited art but even when it flourished, the speech to the graduating class was the lowest form of bunk."

T'm sorry that our citizens don't please you. I suppose you will say that Frank Dinwiddie, now putting out on the eighteenth, is one hundred percent false alarm."

"What's he ever done?"

"He is on the Waterways Commission, worked for the Red

of his spine was clear and anxiously surveying the tea things.
"Egbert Williamson."

"He isn't much." "He isn't, to anyone sitting in the shade, drinking hot drinks on a hot day, but to any-one who is out on the fairway watching him put them over there and then over here and then stony dead and then into the cup, he looks to be about eight feet tall."

"What did he shoot?" "An eighty, with one out, of bounds, missing the usual number of short putts."

"Anyone can shoot an eighty on this course. 'I beg your pardon?"

"I say that anyone who goes in for slavish practise and keeps trying all summer should easily do an eighty-or better

"All right, Herbie, I heard you the first time. Egbert, to begin with, is handicapped by the name of Egbert, and he is past thirty-five and can play only twice a

week, so anyone who says he isn't somebody when he shoots an eighty would probably say that Lindbergh doesn't know how to handle a plane.

The semi-recumbent scion of the illustrious Dodsworths looked at the object of his affections in a somewhat puzzled and resentful

"All right," said he. "Let it go at that. He's a hero."
"He is not a hero," said Lettie, with calm emphasis, "but he is a credit to the club and stands out in a somewhat more favorable light than those who remain at the club-house to complain of the service. How d'you do, Mr. Hooper.'

Mr. Leon Hooper, attorney at law, spoke pleasantly enough as he passed by on his way to join, at the far end of the sheltered shelf, a group of nice married people who were secretively show-

ing their contempt for Mr. Volstead.
"I'm glad he didn't see me," said Herbie. "He is one of the many reasons why I put in so much time reading all those travel ads in the magazines-trying to find out how I can get away from Kingsville and remain away a long time.'

"He worked his way through college, has taken over all of



C"When I realized that, possibly, bundreds of people were

Cross in France and only two weeks ago took luncheon with President and Mrs. Coolidge."

"Do people become celebrities here in Kingsville merely by taking luncheon with somebody else?"

When a man in our town becomes so big that the President of the whole United States sends for him to come and be his guest, we think that it signifies something. How many times have I heard you brag about sitting at the very next table to the King of Spain—there at the Meurice in Paris? Well, Frank didn't sit at the next table. He sat at the same table."

'Anybody can take luncheon with the Coolidges. What's so

wonderful about that?"

"Well, maybe 'anybody' can, but the only ones I've heard of, up to date, are Queen Marie, Will Rogers and Frank Dinwiddie.

Filmore Tilton was standing a few feet away, in conference with the club steward, trying to decide upon a site for his big dinner-party-six people.

Mr. Tilton waved at Lettie and permitted a slight inclination of the head toward Herbie. As he walked away, wearing twice as much knickerbocker material as seemed essential, Herbie watched him with placid scorn and asked Lettie, "Can you think of any good reason why he is permitted to remain at large?" "I saw his picture in a magazine the other day."

"What was it—yeast-cakes, four out of five, or acquiring personality by mail?"

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"It was a picture of Filmore and a large fish. He fought a tarpon for over three hours and finally landed it, using only light

"I get you. If they had given him heavy tackle, he couldn't have lifted it."

"He was given a gold medal."
"Do you, by any chance, happen to know whether or not he is having the fish stuffed?"

The fish has been stuffed and is now here-in Kingsville."

"When Mrs. Warren Frothingham started to make out a list of the matrons for the Charity Ball she had to send for Arthur to help her. Don't you think that's something?"

"Yes, I think it's something awful. Anyone who cares to flatter the old dowager duchess can get that kind of a job a compromise between a secretary and a messenger boy, and

no salary."
"Mrs. Frothingham never sent for you to check over any lists,

"No, ma'am, and she never will, if I can help it. Mrs. Frothingham is an estimable old lady who should now be stitching on her shroud instead of promoting jazz. I might be interested to hear her recollections of the Civil War but I will never become excited regarding her social activities. So that's that!'

Lettie studied him, evidently more in sorrow than in anger.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that we haven't one man in Kingsville who has won the royal favor. I suppose you can tell me what is wrong with Forest Claybourne.

"He attends luncheons wearing a badge. I claim that no one can fall any lower than

"Twenty years ago he was a bundle-boy at Rosenfield's. He never went to school, but he has the best library in town. He is absolutely self-made. Everyone knows what he has done for Kingsville since he became president of the chamber of commerce."

"I would rather be almost anything than

"Do you think you could be president of the chamber of commerce if you had any ambition in that direction?'

"Anyone who chooses to badge himself and attend luncheons and shake hands and tell stories about Pat and



waiting for my voice to come out of a box, I choked up. I supplied my own static."

"You mean he has brought the thing into his own home?" "Certainly."

"In what part of the house is it being exhibited?"

"In the dining-room."

"That being the case, I'm like our colored friend on the talkingmachine—'I'd rather not hear any more about it.'

"You can't get away from the fact that he did catch a huge

tarpon."
"Listen, Lettie. Anyone—I repeat it—anyone who has the patience to sit in a boat long enough and let a spoon drag in the water can catch one of those large brutal fishes."
"I suppose even you could?"
"What is the idea in using that word 'even'?"

"What is the idea in using that word 'even'?"

"Well, I rather resent your sneering at our local Hall of Fame. I suppose you'll say that Arthur Burdette, sitting over there, has no real social standing in this town.'

"To paraphrase an old saying-in a colony of golf tees the anthill becomes a mountain. I once knew a teacher in a blind asylum who told the pupils she was beautiful and got away with it for years.'

Mike can be elected president of Kiwanis, Rotary, the chamber of commerce, or anything else. Of course, when an ex-bundle-boy gets up in the world and begins to lay corner-stones and welcome the visiting Elks, he becomes an interesting proof of the fact that we live in the land of opportunity, but when one is asked to take him seriously, that becomes, as you might say, another matter. Am I being interviewed?"

Lettie still carried the score-card which was the record of a futile afternoon and also a dwarf lead-pencil, of the kind given away by generous Scotch pros. During the verbal tilt with Herbie she had been making marks on the back of the scorecard, thereby mutilating a perfectly (Continued on page 141)

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his big clination ng twice By Emil LUDWIG

Gerhart Hauptmann — the Boy Dreamer of Tragedies-to-be.

The Biographer of Napoleon Tells

WHY the Poet HAUPTMANN

is a Fascinating Genius

GREAT man writing about another great man, is this revealing study of Gerhart Hauptmann written by Emil Ludwig. Hauptmann, winner of the literary Nobel prize in 1912, is probably the supreme living dramatist—but more than that he is a dreamer and a mystic. To understand not only the soul of this poet-dramatist but the soul of his rare and beautiful work, is a task that no other man now writing could do as well as Ludwig has done.

HE youthful head of a musician; lips somewhat too full between thin and pale cheeks; a large irregular nose that has not yet grown sharp; dreamy, blue-gray eyes with a glance that drifts off into the distance; long blond hair, a little tousled: thus he looked at eighteen, an image of that Sebastian into whose martyrdom the Cinquecento school of Milano knew how to inject so much sensuousness and sweetness. In that face were already suggested all the subsequent contradictions and conflicts, which only through art attained at some sort of harmony: escape from the world and surrender to earthly joys; self-denial and will to beauty; pity and romanticism; asceticism and indulgence.

But without the least inclination to start things . . . that is also written in his face. For there everything is contemplative, even its affirmative elements. It is the face of a man who, like most women and most artists, prefers to receive impressions and shrinks from any initiative: a listening, echoing heart, a harp hung in the wind. And the youth himself confronts life with all the uncertainty of these features that for a long time to come cannot decide into which path to guide the soul within.

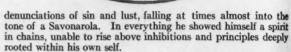
At first he asks himself vainly whether to create or study, whether to mold or cure, and even as an artist he hesitates between various possibilities. At sixteen he enters an art school and leaves it at eighteen; listens in the university to lectures on sociology and science; becomes a disciple of Tolstoy in social matters, a disciple of Darwin in the study of nature; worships simultaneously Ibsen and Haeckel, and appears wholly saturated with the slogans of that rationalistic world which ruled the spirits for half a century and quite logically gave birth to modern socialism. At that time Zola, in his principal novels, was giving clear and precise expression to the grudge of a time that misjudged its benefits, while Tolstoy was doing the same thing with the fluctuating pathos of a renegade.

All of them were primitive Christians and sought more or less

scientifically to find a way back to the spirit of the Gospels—even when they called themselves atheists.

But young Hauptmann fell into dreams as soon as he tried to think, and out of dreams shaped themselves, at first mistily, and then in sharper outline, those figures that he strove to rescue from the fog of his fancy in order to make them live. The ideas of the eighteen-nineties did not find in him, as later in Shaw, a critic of solar lucidity, but a creator of vague contours. This dreamer seemed born to be neither a warrior nor a preacher. His part was that of an observer, a recorder.

While thus he studied many things and drank in what was carried to him by the winds of the day, he tried his head and hand at the molding of figures, modeling at Rome a pseudo-classic relief of a dying conqueror, and writing a lengthy poem on the pat-tern of "Childe Harold," gloomy and agonized, filled with



Education had merely served to strengthen these traits. What bound him in duty to Christianity had its origin in his childhood, and so had, in equal degree, what drove him toward social

The faith of his forefathers and the hatred of a working-class descendant combined at an early juncture, and particularly in his twenties, to develop a Christian zeal that brought a sense of personal duty to the support of his sense of social obligation. To be sure, he was still a child when his father became the owner of an hotel in a Silesian health resort and thus escaped from the further necessity of bowing and scraping. But when his father spoke about his own father, the child learned that the latter had been a poor proletarian, a miserable weaver in the mountain districts, who, however, had broken away from his original surroundings, becoming at first a waiter, and finally raising himself to the posi-tion of an innkeeper—for which position he also had trained his son, the father of Gerhart.

THE boy's ancestors on his mother's side, on the other hand, had served as petty officials under the Count who owned most of the land in that district, who was good for nothing and did nothing, and who, in true Junker style, spent all his life in feasting and drinking. A revolutionary might easily develop out of such heredity.

Hauptmann did not turn into a revolutionary. But the social harvest of those childhood days may be sought, on one side, in his impressions of the hotel café, which return in so many of his plays, and, on the other, in his sympathy for the oppressed class to which his grandfather had belonged. Not until, at fifteen, he had been taken out of school as impossible and sent to relatives in the country to become something like a farm superintendent, did he encounter those pictures of the peasants' life which were to accompany him through the rest of his career. And it was during the same period that the stern piety of his aunt stamped into his sensitive temperament rules and principles with which he had to struggle afterwards through many long decades.

Silesia, the scene of this bewildering childhood, has produced finer poets than any other German province, with the exception of Swabia, because it is inhabited by a dreamily dull, good-naturedly passive people of Slavic intermixture that here tills a fertile district, rising gradually to the ridges and summits of the Riesengebirge (Giant Mountains). Here legend (Continued on page 137)

Ludwig, Dorsey, Durant, Chesterton-Four of the

By Geo. A. DORSEY

The Author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings"

Tells What Every MOTHER

Should Know-and WHY

WONDER how many mothers last year named their unborn offspring Charles Lindbergh—only to find that it was a girl; or how many thought that by praying, wishing, or thinking, they could exert such an influence over their unborn child that it would inevitably develop a Lindbergh character! I know of at least one mother who thought she could. And it was a boy, and she just knows he will grow into a sturdy fearless lad destined to emulate the popular hero he was named after.

"How do you know?"
"Because . . ."

Now why do we call "because" a "woman's reason"? Because she often speaks from feelings—and with conviction—when she has no glib word reply; "because . . ."

becomes a short cut for: "Oh, I can't put it in words, but all that I know leads me to a belief so strong that I feel it must be so."

So it was that our greatgrandmothers knew many things that are not so—as, for example, that the earth was flat; that a child born with a blue vein on one side of its nose was sure to drown; and that if a child's nails were pared before it was a year old it would become a thief, but if thereafter its nails were pared over the family Bible it would as surely be honest. Why? "Because . . ."

Why can no mother—or for that matter no physician—predict the sex of the unborn child? Because she cannot; but she—and the physician—can guess right fifty percent of the time. And fifty-fifty is enough for most mothers—and some

physicians.

Why can no mother—or anybody—predict the fate of her unborn child? Because neither mother nor anyone can predict the future and hence cannot predict the day-by-day endless stream of influences which will so mold the child that it will bend easily to one breeze and straighten up to another.

Our grandmothers collectively knew thousands of rules, formulas, and rites, the observance or neglect of which predestined the child to this or that career,

character, or personality.

But they overlooked one important point; there was a flaw in their reasoning. Did the boy whose baby nails were pared become a thief just because of the violation of a family superstition or because of other factors which made theft

more or less inevitable? They did not inquire into that. The finger nail is, of course, only one of countless superstitions which served our credulous grandmothers as a cloak for their ignorance. Another equally faulty reason why a boy grew up a thief was that the sins of fathers are handed on to sons, even to the third generation: he had inherited the trait from father; it was in the blood.

Why does any son ever become a thief; why don't all boys grow into Lincolns or Lindberghs? Who is responsible? This reminds me of an incident which occurred last winter. I had just finished a lecture before a mothers' club in which I had stressed certain obligations of motherhood. An irate woman sailed

up to the platform and shot this at me: "That's just like you men, putting the responsibility on the mother!"

To which I could only reply that I had no more put responsibility on mother-hood than had astronomers put the rings around Saturn. But I did point out that once these rings were discovered man could revise his almanac, and that possibly a biologic concept of mother-hood might help us revise our social calendar.

What is motherhood? Motherhood is an ancient institution in animal life, and in animals higher than reptiles is more than a mere institution to propagate the species: it is the fountainhead from which that higher life sprang. After reptilian days fatherhood played an increasingly important rôle, but higher animals such as birds and mammals were possible only because motherhood assumed burdens hitherto left to chance.

With the evolution of monkeys (Primates) that burden had become even more onerous and the responsibility of motherhood correspondingly greater. When Man finally evolved as the highest Primate, motherhood had become so responsible that it was a supreme privilege. And nature offered motherhood



O H. A. Roberts

Mother and child—the most appealing sight in the world.

nothing less than world dominion as the reward for such responsihility.

But what happened—did mothers claim their reward? Man, oblivious to the fact that he had evolved from a monkey through a long line of queens, claimed to rule by divine right. Nature herself recognizes no such right, in fact she ordained otherwise: homage and the crown rightfully belong (Continued on page 159)

Alert Thinkers of our Day-Here Discuss Candidly

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By Will DURANT

A Philosopher's Answer to the

Question That Has Puzzled the Ages, WHY Do You Thrill At BEAUTY?

VEN where beauty was most honored and most produced-in ancient Greece-philosophers were helpless to pierce the secret of its lure.

Plato, who was nothing if not a moralist (anxious to halt the decadence of his people), merged the beautiful in a sublime identity with the good. Art was to be a part of ethics; and except for the pedagogical uses of music (even then, it seems, they coddled with verse the memory of dates and kings), there was to be a minimum of art in the master's paradise. In Aristotle we find the typical Greek answer to our question: beauty is symmetry, proportion, and an organic order of parts in a united whole. But why symmetry and proportion, order and unity should delight the soul—here was a matter wherein

even Aristotle's curiosity lagged lazily behind.

Winckelmann and Lessing added little to these answers, and took their lead too readily from the oppressive Greeks. That a statue imitated some warm and living loveliness, and that the secret of beauty might better be sought in the original than in the copy, found little welcome in these stern and academic minds, more classic than the Greeks

In Kant and Schopenhauer a new note sounds; beauty becomes that quality whereby an object pleases us regardless of its use, stirring in us a will-less contemplation, a disinterested happi-

ness.

In this objective and impartial perception, Scho-penhauer would have it, esthetic perception and artistic genius lie; the intellect is for a moment emancipated from desire, and realizes those external forms, or Platonic Ideas, which constitute the outward aspects of the universal Will.

But in Hegel we are back once more with the Greeks: beauty is again unity in variety, the conquest of matter by form, the sensuous manifestation of some metaphysical ideal. No wonder the dullest books in the world are those which men have written about beauty.

Miss America, 1928 apparently our Collective idea of Beauty

What if all this was a wrong approach? Perhaps beauty is a function of life, and not of matter and form? Perhaps biology can help us here, where physics and mathematics cannot?

Let us go to the animal and try to track the sense of beauty to its source. We are wrong if we suppose that man alone is gifted

with esthetic feeling; many animals are more beautiful than the featherless biped that transiently rules the earth, for we know they may realize it more clearly than ourselves. We think that we alone are conscious of beauty because we associate beauty, in our species, with sight and visible form; in animals, if we may venture to speak so intimately of them, the esthetic tremor comes humbly through the nose. "The smell of a dog," says M. Bergeret's poodle, "is a delicious smell." Doubtless to Riquet men were diverse offensive odors.

Nevertheless the sense of hearing may also have esthetic value for the beasts. Certain of our quadruped ancestors are notoriously susceptible to music. Nor are the eyes of animals

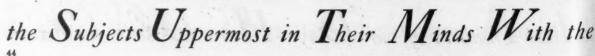
insensitive to beauty. The bower-bird builds a special nest for his mate, covered with brushwood and carpeted with gathered grass; he brings white pebbles from the nearest brook and places them artist-wise on either side; he adorns the walls with bright feathers, red berries, and any pretty object he may find; and at last he dignifies the entrance and the exit with mussel shells and gleaming stones: this is the palace the bower-bird builds for his love.

However, these cases of beauty found by animals in inanimate things are exceptional; and the esthetic appreciation which they reveal is thin and secondary com-pared with the sensitive anxiety of the male display-ing himself before the female in mating time. "With the great majority of animals," says Darwin, "the taste for the beautiful is confined, as far as we can judge, to the attractions of the opposite

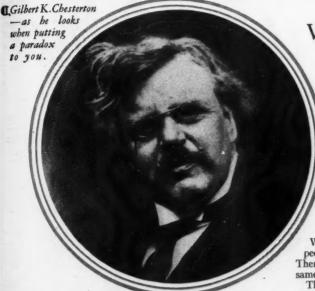
Nothing could be more fruitful for our quest than this simple proposition of the most modest and illuminating of scientists. If Darwin is right, it becomes evident that the sense of beauty (as so often affirmed and forever denied) arises as an offshoot and overflow of sexual attraction. The beautiful is

primarily that which is sexually desired; and if other things seem beautiful to us it is derivatively, and by ultimate relationship with this original fount of the esthetic sense.

A thing is beautiful, first of all, because it is desired. As (in Spinoza's words) we desire nothing because it is good, but call it good because we desire it; so we (Continued on page 144)



By G. K. GHESTERTON



HAVE been asked to explain something about myself which seems to be regarded as very extraordinary. The problem has been presented to me in the form of a clipping from a The problem A very flattering American article, which yet contained a certain suggestion of wonder.

So far as I can understand, it is thought extraordinary that a

man should be ordinary. I am ordinary in the correct sense of the term; which means the acceptance of an order; a Creator and the Creation, the common sense of gratitude for Creation, life and love as gifts permanently good, marriage and chivalry as laws rightly controlling them, and the rest of the normal traditions of our race and religion.

It is also thought a little odd that I regard the grass as green even after some newly discovered Slovak artist has painted it ay; that I think daylight very tolerable in spite of thirteen Lithuanian philosophers sitting in a row and cursing the light of day; and that, in matters more polemical, I actually prefer weddings to divorces and babies to birth control.

These eccentric views, which I share with the overwhelming majority of mankind, past and present, I should not attempt to defend here one by one. And I only give a general reply for a particular reason. I wish to make it unmistakably plain that my defense of these sentiments is not sentimental. It would be easy to gush about these things; but I defy the reader, after reading this, to find the faintest trace of the tear of sensibility. I hold this view not because it is sensibility, but because it is sense.

On the contrary, it is the skeptics who are the sentimentalists. More than half the "revolt" and the talk of being advanced and progressive, is simply a weak sort of snobbishness which takes the form of a worship of Youth.

Some men of my generation delight in declaring that they are of the Party of the Young, defending every detail of the latest fashions or freaks. If I do not do that, it is for the same reason that I do not dye my hair or wear stays

If we desire the greatest happiness of the greatest number, it will be obvious that the greatest number, at any given moment, are rather more likely to be between twenty-five and seventy than to be between seventeen and twenty-five. Sacrificing everything to the young will be like working only for the rich—they will be a privileged class and the rest will be snobs or slaves.

If those called freethinkers are sentimentalists, those called free-lovers are open and obvious sentimentalists. We can always convict such people of sentimentalism by their weakness for euphemism. The phrase they use is always softened and suited Who Boasts He Is OBSTINATELY ORTHODOX Explains WHY

You Should be Also

for journalistic appeals. They talk of free love, when they mean something quite different, better defined as free lust. But being sentimentalists they feel bound to

simper and coo over the word "love."

They insist on talking about birth control when they mear the very opposite of self-control. We could smash them to atoms if we could be as indecent in our language as they are immoral in their conclusions. And as it is with morals, so it is with religion.

What we call the intellectual world is divided into two types of people—those who worship the intellect and those who use it. There are exceptions, but, broadly speaking, they are never the

Those who use the intellect never worship it; they know too much about it. Those who worship the intellect never use it; as you can see by the things they say about it.

Hence there has arisen a confusion about intellect and intellectualism; and as the supreme expression of that confusion, something that is called in many countries the intelligentsia and in France more especially the intellectuals. It is found in practise to consist of clubs and coteries of people talking mostly about books and pictures, but especially new books and new pictures; and about music, so long as it is very modern music; or what some would call very unmusical music.

The first fact to record about it is that what Carlyle said of the world is very specially true of the intellectual world—that it is mostly fools. Indeed it has a curious attraction for complete fools, as a warm fire has for cats.

I could tell many stories of that world. I remember a venerable man with a very long beard who seemed to live at one of these clubs. At intervals he would hold up his hand as if for silence and preface his remarks by saying, "A Thought!" And then he would say something that sounded as if a cow had suddenly spoken in a drawing-room. spoken in a drawing-room. I remember once a silent and muchenduring man (I rather think it was my friend Mr. Edgar Jepson, the novelist), who could bear it no longer and cried with a sort of expiring gasp, "But great guns, man, you don't call that a of expiring gasp, thought, do you?"

ANYHOW it is in this intellectual world, with its many fools and few wits and fewer wise men, that there goes on perpetually a sort of ferment of fashionable revolt and negation. From this comes all that is called destructive criticism; though as a matter of fact, the new critic is generally destroyed by the next critic long before he has had any chance of destroying anything else. When people say solemnly that the world is in revolt against religion or private property or patriotism or marriage, they mean that this world is in revolt against them; or rather is in permanent revolt against

Now, as a matter of fact, this world has a certain excuse for being always in that state of excitement, apart from mere fuss and mere folly. The reason is rather an important one; and I would ask anyone who really does want to think, and especially to think freely, to pause upon it seriously for a moment:

It arises from the fact that these people are so much concerned with the study of art. It collapses into mere driveling and despair, because they try to transfer their treatment of art to the treatment of morals and philosophy. In this they made a bad blunder in reasoning. But then, as I have (Continued on page 106)

Largest Group of Intelligent Readers in the World

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They Were Coung Once

HE highway ran right through the grounds of the Old Soldiers' Home and furnished the veterans with about the only excitement they had—between meals.

Their experiences of high adventure had long since palled on one another and they usually basked apart on separate benches in the sun, drooping there like crinkled autumn leaves. Even those who walked seemed to be blown scuttering on a fitful breeze winterward.

To the frantic multitude borne past on the automobile torrent, the Home was a vale of slumbrous peace where heroes who had eaten of the lotus drifted in a golden stupor with no problems, no alarms, no sorrows beyond perhaps a drugged regret. The frenzied citizens of the outer world envied sometimes the inhabitants of this visible Nirvana already safe in a heaven where nothing ever happened.

But on this quiet afternoon, the few who chanced to be motoring by were astounded to be-

hold an unheard-of activity among the dreamers.

Two of the ancient warriors were at war, and of all people, the inseparable cronies, Abner Bogue and Matthew Fosgate.

Hardly able to stand without resting on their canes, they were fencing with them now and toppling about, falling against each other and breaking free, striking feebly and missing in a drunkenness of senility, childishly afraid, childishly enraged, their voices shrilling and whistling silly curses

Two plump women in a small sedan and bulging over the edges like loaves of overleavened bread stopped their car to watch the combat.

The fat one, Ida, giggled: "Look at what's fighting! Ab and Matt!'

The fatter one, Edna, whooped: "Boys will be boys!"
Edna never dreamed that they were fighting about her, never imagined that her fate was being ordained in that tragi-ridiculous

Edna and Ida were business women of a sort—the harpy sort. They perched in the environs of Old Soldiers' Homes to batten on the living dead and prey upon lonely, unburied heroes, who, having flamed once in war and having given their country everything but their lives, were sentenced to an indefinite inanition, imprisoned in a dreadful leisure.

For this idleness the cast-offs received wages-not much, but enough to attract females willing to be old men's darlings for old men's pensions.

There is something grotesquely uncanny, macabre about these vulturine romances. Yet Edna and Ida were no more heartless

than fate had been to Abner and Matt.

These rickety octogenarians, and old for their age, had once flared with a fire of patriotism, a leaping splendor of youth miserably and ruth-lessly quenched. These rivals in debility fum-bling at wrath had once stood back to back and slashed out with bayonets against encircling bayonets, roaring curses at enemies who tried to capture the ragged flag they defended.

Leaning upon them and hampering thrust and

parry, and lunge and butt-stroke, the dying color-sergeant mixed his blood with theirs and upheld the staff that upheld him.

Life or death meant little to them then. fun was the fight. They were burly hulks from the farm, Abner only sixteen, Matthew a year older, yet both already giants. There was no

learning in their heads and little intellect, but their skulls were full of passion for love or war or anything that stirred the muscles and the blood. They lusted for life and conflict.

Their shoulders were quarters of beef. Their arms would have served lesser men for legs. Abner's yellow locks spilled about his head as pine shavings curl up and drip from a carpenter's plane. Matthew's hair was black and Indian-straight and touched his

There was a golden stubble on Abner's jaws. Matthew had black-bearded jowls.

They had worked on their farms till their elder brothers had been killed or invalided home and the war still not won. Then

they had answered Abe Lincoln's desperate call for more men, and had walked miles to camp and learned to shoot and march. They loved the bayonet fight best and they got a bit of it when they went out with Hooker, as who strode into Virginia and limped back: McDowell, McClellan, Pope, McClellan again, Burnside, Hooker, Meade.

When Hooker, with his eyes ablaze and his head high and his proclamations higher, crossed the Rappahannock and splashed through the fords of Rapidan, there were no heartier fighter among all his hundred and thirty 'housand men than Abner and

Matthew, who had not yet cast eyes on each other.

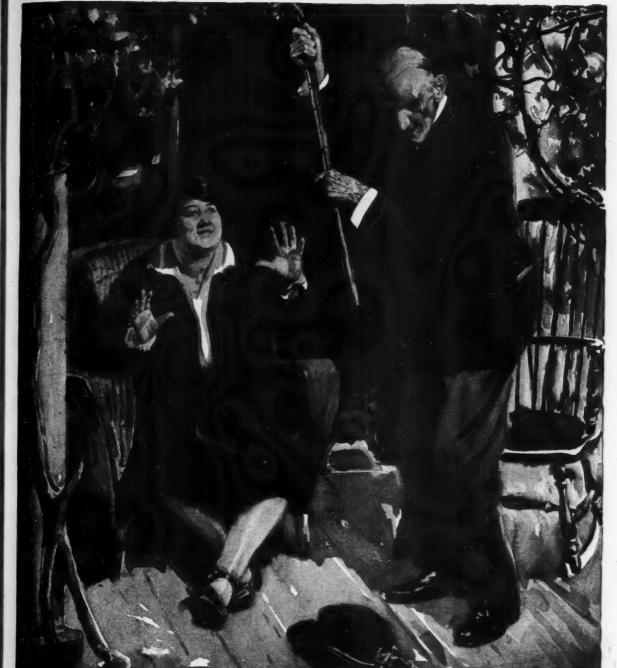
Their ardor did not die as Hooker's did when the army lost itself in the vast dark jungle known as the Wilderness.

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d Abe Linfor more les to camp irch. They they got a Hooker, as of generals nped back: ellan again,

igh and his nd splashed ier fighters Abner and

e army lost ness. Even





when Stonewall Jackson made his last flank march and broke Hooker's right wing to flinders, Abner and Matthew were not

They were thrown together in the stampede and rallied round the flag as if they were a dozen men. When the Confederates called upon them to surrender, they answered with barnyard

LEdna listened, Edna exclaimed, Edna gasped and called him a hero, restored him to his youth. She was the only Desdemona on earth for this poor Othello.

words of contempt and handled their bayonets as if they were pitchforks and the enemies manure.

They were as unintelligently brave as young bulls and gave and took ghastly wounds, bracing themselves on each other and on brute rage. They held the foe at bay—and death, too, until a returning swirl of reinforcement caught the flag from the dead hand and saved it. Only then did they find time to fall.

They had touched the heights of valor in the mad jumble of the Battle of Chancellorsville. In woods as dense as a fog, made up of trunks and brambles, foliage and logs, all order lost, regiments shuffled, Federal and Confederate intermingled in a wrestle of squads and individuals, there was no one to see or care or remember cowardice or heroism.

Other heroes had won fame and Congressional medals by doing half as much as either Abner or Matthew did that day, but the

color-sergeant whom they upheld perished and the man who snatched the falling flagstaff did not heed the men who had shielded it till then.

Besides, the battle was a disaster and few medals are distributed after defeats. It was luck enough for Abner and Matthew that they were carried from the field at all, and great luck that they were taken away by their own army

Thrown into a two-wheeled cart, they were jounced together along the rutty roads, across the Rapidan and miles on miles to a hospital. Their aching bodies swooned with pain and

loss of blood.

But they were boys and could endure anything. Their ruddy flesh withstood even the butchery of the overworked surgeons and their unclean knives. For weeks they lay in ad-joining cots and mended their wounds in a kind of race. Then they raced back into the army, not so burly, not so stout, yet gluttonous for trouble and finding plenty of it in the same Wilderness of Virginia.

Not far from Chancellorsville they fought in two more battles and squandered the remnants of their youth forever, adding themselves to the gory total of sixty thousand men of an average age of twenty-two who were killed and wounded within five miles of Piney Branch

The two boys again did marvelous deeds that Homers might have sung of, but there were too

many marvelous deeds and they were done again in that vast incredibly thick thicket where no man saw the battle, where artillery was of little use and cavalry of less, where colonels could not see their regiments, or regiments their colonels; where formal tactics was as impossible as strategy; where men were invisible thirty feet away even before the smoke closed in; where soldiers who charged were almost stripped of their uniforms, and of their hides as well, by the briers and the splintered boughs and the bayonet branches of low cedars; where trees were chopped down by bullets and wounded men lay hidden in leaves and watched the flames approach, and screamed in vain, writhed in vain and were hideously consumed alive on a slowly advancing funeral pyre.

Young Abner and young Matthew were catalogued among the wounded, but they had really been killed in part. They had lived out their lives all at once, in a few days on the Brock Road and at Spottsylvania. Before they were twenty they were dotards fit

only to sit in the sun or in the lamplight and wait, wait,

After the war, they had been parted for a while but had come together again in the same Old Soldiers' Home where ancient affection kept them brothers until a woman came between themthis Edna, the fatter of the two widows who sat now and squealed with delight as the two old friends fought.

The worst of it was that Abner fought for Edna and with a sickly chivalry. Matthew, who claimed respect because of his seniority by one year, had begun it out of a clear sky by mumbling at Abner with his toothless

"Shay, Ab, I shink 'at widder, Ednar, is playin' you for a shucker.

"What's bitin' you, Matt?" clearer speech of his new teeth... "'At little woman is the best friend I got in is world—'cep'n you. She's as sweet as honey, and as soon's I can save a little more money I'm goin' to marry her—if she'll have me."

"Marry her "s creamed. Mett. "The Community her is sooned. Mett. "The Community her is sooned." Abner had demanded in the

"Marry her?" screamed Matt. "For Gaw can't be hush a jackash. If she'll have you? anybody 'at 'ould pay her half what you got." "For Gawd shake, Ab, you Why, she'd have

Confused as any young Romeo, Abner hardly realized at first



how well the woman who had rekindled him with her favor was

being insulted. He protested sheepishly: "You don't know her like I do, Matt. She's as honest as the

day is long."
"Mebbe sho," snapped Matt. "But how about nightsh?
You go to bed wit' 'e shickens. Where does she roosht—and

"Oh, she sets home and reads—or plays solitaire."
"Sholitaire my foot! Good gosh a'mighty, Ab, ain't you sheen enough old sholdiers makin' foolsh of 'emshelves over women to keep from leavin' one of 'em make a monkey out o' you?'' Abner tried to be patient. His friend of three-score years had

right to be heard and reasoned with:

Edny's differ'nt, Matt. She's a fine woman. She's had a hard life, but she's as brave as the best of us-allers cheerful, allers laughin'

You bet she's laughin'. Why wouldn't she laugh when she can get a man o' your age to be-lieve she's intereshted in shumpin' beshide 'You bet she's laughin'.

your pension? Would she look at you if you didn't have it? I ashk you, would she?" "Well, I ain't braggin' about my beauty, but she could git plenty o' other men if she

hadn't taken a fancy to me."
"Like blazes she could—'at fat old cow? She couldn' git anybody but you."
"What about the young fellers that

hangs around her?"

"Well, what about 'em? The loafers! they're livin' off the money she wheedlesh out o' you."

"Be careful, Matt. You're an old friend, but I gotta draw the line at your attacktin' the good name of a lady. "Lady? her a lady? Don't make me laugh."

"I warn you, Matt. If you say a word ag'in' her, I'll— ll—— Well, don't you do it, 'at's all."

He was more afraid than angry, afraid to have a dream of bliss driven from him by a bugle-call to common sense. When Matt had broken in on his reverie he had been sunning himself in meditation upon Edna, warming his chill bones at

the memory of her opulence of flesh; it was beauty to his dim He felt honored by any woman's attention. He was help less before Edna's lavish compliments. She even listened to his stories of the war and let him tell her what a hero he had been

She was the only Desdemona on earth for this poor Othello.

Since the world conflict, his day of glory had been diminished to nothing. Even his great war had been thrown back into primeval times.



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He had been smiling in his half-sleep at the memory of what had led up to the story. She had met him somewhere, somehow he was vague about that. She had invited him to her porch one day when he was out on one of his slow walks.

eyes to the sun and recalled

carefully how she had looked and laughed, had caught his hands and

squeezed them in her cozy plump palms, and had even seized him and

hugged his gaunt bones to her volu-

minous breast.

She had given him a cushioned chair and told him she loved the smell of a pipe. He had noticed that she wore a little bunch of violets pinned to her dress and he had smiled. She asked him why, and he had said:

"Vi'luts allers remind me of when I seen 'em on fire."
"Violets on fire?" she had cried. "How could violets get on

With an old man's audacity he had answered: "Well, I reckon them vi'luts you got on is pirt' nigh blazin' now.

Lordy, how she laughed at that! and jabbed him, and shook her finger at him, and called him a "naughty boy." That alone was better than a medal. When she quieted down, her curiosity remained and she wanted to know where he had seen violets on fire. So he told her:

"In the Battle of Spottsylvany in the Wilderness back in 'sixtyfour-the woods ketched on fire and burned up millions o' vi'luts and hunderds of soldiers—and me and Matt come might' night goin' up in smoke with the vi'luts."

"Why, Mr. Bogue, the idea! How awful! Do tell me!"
It had been so long since anyone would even let him talk about his golden days that his heart went out to her at once. To listen was a gift more royal to him than any other. There were so few gifts that he could use, but he was famished for attention. "You see, Miz Beals."

"My name is Edna to you, Colonel Bogue."
"I ain't no colonel, nor even a corpor'l," he said, "and my name to you, Miz B-my name, Edny, to you is Abner.'

"Fine. Shake!" she said, and clasped his hand in hers and held it, sighing. "Why, how cold your fingers are."

The young fel-

like be owned ber. Abner

wondered why the police al-

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low beld Edna

"They ain't been so warm since they was scorched in the Wilderness," he answered.

"Lawsy, but you're the quick one!" she said. "I'll bet you kept the girls on the jump when you was a boy."
"Ain't I a boy now?" he answered quick as a wink. "A man's

as old as he feels and I feel about nineteen long as you hang on to me."

How she whooped! And again she paid him the ultimate compliment of insisting on hearing his story.

"But is Baby never goin' to tell Mama about that old Wilderness and the blazing violets?"

She called him baby! It was as silly as all get-out. But gosh, what a luxury it was to be silly again, to snicker and feel tickled and foolish-it was like dreaming with his eyes open. He clenched them over the dream and simmered inside like a kettle with the lid on tight. Then he told her:

"You see, Miz—you see, Edny, I was with Hooker when he fit and got licked at Chancellorsville. I was wounded pirty bad. Matt was, too-that was where him and I met up-but we got well in time to join up again and go back (Continued on page 1, 6)

The By Adela Rogers St. Johns INGLE tandard



The Story So Far:

EFORE she was twenty Arden Stuart was a marked woman in San Francisco, where her love-affairs were food for abundant speculation and gossip. But Arden was undisturbed by the criticism of society. Even as a schoolgirl she had been greedy for life in all its phases, and particularly for love. Indeed, at sixteen, Arden had loved a man—and lost him.

For a time grief for the reckless English aviator, Beecham-Deever, whose sudden death in a motor accident had put a swift end to their love, filled her heart. At college in the East, where she had gone to bury her sorrow, she held aloof from the schoolgirl "crushes" of her companions. But even her grief was not proof against the charms of Jimmy Lyndon, a matinée idol whom she adored at sight. Lyndon became Arden's constant companion—until she met his wife. For her sake Arden gave him up. But she missed the gay actor and went back home, comforting Mercedes, her roommate, with an invitation to visit her in San Francisco, where she would meet Arden's brother Ding.

Ding understood Arden as no one else did. Her mother, in particular, found her daughter impossible to fathom, or to influence. Arden, on her part, felt that her mother was unsportsmanlike for refusing to divorce her runaway husband years before.

At home Arden found Tommy Hewlett, Ding's best friend, who promptly fell in love with her. He failed to interest Arden, but when Mercedes came to San Francisco the four young people spent many happy hours together. One night at Purcell's, where they had gone in search of new thrills, Packy Cannon, the artist, first saw Arden and tried to put her haunting eyes on paper. The two met later at an art exhibition in front of Packy's sketch, and from that moment cared only for each other.

Meanwhile, after a brief courtship, Ding and Mercedes were married, and when they returned from their honeymoon Arden went away with Packy. They sailed for months on Packy's yacht, the All Alone, forgetting the world . . . But at last Packy brought her back to San Francisco. Deeply hurt by this decision at first, Arden finally agreed that only in this way could they keep their love.

Gallantly Arden faced the world after her return, for a long time content to drift. When she began to appear again at social functions—to please Mercedes and Ding—she met Brett Carlyle, rich, handsome, adored by the belles of many lands. Carlyle, the much-pursued, became for once the pursuer, importuning Arden to marry him and see the world with him. Before she

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could make up her mind to marry Brett, Tommy Hewlett's father committed suicide, thus escaping financial ruin himself and leaving his son to shoulder the burden of his muddled affairs.

Arden's warm heart was touched by her friend's suffering. Although she did not love him, she consented to marry Tommy

N THE night before her wedding Arden Stuart did a strange thing. No one knew of it, for as always she moved on her own way, quiet and unquestioned.
You could not question Arden Stuart.
To Glasgow, she said, "Where's that old leather coat of mine?" Glasgow, very busy with heaps of pink things like scattered rose petals, said, "You mean the one—" and stopped.

Arden grinned a little. "Yes—that one."

Just at sunset she put on that old belted leather coat and went down to the water-front. There was a light on the bay, a glimmering silver light, so that it looked like a long unbroken stretch of desert sand. That light came from an invisible sun, dying its daily death behind a great fog-bank.

The heart of the girl who watched it prayed deeply, silently, for strength. That was her only prayer. And it was no doubt a strange prayer for a bride. Very straight she stood. Her hands were not clasped, they were sunk deep into the pockets of the old leather coat. Her head was not bowed, it was flung up so that her chin was sharp and painful against the strange silver light.

Nor did she know to what god she prayed. But no hooded nun prostrate before a shrine ever prayed more honestly.

For strength to carry on.

And then she turned, without a backward glance toward the high seas, and returned to the old Stuart house on Jackson Street, where as she had been born she hoped her son would be born also.

For when Arden had told her mother of that decision of hers to marry Tommy Hewlett, that decision born of a great moment

of pity, Mrs. Stuart made a decision also.

She did not argue, though she had hoped very much that her daughter would make the brilliant match offered her and become Mrs. Brett Carlyle. She hid her disappointment and kissed her daughter, a little awk-

wardly.

"I hope you're going to be happy, darling," said Mrs. Stuart, and there were tears in her lovely blue eyes.

"Thank you, Mum,"

said Arden. "And do you know," said Mrs. Stuart, touching her eyes with a fragrant lace handkerchief, "I-I think perhaps you'd like to go on living in this house. You like this house, I know."

Arden waited. But there was an odd expression in her eves.

Mrs. Stuart saw it. "Oh, not with me," she said. "I don't think that's ever a good idea. But this is a big house to run and I've done it for a good many years and I'm a little tired.

"I think I'd like to take a suite at a hotel for a while. I could entertain there and I'd have no responsibility. And you could keep the house. It's"—she hesi-tated, she was afraid of Arden's swift, unsenti-mental sense of humor, but she went on because she didn't quite know how to stop-"it's a nice house to bring up children in. You and John were lorn here. I've had a lot of sorrow and a lot of happiness in this house. But that's a woman's life.

The glow in Arden's eyes astonished her. And she was more astonished when Arden took her in her arms and held her there for a moment without speaking. It was almost as though Arden could not speak, as though Arden were choked with one of those womanish sobs that came so easily to Mrs. Stuart. It was the closest mother and daughter had ever been.

'There isn't anything you could have done," said Arden, "that would make me so happy. I hated leaving it. Gosh, you're

sweet to me. Which almost made up to Mrs. Stuart for Arden's absolute

refusal to have a wedding or a honeymoon. "In the first place," said Arden, when Mercedes suggested it, "we haven't time. We've a job to do here. And besides, I can't imagine honeymooning with Tommy."

At that a little cloud passed over Mercedes' face, for Mercedes had deep intuitions and she knew that Arden should not be marrying a man with whom she could not imagine going on a

But not even Mercedes was to know of that night after Arden's

marriage, that night when Arden lay awake in the darkness beside her husband and felt nails of crucifixion through her clenched hands, a sword of crucifixion through her sick heart.

Perhaps Mercedes had a hint of it weeks afterwards when Arden, with Jo-Jo as usual enthroned upon her lap, said suddenly, "Mercedes, don't you ever let Jo-Jo marry a man she hasn't-lived with. Maybe by the time she's old enough to marry there'll be some sort of an arrangement about that. Trial marriage, or whatever they call it. There ought to be.
"Maybe it sounds wicked. But it isn't. For it's better to make

a little mistake than a big one. There are"—her smile was whimsical and white—"there are too many uncharted reefs, too



G"You'll let me worship you a little? You are a dream come true," said

many nameless rocks. And there are one or two of them, which custom has decreed unmentionable, which wreck more marriages than you would believe. Scientists say it's biological. But anyway, something ought to be done about it."

For on her marriage night, in those first long, dark hours, Arden knew that she had made a great mistake.

But it was her mistake and she must bear it alone. It was not her habit to make others pay the price of her mistakes if she could help it. Certainly Tommy must not pay, Tommy who had always been kind to her, who had been her friend, who loved her with a great and unselfish devotion.

And so people, even people like Ding and Mercedes who were close to Arden, said, "That marriage is turning out well, after

As a matter of fact Arden took marriage casually. There was one odd thing about her. She took life at its face value most of the time. A thing was just what it was to her, unadorned by traditions and ancient opinions. She thought her way through larkness beher clenched

wards when id suddenly, she hasn'tarry there'll marriage, or

tter to make r smile was ed reefs, too to the facts about things. Emotion she knew, and passion, but she was not sentimental.

It was no new thing for her to live with a man. Because she adapted herself to him, she found it possible to adapt herself to him. Because she had married him, she became the woman he needed. Her heart was full of a great and tender pity for him, and it was not until later that she was to learn that there is activity in the world so disastence as it is between the world so disastence as it is the world so disastence as the wo nothing in the world so disastrous as pity between a man and woman who are married to each other.

So that first year of her marriage she went about her business in a businesslike way. Her business was to see that Tommy weakness in them. She refused to think for him, to allow him to use her uncanny judgment, to lean too heavily upon her. Understanding she gave him, and all the happiness and peace she could, but never sympathy. For it was part of her creed that nothing is so weakening as sympathy,
"I don't want you to talk business when you come home," she

said one night across the table, when he had started an account of his day

"But I like to talk over my business with you," said Tommy, very big and blond at his end of the rosewood table.

"Well, I don't like to have you," said Arden, and gave him a swift smile to take the sting out of it. "The thing is it's not good

for you, my lad. You can't have a fresh mind if you go muddling about with the thing all the time. Let's go down to Carmel over the weekend. I want to do some swimming. And you can play golf.

"I can't take the time," said Tommy. "Fiddlesticks," said his wife. "Of course

his wife. "Of course you can. It isn't how long you work. It's how hard you work and what you've got to give. You'll do more in three hours Monday after a weekend away with me than you will in three days if you scick around here and stew. Let's call Ding and Mercedes. Maybe they'll go along.

And after dinner she read aloud to him from a book concerning the methods of the great police organizations of the world. It held him. She had known it would. Tommy was not a great reader, which surprised Arden. She could understand almost anything except people who didn't read. But she found that he liked books well enough, especially those she selected, and he liked to have her read to him when he was tired.

It seemed to him that Arden's voice grew more enchanting all the time, developed a wider range of tone and color. If he had been a poet,

Tommy was sure he could have written a beautiful poem about the colors in Arden's voice. Of course you'd have to do a thing like that in a poem, because it didn't make any sense and it wasn't necessary to make sense in a poem, though some of those things by Edna St. Vincent Millay that Arden read to him had sense. He didn't always understand them completely, but they thrilled

Only sometimes she didn't finish them. Last night, for instance, she had begun one that went:

> "Searching my heart for its true sorrow,
> This is the thing I find to be:
> That I am weary of words and people, Sick of the city, wanting the sea.

And then suddenly she had stopped and flung the little book upside down on the floor and come to sit on the arm of his chair very small, very silent, but leaning her cheek against his hair. His love for her had risen in a warm tide. He was so deeply grateful for her. To have her, like this! He knew that he could



Ian. "You mustn't worship me," said Arden. "I'm not an angel. I'm just me."

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y. There was value most of unadorned by way through

fought back, that he accomplished the thing that was necessary for his own soul, which was the seemingly prosaic affair of re-establishing his father's business and making it once more a

Arden, it is true, knew nothing about business, but she knew a great deal about men. And so Arden Hewlett, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Packy Cannon on the deck of the All Alone, stood shoulder to shoulder with Tommy in the slow and painful reconstruction period of his life. She rested him, she in-spired him, she made him see the possibility of accomplishing the impossible. There was no let-up to her. A great swimmer, and that Arden was, learns early that you must go on when you cannot

Certain things she expected of Tommy and let him know she expected them, for she saw that was what he needed. He was a hard worker, he had ability, but there was a slackness about him somewhere and that slackness Arden proceeded to take up.

She did not make the fatal mistake of most strong women who are married to weak men, or at least to men with a streak of never bring himself to question anything she did. That knowledge made him a little afraid.

Deep down in his heart, he knew he was soft where she was concerned, that he could never be her master, or even her equal. There were depths to her he had never touched. Sometimes he felt them there, dangerous, molten, strong. But he loved her and she belonged to him and he was happy.

On this particular evening she was very gay after dinner. It always seemed to Tommy that when she was gay her bronze curls danced in the light; they danced a little, instead of lying close to

her head in a cap, or coiling formally in a coronet.

"The thing is this," she said, sitting at the piano and playing a new tune with one finger, which was a favorite pastime of hers and one that her friends were forced to put up with—"life is part work and part play, part pleasure and part pain. And what it means to be your wife is to see that you get it in fairly equal doses. Thus, we will go swimming. I am really thinking of you, Tommykins, though you might not suspect it.

"Give me a kiss and let's go to a movie. There is a very good one tonight, with lots of horses and shootings, and I am sure the heroine has to be dragged from in front of trains and out of rushing rivers. That's the kind you like best and I like 'em, too."

But in spite of being a movie fan in a casual way Arden Hewlett used no subterfuges when a certain moment arrived. Perhaps that was because she could not sew.

Tommy had come in to say good-by to her before he went to his office, having learned from Glasgow that she was awake and having her breakfast. Arden still kept her own room, while

and Glasgow, coming in, cleaned it up with a disapproving face. "You are hard on things, Miss Arden," said Glasgow.

Arden gave her a sidelong look full of mischief. "U-mm," said Arden. "You wait."

But she did not tell Glasgow, or her mother, or even Mercedes. Only from that time forth she, who had always been wholly without egotism developed a deep interest in herself. She stood aside and gazed upon herself as though she had discovered a rare jewel in an ordinary and familiar vase.

OCTOR WHITCOMB told his patients what was the matter with them, he told them what to do and what not to do about it, and having gone that far he abandoned them to their own devices. "People fuss too much about their bodies," he said contemptuously. "A body is only important because it can interfere with your mind."

Naturally he told Arden Hewlett when she came to his office one afternoon that she mustn't swim any more. He had always admired Arden because, he said, she was a very spiritual woman. That amazed a good many people who thought that Arden Stuart was anything but spiritual. He explained it by saying that

she always brought out the best in men.
"Why can't I swim any more?" said Arden, tucking her chin
down into her furs and looking up at him with eyes that were enormous, that were deeply, darkly blue.



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"I'm not here to give you a course in obstetrics," said Doctor Whit omb. "You do as I say."
"I shan't," said Arden, and helped herself to a cigaret.

"Cut those out, too," said Doctor Whitcomb. "Swim if you want to. I don't care. Won't hurt you, probably. But no cigarets. drink anyway. But you smoke too much. All nervous women do."
"I'm not a nervous woman," said Arden Stuart blazingly.

The great doctor roared with laughter. "Oh, yes, you are. You're not a neurasthenic. But you're too high-strung. You get impressions too ividly. Your emotions are too near the surface. If you want a nice baby, don't smoke and keep quiet and forget about it."

"I don't want to forget about it," said Arden, putting down the cigaret. "I'm

not afraid. I like it."

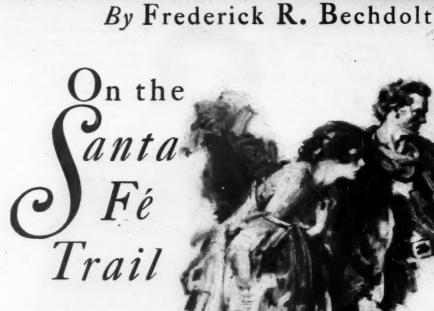
"All right," said the doctor cheerfully. "Women make too much fuss about having babies. Perfectly natural thing. Like flowers blooming. All this poppycock about specialists and diets makes me sick. Swim if you want to and eat what you want to and be happy."

"I am," said Arden, with a quiet intensity-"unbearably." When she had gone, with that amazing grace of hers, the doctor sat rather a long time, staring at the chair where she had sat before he rang to admit his next patient. Not many women like that nowadays. Women were in a transitional period, and a transitional period is never pleasant. Arden, he decided, was the strong and independent woman, the thinking woman, who would come out of all this chaos—she was an advance copy, as it were. Probably do a lot of damage in the world before she was through, but might do some good, too. She asked nothing on the ground of her

Tommy Hewlett was a nice ordinary chap who'd make a good father for her children. And then he laughed again. Imagine saying that-make a good father for her children. That showed bow the world was changing. Wasn't so long ago that you only talked about a woman making a good mother for a man's children.

But Tommy Hewlett couldn't dominate her. It took a real man to do that. And she'd never be happy without it, no matter what she thought. If Tommy had been a woman, he would have made a splendid wife. Yet no one could have accused Tommy Hewlett of being in the slightest degree feminine. Packy Cannon-that was a different story. The (Continued on page 130)





IN THE days before the huge freight wagons had begun to mark the trail to Santa Fé, young Philip Sublette was bringing a pack-train to the sleeping City of the Holy Faith. Up Taos way among the mountains

Taos way among the mountains there was a little chapel where the Pueblo Indians sometimes came for their souls' good. It happened that he stopped here one afternoon.

Father Lopez was the priest's name; a scholar and a gentleman, caught by some trick of life in this by-place. He discovered, beneath the tattered buckskin garments of this weather-stained visitor, the good breeding of an old St. Louis family and a fair knowledge of the classics. So the half-hour which the latter had intended spending here became three hours and the pair found themselves reluctant to part.

It was with sincerity that Sublette asked the frail old man, "Is there anything that I can bring you back from Santa Fé?"

"If you will bring me news of the wedding of Dolores Moraga, I will be grateful, Señor," Father Lopez told him. "It is to take place within the month. I knew her father and her mother well, before the smallpox took them years ago. As a little girl, I often held her on my knee." He sighed. "It was my hope that when she came to marry I would perform the ceremony. And I would like to know that she is to be happy in her husband."

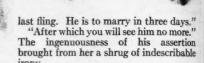
So it came that young Sublette rode on to Santa Fé with the wedding of Dolores Moraga in his mind. But in those days of hostile laws and venal officials, the trader who came to the old Spanish capital must be discreet if he would remain out of jail. And such discretion netted him scant information to bring back to the gentle old man in the worn cassock. In fact, beyond learning that the prospective bridegroom's name was Ferdinand Castro and that he came of good family, he had no news at all by the time his allotted stay was near its end.

One evening it befell that he was dining at the Casa Amarilla, which means the Yellow House, an establishment whose lack of respectability was commensurate with the excellence of its cook. Sublette was here alone, for although he had been a rover for some time, the only women who had entered his life were good ones.

The hour was late and he was smoking his last cigaret when the Señora Ortega, who was the presiding genius of this place, entered the room to have a word with her visitor. A buxom, coarselimbed woman, with large good-humored features and shrewd black eyes, she stood before him with her hands planted on her huge hips, wishing him good luck upon the forthcoming journey.

While she was speaking certain noises which had occasionally penetrated the thick walls from an adjacent chamber suddenly increased: an uproar of bass laughter, shrill voices of women, the crash of overturned chairs.

"They seem to be having a good time," Sublette remarked. Señora Ortega smiled the dry, wise smile of her kind. "One does well," said she, "to overlook it when a good customer breaks the furniture. This one is having what he is pleased to call his 56



"Señor," she replied, "if this business of mine were to depend upon the bachelors, I would be bankrupt." "But if he loves his wife——" Sublette began.

"But if he loves his wife—" Sublette began.
"The marriage," she interrupted him, "is one of convenience."
Then, because he was so soon to depart, probably never again to show himself in Santa Fé, she indulged herself in letting down the bars of her usual discretion. "The girl is the ward of her uncle and of good property. The uncle would like certain influence to help him here. And this Señor Ferdinand Castro, who has more debts than money to pay them, is of a family with much influence. So it has been arranged and"—again the ironical shrug—"everyone will be happy unless perhaps it is the bride."

Another outburst of drunken voices broke in upon her words. Sublette arose and took his departure from the Casa Amarilla; and as he walked the streets of the sleeping city he was thinking of the gentle old priest and of the sorrow which would come into that patient face. The thought persisted, driving away sleep. Midnight passed and found him still abroad.

In the heart of the City of the Holy Faith, the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows stood beside the plaza, bathed in the pale moonlight. Within its heavy doors the silence was as soft as velvet; the faint red glow of the little lamp on the altar and the tiny flames of a few candles made a small island of radiance in the darkness.

On one side of the chancel the image of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms stood in its niche. Carved wood, and the carving was none too well done. But beneath the niche the floor was deeply worn by the knees of those who had come, in the fulness of faith, for comfort and for help.

Tonight the tiny flames revealed what seemed to be a shadow-so immovable it was and silent—a little spot of blackness on the floor. If anyone had been there to look closely he would have discovered that this was a girl; and if such a one had plucked away the rebozo, he would have seen the face of Dolores Moraga, whose marriage had been so carefully arranged by those to whom it would bring good cheer.

But since she had slipped away from the house of her thrifty uncle, there had been no prying eyes to watch her. So she was here, on her knees beneath the image of the Blessed Virgin to whom her prayers were rising.

Silent prayers for the most part. It is not easy to find words in which to shape the cry of an overladen heart. Undoubtedy this thing would take place, as these others had arranged. But being of faith, she could at least come to the patron saint of all women and make her plea for intercession.

Intercession to save her from that of which she could not be to think. Intercession to give her to the one she loved. For this

Illustration by Frank Hoffman

Q"It is the Señorita Moraga!" Sublette beard the sergeant gasp. "Señorita, we were searching for two—" "Go then and look, and do not disturb me again," said Dolores.

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little Dolores had a lover. She had found him in her dreams and in her dreams by day and night had cherished him. Born of the longings of her budding womanhood, brave and gentle, tall and fair of hair; so, in her fancy, he had come to her.

At last she rose and slipped out through the nave between the shadowed pews, under the heavy arched doorway; down the steps into the plaza where the moonlight was like a benediction. She stood there, a little black figure with a triangle of white face upturned between the folds of the rebozo. Somehow-perhaps that was in answer to her prayers—she felt at peace.

This tranquillity was like a garment, shielding her from all that was to come. Then, suddenly, the garment was rent from her. Loud voices and the sound of rapid footsteps came. She saw three men in the moonlight; their dress said they were caballeros; the uncertainty of their steps told her that they had been drinking.

"Ho, little one! It is to me you shall belong." There was something in that voice which froze her with terror. The laughter of the other two mingled with the call. As she turned and fled

toward the church the beat of their feet grew louder behind her. "It is to me, I tell you, she belongs." The same voice which had chilled her heart; now it was close. She caught her foot on some obstruction and fell. She struggled to rise. A pair of brawny arms enfolded her. The horror of the embrace brought brawny arms enfolded her. The horror of the embrace brought to her a frantic strength. She wrenched her own arms free and drew the rebozo over her face.
"I told you she was mine." A burst of drunken laughter an-

swered and a jest that made her tremble.

The fingers of her captor were closing on the wrap. She clenched her hands until they ached. The fabric was slipping from her grasp. Then she heard new footsteps and another voice. The grip on the rebozo slackened; the folds parted a little and she saw the lover of her dreams before her in the moonlight.

No doubt was in her heart, for he was tall and fair of hair as she had seen him in her fancy many times before. The lover

of her dreams, for whom her prayers had risen.
"Let her alone." It was in English he had spoken, but the tone was unmistakable.

In this instant while the man who held her was releasing herwhile she was telling herself that her prayers had been answered-

one of the pair who had been watching her struggles sprang at the inter-loper. She saw her rescuer's lean form lunge forward; his fist shot out. The drunkard crumpled into an inert heap.

Now the one who had been clutching her was leaping toward the newcomer. Those were the days before the six-shooter, when the knife was the universal weapon. The caballero's blade shone in the moonlight. The two bodies met. They shifted swiftly,

now this way, now that.

A sunburned hand was gripping the wrist above the dagger's hilt. The arm of the Mexican was moving slowly, twisting in the grasp of those sinewy fingers. It vanished behind his back.

The crack of a breaking bone sounded sharp above the trampling of feet and the gasps of their breathing. Suddenly the American's lean torso bent backward; and the caballero shot over his shoulder like a sack of grain.

There had passed, since he had come, less than a minute. Now one of those three who had sought her by violence was on his hands and knees, struggling uncertainly to gain his feet. Another was moaning where he lay upon his face. The third was running across the plaza toward the long palace of the governors; from the open doorway of the guard-room there came the noise of voices and a sentry's sharp challenge.

The girl had drawn her rebozo before her face; Sublette could see the slender fingers that held its folds and that was all. Who these men were, and who the woman, had been no concern of his. The elements of the situation had been enough and he had acted, after youth's manner. It was the sight of that tipsy fugitive and the sounds within the guard-room which concerned him now.

"Better we go," he said in Spanish, "before the soldiers come." The shadow of the Church of Our Lady lay before them, a black pool of refuge. They plunged into its depths. When they turned in the doorway, the two disabled roisterers had departed and a squad of ragged guards was hastening across the plaza.
"Stand you within and let me speak to them." The girl was

still holding the somber wrap before her face. There was something in her voice which stirred Sublette's heart. Though he had

not seen them, he knew those hidden features must be beautiful.
"I never hid behind a woman yet," he answered swiftly.
"For my sake, now, you will," she pleaded in a whisper. Then

he stepped back within the doorway.
"This way, hombres." It was the sergeant's voice; the squad came on toward the foot of the steps.

The little figure in black stepped forth. The folds of the rebozo fell away. Sublette looked upon her face and in that moment he knew a greater longing than he had ever known before, a longing more poignant than the urge of adventure which had taken him away from home and people. And even as that high desire

was possessing him, he heard the sergeant of the guard gasp:
"It is the Señorita Moraga!" The sergeant's hand went to his battered cap. "Señorita, there was a brawl. And we were searching for two-

"Go then and look," she interrupted quietly, "and do not disturb me again."

When they had gone Sublette spoke. The revelation of thisthe beginning of his first love-made his voice a little uncertain; and that other revelation, which had descended upon him when the sergeant uttered her name, made it dull with hopelessness. "Señorita Moraga! And you will be married in three days!"

He could see her eyes through the dimness of the arched door-

way—how soft they were as they looked into his.
"As to that marriage," she told him, "it will never come. For the one from whom you saved me was to have been the bridegroom."

When one is young, and it is a question of love, time does not matter greatly. And Sublette had two days before his departure from Santa Fé.

So it came, only a few evenings later, that Father Lopez looked out from the bit of garden about his chapel in the hills to see this little Dolores, whom he had once held upon his knee, coming to him with her betrothed. And the wish that he had voiced as to her marriage was granted to him then.

Not only that; but when he watched her departing with her husband for the long journey to distant St. Louis, he knew that the happiness for which he had prayed had come to her.





"Hullo," said Weary hoarsely. "Why the bolts and bars?" "No special reason.

"No special reason. I—just thought I'd lock it."
This was lame, and Weary's eyes upon him were wise and rather uncomfortably sympathetic. Weary shut the door and dropped into a chair.
"Hey! Hey! I'm done up."

"I'll bet. It sounded great, though," said Jeffry, who had not really heard a single rah of it. "Fair," Weary nodded, "fair."

He meditated a minute, frowning slightly; then dug beneath his sweater into a pocket of his white flannels and produced a sat-upon packet of cigarets.

"Smoke, Jeff?"
"Yeah, I will."

"I should think," observed Weary, watching him light up, "that the first butt after three months of training would be an

event."
"It is," said Jeffry, inhaling.

Constraint between them, born of the things that had not been said

but must be said, was increasing. "Well, say it," thought Jeffry drearily.

Let's get it over with." He stole a glance at his roommate, and felt an abrupt new pang. Here was a man who was all the things that he himself was not. Here was a man who never fumbled. progress through the university had been strewn with laurels, attended with hysterical ho-He sannas. was not athletic, but it came to Jeffry now that if he had been-if Weary had been the substitute put into today's game in the last five minutes he would have made a touch-down, like the substitutes of fiction, and emerged trailing clouds of glory. "But," thought Jeffry "he wouldn't have been a substitute

Weary broadcast a small cough into the silence—a sort of preparatory "Stand by!" He tossed his cigaret to the hearth, where it lay among generation of its predecessors. And took out another.

"I think it's fine, Jeff, getting your letter."

Jeffry was silent.
"If ever a guy deserved one," Weary continued warmly, "you deserved one. Every day for three years, all through the fall, working out there like a horse—Lord! I'll say you deserved it

They should've given it to you years ago."
"I wish they had," said Jeffry.
He did not see Weary's eyes, for his own eyes were lowered; but he felt them. There was a short pause. Then he rose, flug himself onto his feet with a sudden swift jerky movement, and walked to the window. He stood there, staring unseeing through the pane, his back to Weary, his knotted hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. "If I'd copped it before," he said slowly, "they wouldn't have put me in the game today, and we'd have

"Bilge!" exploded Weary promptly, loyally. "That's no way to look at it, Jeff."
"How else can I look at it?" Jeffry turned from the window, presenting a tragic face. "I threw the game away. I know it, and you know it." He turned back. "Everybody knows it."

"Everybody doesn't know it!" Weary cried out, sitting erect in his earnestness. "In the first place, it isn't so! That is—well, a fumble—that might happen to anybody, mightn't it? Sure it might! Happens all the time!"

Weary cleared his throat hurriedly, risking no interruption "And in the second place, Jeff, you haven't any idea howhow anonymous the players are on a football field! Why, II bet you money that out of those eighty or ninety thousand people in the stadium this afternoon, only a few knew who it was whofumbled. I'll bet you!"

"They'll know tomorrow," Jeffry said in the same low voice. He seated himself on the window-seat, still with his hands

in his pockets, and eyed a cigaret burn in the green rug. "They'll know tomorrow, all right," he repeated. the sporting writers! They never heard of Jeff Evans till this afternoon—but they found out. And so will everybody." He explored the burn with his heel, absently. "Anyway," he said, "what difference does it make whether everybody knows or doesn't? I know. I—knew beforehand."
"What?"

"I mean," explained Jeffry patiently, quietly, "I might've I ought to have known. It was just like me, what I did. I would do something like that. I'm one of those people."

"Oh, listen!" Weary was dismayed. "Don't talk like that

Jeff! Forget it!"

Jeffry smiled a twisted smile. He looked straight at Weary and said, "Yes. You know how soon I'll forget it, don't you?" And Weary was silenced.

He didn't forget it. Other people did, as other people do; but Jeffry forgot it never at all, nor did he comprehend that others had forgotten. Because the thing that he had done was with him all the time, a damp, dark cloud across his carry sun, he fancied that the minds of all with whom he came in contact dwelt resentfully and perpetually upon it. He had always been a sensitive boy; now he was hypersensitive, almost quite truly mad with brooding and grieving. He went looking for wounds, and thought he found in the eyes of his fellows daggers of unforgiveness, and in their casual tongues, lashes of scorn.

The night of the football banquet, when they gave him his letter—with careful words anent his three-year service to the team-he died a little. The applause which was generous seemed merciless; hands slapping him on the raw—and so interminably! Perspiration was chill on his face, his fingers nagged and worried

his napkin; he could not look up.
"Fellows," he said, "you—you all know whose fault-

He couldn't go on.

They were very kind to him afterward, they shook his hand and mumbled things about not being an ass. But he was not comforted. Pity--he felt it was nothing else-is never comforting to strong men.

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when all the campus knew he had it. But wearing it meant minutes of screwing up his courage, meant agonies of sharp selfconsciousness.

Everybody eyed it. Freshmen, classmates, townspeople. That their eyes were envious, impressed or interested, according to their several stations, he never dreamed. To him the glances leveled at his chest were jeering glances, "Look-at-that-you'vegot-a-nerve" glances

He took to wearing the sweater with a buttoned coat above it,

and finally he stopped wearing it altogether.

A definite morbidity took possession of him. He ceased to particularize; the football fiasco occupied his thoughts less and less as time went on, and his general inferiority more and more. This latter notion, offspring of the first, grew to unbelievable proportions. He was no-account. He would amount to nothing. Perhaps you will have to be very young, and shaken to the

roots of your soul, to understand him.

There was one good result of all this. Because he was much alone in his room, avoiding companionship, he studied; and his grades achieved unprecedented heights. He had never been a brilliant student; he was not now; but he had become a diligent one, and it told. He passed his examinations in June, his final finals, easily; though not as easily as Weary Haynes, who seldom, in the vernacular, "cracked" a book.

It was a relief to graduate, to go away from there, even though the pall of that ruined year went with him. It was a relief to

leave Weary, whom he loved.

The first of July found him in New York, which, because of its cruelty, its colossal carelessness, its myriads who are cleverer, stronger, richer, higher up-no matter how high or rich or strong or clever one may be-was the very worst place in the world for

He had an uncle in New York, his mother's brother Peter Lambert, of Lambert and Company, publishers. For years it had been casually understood that when Jeffry finished college he would go to work for this uncle; and lately they had had some definite correspondence on the matter. "The job," Peter Lam-That's all it is, Jeff—a 'job'. Whether or not it becomes in due time a 'position' depends on you, precisely as it would if you and I were strangers."

This was strategic, but not altogether true. Peter Lambert was a bachelor, and owner of his business. Jeffry, fatherless since childhood, was his favorite among several nephews. He thought of him paternally, with fondness and with faith. He thought of him paternally, with fondness and with faith. He planned, he had always planned, to bring Jeffry up and up, until he was of the firm; until, indeed, Jeffry was the firm, carrying

on after him.

Unfortunately, Jeffry divined these things, aided by hints from his mother; and in his new frame of mind they distressed and frightened him. He pondered them long. And in the end, de-ciding that he could not disappoint his uncle by falling down on the job, he hurt him sorely by declining to try it at all, on the ground that he didn't believe the publishing game appealed to him.

He took a very small apartment, and went hunting for work. He thought he would sell bonds. Everybody did. Almost any-

body, apparently, could.

Accordingly, every morning for many successive mornings, he subwayed down to Wall Street and lower Broadway, and knocked at various and sundry doors. Sometimes he gained admittance, oftener he did not. Two things militated against him. One was that summer's bumper campus crop of would-be bond salesmen; a supply far in excess of the demand. The other was his manner of approach. He always entered thinking, "I suppose I won't get this," "Not a chance here, of course," and this showed in his bearing, which was timid, even apologetic, so that office boys dared to bully him and stenographers to say at once, "No. Sorry. They're not taking anybody now."

Feeling as he felt the worthlessness of the commodity, he could

not even sell Jeffry Evans.

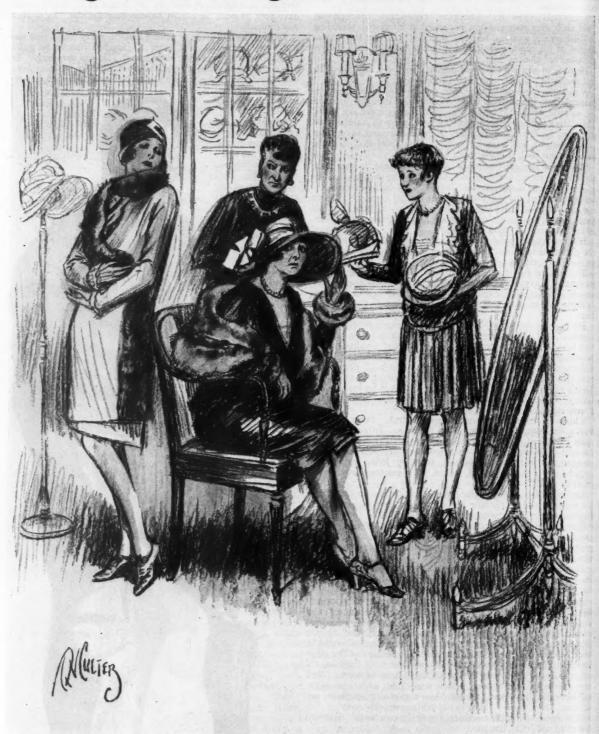
At the end of several weeks his uncle, who had watched from afar, repeated his offer, albeit this time rather gruffly. This time Jeffry accepted. He had to accept. He was down to his last ten dollars.

The thing was too bad all around. Jeffry now firmly believed that nobody but a relative would employ him. And Peter Lambert was now convinced that this pet nephew of his would rather have gone to work for almost anyone than for him. So neither was content.

Futile as he had come to believe himself, Jeffry found that the work was fascinating, and often it absorbed him so he quite forgot to watch the chip on his shoulder. He was very busy. In line with Peter Lambert's plan to teach him the business from every angle, from the ground up, he belonged to no set depart-ment, but labored



The Foolish Forties



THE first intimation that the bloom is slightly off the rose usually comes from an unexpected source. Why, it seems only yesterday that you pulled the brat out of the mud, spanked her and put her to bed. And suddenly in her place stands this languid upstart drawling in pitying tones: "Isn't that hat a little youthful for you, Mother?"

A New Feature by the Man Who

by Richard V. Gulter



 E^{VERY} red-blooded, two-fisted male of the species who has slipped over into the Foolish Forties stoutly contends that after all golf is really a much better game than tennis.

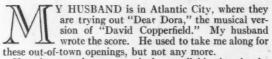
Discovered "The Gay Nineties"

Vho

Ring W. Lardner

tells WHY MEN
STAY HOME in

Liberty Hall



He, of course, has to spend almost all his time in the theater and that leaves me alone in the hotel, and pretty soon people find out whose wife I am and introduce themselves, and the next thing you know they are inviting us for a week or a weekend at Dobbs Ferry or Oyster Bay. Then it is up to me to think of some legitimate-sounding reason why we can't come.

In lots of cases they say, "Well, if you can't make it the twenty-second, how about the twenty-ninth?" and so on till you simply have to accept. And Ben gets mad and stays mad for days

He absolutely abhors visiting and thinks there ought to be a law against invitations that go beyond dinner and bridge. He doesn't mind hotels where there is a decent light for reading in bed and one for shaving, and where you can order meals, with coffee, any time you want them. But I really believe he would rather spend a week in the death house at Sing Sing than in somebody else's home.

Three or four years ago we went around quite a lot with a couple whom I will call the Buckleys. We liked them and they liked us. We had dinner together at least twice a week and after dinner we played bridge or went to a show or just sat and talked.

Ben never turned down their invitations and often actually called them up himself and suggested parties. Finally they moved to Albany on account of Mr. Buckley's business. We missed them a great deal, and when Mrs. Buckley wrote for us to come up there for the holidays we were tickled pink.

Well, their guest-room was terribly cold; it took hours to fill the bathtub; there was no reading-lamp by the bed; three reporters called to interview Ben, two of them kittenish young girls; the breakfasts were just fruit and cereal and toast; coffee was not served at luncheon; the faucets in the wash-basin were the kind that won't run unless you keep pressing them; four important keys on the piano were stuck and people were invited in every night to hear Ben play, and the Buckley family had been augmented by a tremendous police dog, who was "just a puppy and never growled or snapped at anyone he knew," but couldn't seem to remember that Ben was not an utter stranger.

On the fourth awful day Ben gave out the news—news to him and to me as well as to our host and hostess—that he had lost a filling which he would not trust any but his own New York dentist to replace. We came home and we have never seen the Buckleys since. If we do see them it will be an accident. They will hardly ask us there unless we ask them here, and we won't



ask them here for fear they would ask us there. And they are honestly the most congenial people we ever met.

It was after our visit to the Craigs in Stamford that Ben originated what he calls his "emergency exit." We had such a horrible time at the Craigs' and such a worse time getting away that Ben swore he would pay no more visits until he could think up a graceful method of curtailing them in the event they proved unbearable.

Here is the scheme he hit on: He would write himself a telegram and sign it with the name Ziegfeld or Gene Buck or Dillingham or George M. Cohan. The telegram would say that he must return to New York at once, and it would give a reason. Then, the day we were starting out, he would leave it with Irene, the girl at Harms', his publishers, with instructions to have it sent to him twenty-four hours later.

When it arrived at whatever town we were in, he would either have the host or hostess take it over the telephone or ask the telegraph company to deliver it so he could show it around. We would put on long faces and say how sorry we were, but of course business was business, so good-by and so forth. There was never a breath of suspicion even when the telegram was ridiculous, like the one Ben had sent to himself at Spring Lake, where we were staying with the Marshalls just after "Betty's Birthday" opened at the Globe. The Marshalls loved musical shows, but knew less than nothing about music and swallowed this one whole:

Shaw and Miss Miller both suffering from laryngitis Stop Entire score must be rewritten half tone lower Stop Come at once Stop C. B. Dillingham.

If, miraculously, Ben had ever happened to be enjoying himself, he would, of course, have kept the contents of his message a secret or else displayed it and remarked swaggeringly that he guessed he wasn't going to let any so-and-so theatrical producer spoil his fun.

Ben is in Atlantic City now and I have read every book in the house and am writing this just because there doesn't seem to be anything else to do. And also because we have a friend, Joe Frazier, who is a magazine editor and the other day I told him I would like to try my hand at a short story, but I was terrible at plots, and he said plots weren't essential; look at Ernest Hemingway; most of his stories have hardly any plot; it's his style that



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book in the t seem to be friend, Joe I told him I s terrible at est Hemingis style that

counts. And he-I mean Mr. Frazier-suggested that I write about our visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thayer in Lansdowne, outside of Philadelphia, which, Mr. Frazier said, might be termed the visit that ended visits and which is the principal reason why I am here alone.

Well, it was a beautiful night a year ago last September. Ben was conducting the performance—"Step Lively"—and I was standing at the railing of the Boardwalk in front of the theater, watching the moonlight on the ocean. A couple whom I had noticed in the hotel dining-room stopped alongside of me and pretty soon the woman spoke to me, something about how pretty it was. Then came the old question, wasn't I Mrs. Ben Drake? I said I was, and the woman went on:

"My name is Mrs. Thayer—Hilda Thayer. And this is my husband. We are both simply crazy about Mr. Drake's music and just dying to meet him personally. We wondered if you and he would have supper with us after the performance tonight."

OH, I'M afraid that's impossible," I replied. "You see when they are having a tryout, he and the librettists and the lyric writers work all night every night until they get everything in shape for the New York opening. They never have time for more than a sandwich and they eat that right in the theater.'

"Well, how about luncheon tomorrow?"
"He'll be rehearsing all day."

"How about dinner tomorrow evening?" "Honestly, Mrs. Thayer, it's out of the question. Mr. Drake

never makes engagements during a tryout week.'

"And I guess he doesn't want to meet us anyway," put in Mr. hayer. "What use would a genius like Ben Drake have for a couple of common, no-account admirers like Mrs. Thayer and myself! If we were 'somebody' too, it would be different!"

"Not at all!" said I. "Mr. Drake is perfectly human. He

loves to have his music praised and I am sure he would be de-lighted to meet you if he weren't so terribly busy."
"Can you lunch with us yourself?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Any day."
Well, whatever Ben and other husbands may think, there is

no decent way of turning down an invitation like that. And besides I was lonesome and the Thayers looked like awfully nice

people.

I lunched with them and I dined with them, not only the next day but all the rest of the week. And on Friday I got Ben to lunch with them and he liked them, too; they were not half as gushing and silly as most of his "fans."

At dinner on Saturday night, they cross-examined me about our immediate plans. I told them that as soon as the show was "over" in New York, I was going to try to make Ben stay home

and do nothing for a whole month.
"I should think," said Mrs. Thayer, "it would be very hard for him to rest there in the city, with the producers and publishers and phonograph people calling him up all the time.

I admitted that he was bothered a lot.

"Listen, dearie," said Mrs. Thayer. "Why don't you come to Lansdowne and spend a week with us? I'll promise you faithfully that you won't be disturbed at all. I won't let anyone know you are there and if any of our friends call on us I'll pretend we're not at home. I won't allow Mr. Drake to even touch the piano. If he wants exercise, there are miles of room in our yard to walk around in, and nobody can see him from the street. All day and all night, he can do nothing or anything, just as he pleases. It will be 'Liberty Hall' for you both. He needn't tell anybody where he is, but if some of his friends or business acquaintances find out and try to get in touch with him, I'll frighten them away.

"It sounds wonderful," I said, "but—"
"It's settled then," said Mrs. Thayer, "and we'll expect you on Sunday, October eleventh."

"Oh, but the show may not be 'set' by that time," I remonstrated.

"How about the eighteenth?" said Mr. Thayer.

Well, it ended by my accepting for the week of the twenty-fifth and Ben took it quite cheerfully.

"If they stick to their promise to keep us under cover," he said, "it may be a lot better than staying in New York. I know that Buck and the Shuberts and Ziegfeld want me while I'm 'hot' and they wouldn't give me a minute's peace if they could find me. And of course if things aren't as good as they look, Irene's telegram will provide us with an easy out."

On the way over to Philadelphia he hummed me an awfully

pretty melody which had been running through his head since we left the apartment. "I think it's sure fire," he said. "I'm crazy to get to a piano and fool with it."

"That isn't resting, dear." "Well, you don't want me to throw away a perfectly good tune! They aren't so plentiful that I can afford to waste one. It won't take me five minutes at a piano to get it fixed in my mind."

The Thayers met us in an expensive-looking limousine.

"Ralph," said Mrs. Thayer to her husband, "you sit in one of the little seats and Mr. and Mrs. Drake will sit back here with me.

"I'd really prefer one of the little seats myself." said Ben and he meant it, for he hates to get his clothes mussed and being squeezed in beside two such substantial objects as our hostess and myself was bound to rumple him.

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Thayer positively.
"You came to us for a rest and we're not going to start you off uncomfortable."

"But I'd honestly rather-

It was no use. Ben was wedged between us and throughout the drive maintained a morose silence, unable to think of anything but how terrible his coat would look when he got out.

THE Thayers had a very pretty home and the room assigned to us was close to perfec-There were comfortable twin beds with a small stand and convenient reading-lamp between; a big dresser and chiffonier; an ample closet with plenty of hangers; a bathroom with hot water that was hot, towels that were not too new and faucets that stayed on when turned on, and an ash-tray within reach of wherever you happened to be. If only we could have spent all our time in that guestroom, it would have been ideal.

But presently we were summoned downstairs to luncheon. I had warned Mrs. Thayer in advance and Ben was served with coffee. He drinks it black.

"Don't you take cream, Mr. Drake?"

"No. Never."

"But that's because you don't get good cream in New York."

"No. It's because I don't like cream in coffee."

"You would like our cream. We have our own cows and the cream is so rich that it's almost like butter. Won't you try just a little?"

"No, thanks."

"But just a little, to see how rich it is."

She poured about a tablespoonful of cream into his coffee-cup and for a second I was afraid he was going to pick up the cup and throw it in her face. But he kept hold of himself, forced a smile and declined a second chop.

"You haven't tasted your coffee," said Mrs. Thayer.

"Yes, I have," lied Ben. "The cream is won-derful. I'm sorry it doesn't agree with me."

"I don't believe coffee agrees with anyone," said Mrs. Thaver. "While you are here, not doing any work, why don't you try to give it up?"

"I'd be so irritable you wouldn't have me in the house. Besides, it isn't plain coffee that disagrees with me; it's coffee with cream."

"Pure, rich cream like ours couldn't hurt you," said Mrs. Thayer, and Ben, defeated, refused to answer.

He started to light a Jaguar cigaret, the brand he had been smoking for years.

'Here! Wait a minute!" said Mr. Thayer. "Try one of mine."

"What are they?" asked Ben.

"Trumps," said our host, holding out his case. "They're mild and won't irritate the throat."

"I'll sample one later," said Ben.
"You've simply got to try one now," said Mrs. Thayer. "You may as well get used to them because you'll have to smoke them all the time you're here. We can't have guests providing their own cigarets." So Ben had to discard his Jaguar and smoke a Trump, and it was even worse than he had anticipated. After luncheon we adjourned to the living-room and Ben went straight to the piano.

"Here! Here! None of that!" said Mrs. Thayer. "I haven't forgotten my promise.

What promise?" asked Ben.

"Didn't your wife tell you? I promised her faithfully that



C"There's a melody in my head that I'd like to try," said

if you visited us, you wouldn't be allowed to touch the piano."
"But I want to," said Ben. "There's a melody in my head that

I'd like to try."

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," said Mrs. Thayer. "You just think you've got to entertain us! Nothing doing! We invited you here for yourself, not to enjoy your talent. I'd be a fine one to ask you to my home for a rest and then make you perform."

"You're not making me," said Ben. "Honestly I want to play for just five or ten minutes. I've got a tune that I might do

"I don't believe you, you naughty man!" said our hostess.
"Your wife has told you how wild we are about your music and you're determined to be nice to us. But I'm just as stubborn as you are. Not one note do you play as long as you're our guest!"

Ben favored me with a stricken look, mumbled something about unpacking his suitcase—it was already unpacked—and went up to our room, where he stayed nearly an hour, jotting

down his new tune, smoking Jaguar after Jaguar and wishing that black coffee flowed from bathtub faucets.

About a quarter of four Mr. Thayer insisted on taking him around the place and showing him the shrubbery, something that held in Ben's mind a place of equal importance to the grade of wire used in hairpins.

"I'll have to go to business tomorrow," said Mr. Thayer, "and

I'm glad to know. And now we'd better join the ladies or my wife will say I'm monopolizing you.'

They joined us, much to my relief. I had just reached a point where I would either have had to tell "Hilda" exactly how much Ben earned per annum or that it was none of her

"Well!" said Mrs. Thayer to Ben. "I was afraid Ralph had

kidnaped you.

"He was showing me the shrubbery," said

Ben.
"What did you think of it?"

"It's great shrub-bery," said Ben, striving to put some warmth into his voice.

"You must come and see it in the spring." "I'm usually busy in the spring."

"Ralph and I are mighty proud of our shrubbery."

"You have a right to be."

Ben was taking a book out of the bookcase.

"What book is that?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

'The Great Gatsby,' " said Ben. "I've always wanted to read it but never got around to it.

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Thayer as she took it away from him. "That's old! You'll find the newest ones there on the table. We keep pretty well up to date. Ralph and I are both great readers. Just try any one of those books in that pile. They're all good."

Ben glanced them over and selected "Chevrons." He sat

down and opened it. "Man! Man!" exclaimed Mrs. Thayer. "You've picked the most uncomfortable chair in the house!'

"He likes straight chairs," I said.

"That's on the square," said Ben. "But you mustn't sit

there," said Mrs. Thayer. "It makes me uncomfortable just to look at you. Take this chair here. It's the softest, nicest chair you've ever sat in."

"I like hard straight chairs," said Ben, but he sank into the soft, nice one and again opened his book.
"Oh, you never can see there!" said Mrs. Thayer. "You'll ruin

your eyes! Get up just a minute and let Ralph move your chair by that lamp."

"I can see perfectly well." "I know better! Ralph, move his chair so he can see."

"I know better: Kapp, move his chair so he can see.
"I don't believe I want to read just now anyway," said Ben, and went to the phonograph. "Bess," he said, putting on a record, "here's that 'Oh! Miss Hannah!' by the Revelers."

Mrs. Thayer fairly leaped to his side and herded Miss Hannah

back into her stall.

"We've got lots later ones than that," she said. "Let me play you the new Gershwins."

It was at this juncture that I began to suspect our hostess of a lack of finesse. After all, Gershwin is (Continued on page 108)



"Nothing doing! You think you've got to entertain us," said Mrs. Thayer.

you will be left to amuse yourself. I thought you might enjoy this planting more if you knew a little about it. Of course it's much prettier in the spring of the year."
"I can imagine so."

"You must come over next spring and see it."
"I'm usually busy in the spring," said Ben.

BEFORE we go in," said Mr. Thayer, "I'd like to ask you one question: Do tunes come into your mind and then you write them down, or do you just sit at the piano and improvise until you strike something good?"

"Sometimes one way and sometimes the other," said Ben.
"That's very interesting," said Mr. Thayer. "I've often wondered how it was done. And another question: Do you write the tunes first and then give them to the men who write the words, or do the men write the words first and then give them to you to make up the music to them?"

"Sometimes one way and sometimes the other," said Ben. "That's very interesting," said Mr. Thayer. "It's something

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A Story of 'Tother Dear CHARMER

OYCE BREWSTER stood in Billie's tiny hall. "Oh, Boy," she said dolefully, "must you go? It isn't 'leven yet.' "Up early in the morning, Billie," he told her, dodging the real reason for his leaving and knowing she knew it as well

"Honey, you'll come Thursday? Sure?"
She found her way into the curve of his arm. "Don't I fit here marvelous?" she laughed up at him. He liked to hear her laugh. It was what had captured him two years before. "Listen

Big Boy: about Thursday, promise."
"I don't know of a thing now, dear, that would prevent." "Well, don't you let anything. I haven't anyone but you," she reminded him.

He rather wished she wouldn't say that quite so often. But as

she raised her lips for his good-by kiss he shut out the world as completely as he believed she did for that moment. In a few minutes he was in his car and off down the street for home. He hoped his wife wouldn't be waiting up for him. But he knew she would be.

Along the band of road before him he saw them both: Persis and Billie. When he was with neither it was always that way; images of these two women to whom he had given a part of his heart rose reproachfully-reproachfully because he couldn't give that heart entirely to the one because of the other.

Billie knew of his wife; she was the cognizant gambler. What if Persis should ever learn of Billie?

He took a corner flying, tormented. Oh, he was no good. He knew it. But what could he do at this late date? The seed of his retribution had been planted when first he met Billie. That was the time to have pulled up; better still, never to have started. Now things must work out somehow,

work out in a way that would hurt neither Persis nor Billie. With the cool autumn wind in his face Brewster tried to throw off his conscience-stricken thinking, shake off what he savagely called his Puritanism. "After all, I'm doing no worse than a lot of men. Everything has been all right so far. If I keep on being careful everything must work out somehow—" That was as far as he could ever get. His fate, Persis', Billie's, were on the knees of the gods.

He tried to plan for his next day's business. He had an appointment with old Wayburn. But Wayburn's name took him like an arrow straight to the target of his trouble again. Wayburn had seen him once lunching with Billie. Had he suspected anything? Not that it was anyone's business! But—what had the old fellow meant next day when he had said, "Persis is a wonderful woman, Brewster"?

Brewster had replied coolly enough, "I thought so or I wouldn't have married her." But inwardly he had burned. He knew

Persis was an angel. But was it his fault Billie could claim some of the love that Persis did not need?

He skimmed the sixteen miles to the suburb where he lived with his wife, that little village of safe houses strung upon their winding roads. Windows winked at him or stared coldly as if they said, "We know your secret. You can pull down the blinds of your own house and keep from Persis the vision of your travels. But we know.

She was waiting for him just as he had known she would be, looking up eagerly from her book as he entered their long prim living-room. Persis, with her exquisite neatness, could never have lived in the sweet disorder of Billie. With Persis, with her shining silver bowls of roses, with her polished floors and high-backed chairs, he was happy. But with the soft, plump wildness of Billie's varicolored pillows, her frantic searching for a cigaret, the "funny new thing" she had bought to show him, he was happy

Persis rose, a stately lovely lady in a filmy lace drift that made

her look as though a harsh breath would blow her away. Billie's young, demanding eyes became things outside his life as he took his wife to him. Billie was as shut out as Persis had been but a little while before. What can a man do who can love two women like that?

"You look tired," Persis said when he let her go at last. "Boyce, you're working too hard. Tell me what happened today."

"Oh, nothing much. That fellow Gaynor was in again. You know. I told you. Almost had him nailed last week and then, remember, he-

"Oh, yes. He went over to the Norton people. Boyce" her eyes glowed proudly-"you did get his contract?"
"You bet I did, Mrs. Brewster.

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Sold him four machines right off

"You're wonderful."

He let that go with a shrug, though he liked it. "What have you been doing?" he asked.

There was a sub-current of courtesy in their married life. He respected Persis for a thousand reasons. He told himself frequently he respected Billie, that what had happened between them only augmented it. was true because unconsciously

he changed his convictions to meet the requirements of his respect. If Billie had been his wife he would have paid her any number of small tributes neither even thought of now; a man's courtesies to a woman increase by her expectation of them . . .

He became conscious suddenly of Persis answering his question.

"What have I been doing? Nothing exciting. Milly was in.

She has some new charity bee in her bonnet, something to do with an old people's home this time."

They laughed together at Milly and her latest.

Somehow the boundaries of his life with Persis were unlimited, stretching to hold a community of unimportant mutual interests. Their talk was of themselves only as they touched others; Billie and he were in a close-cropped world of only each other where the very boundlessness of his life with Persis had placed them.
"Now listen to me, darling," Persis was saying. "No more

"Now listen to me, darling," Persis was saying. "No more night-work for you this week. Tomorrow the Fletchers are dropping in for bridge. Thursday we're going to the Ryes' and—"



Virginia

"Thursday? Oh. Well, I don't know, dear. Expecting a chap in from— Detroit."
"You are? Who, dear? Anyone I know?"

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"No; you don't know him. Name's Porter," he lied easily. She would have been dumfounded if anyone had ever told her Boyce could lie to her; she thought she knew his days, his deeds,

so well.
"Um." The little frown she reserved when her social problems troubled her when her social problems troubled her came in two little lines on her white forehead. "If you have to, darling, of course. Only I hope you won't. Elsie Rye and I had an idea we could make plans Thursday to kidnap our husbands for a holiday at White Sulphur. You and Jed could golf while Elsie and I——"

"Well, we'll see. Perhaps I can settle with Porter in the afternoon." He knew he would "settle with Porter." He must be free Thursday to do as Persis wished. He carried unconsciously the thought

that not to do that would be selfishness on his part; so he sacrificed always his plans to hers, forgetting he thus made Billie sacrifice as well. Aloud he said now, "We haven't seen the Ryes for an age," and planned to telephone the little girl early in the morning—get her theater tickets peakers.

kyes for an age," and planned to telephone the little girl early in the morning—get her theater tickets, perhaps. Great guns! These overlappings were killing.

"That's a good boy," Persis approved lightly. "Well"—she yawned prettily behind her hand—"you've had a long day. Shall we go up? Oh, they finished painting the bath today and the man left samples of paper for your room. There's one, a sort of delitablue not too gay. Come and see"

of delft-blue, not too gay. Come and see."

HE STOOD beside her running through the leaves of wall-paper in the huge unwieldy book, immersed in the petty necessary every-day things of their mutual living. Finally, "I'll necessary every-day things of their mutual living. Finally, "I'll tell him then we've decided on the blue. You're going to have new curtains too. I saw just the thing to go with this in town yesterday."

"All right. Whatever you say, old girl." Stretching, "Gad!

I am tired."

"Are you going out on the sleeping porch? I think it's beginning to be too cold, really I do, Boyce." He had learned not to mind her fussing. There was a mother in her that would not be

"Fine with those woolly blankets you put on. My pajamas in my dressing-room?"

"Waiting for you. Why am I so good to you?" she jested softly, but behind her lightness her eyes pleaded, "Don't mind if I fuss, darling. I haven't any little boy but you."

He wondered fleetingly if things would have been different, easier or harder, if that stormily born child of theirs had lived; he

easier or harder, if that stormily born child of theirs had lived; he wondered how it would have been with them if the shadow that she could never have another child did not walk always in sorrow with her.

"Oh, Boyce!" She turned back from the door. "Do try to make it for Thursday. What? Of course I know you will if you can. Good night." Her lips brushed his like a whisper. "I hope you won't freeze! Why did I marry a polar bear?"

"Good night. I'll take care of the lights."

"Good night. I'll take care of the lights."

He lay, sleep eluding him, long after the little rustling no.ses
Persis made had quieted to tell him she was slumbering. He was
so tired! Why couldn't he sleep? He knew what would happen. It was at times like this that his mind would begin a travail, a tormented treadmill of self-reproach, self-propitiation, strangely enough, self-pity. Sometimes after he had captured sleep at last he would awake suddenly, trying to remember as consciousness shot through him whether he should speak Persis' name or Billie's.



If only both didn't care for him so much! "I'm not a vain man," the brain of Boyce Brewster argued, "but I'm not a fool. I know both these women care. Haven't they proved it? Persis through all these years, Billie by shutting herself away from everyone for me-

His mind hung on that briefly. Was Billie really doing that? Doubt, in swift little pictures of memory, flashed past him; the time she had spoken of seeing a certain movie and added hastily, too hastily, "I went with old Mrs. Waters." The time he had found that package of cheap cigarets on her table and she had cried, "I tried these just for fun!" the instant he picked them up, not waiting for him to say a word. not waiting for him to say a word.

But he put them aside with the vanity of the male that will not admit he is not all-in-all to a woman. "I'm a jealous fool," he thought, "without the right to be jealous—without the reason. Hasn't she proved her love a thousand times?" That proof held

him, curiously bound.

The moon, high and white, looked down at him as his mind went round like a squirrel in a cage. "How did I ever get into this? How can I get out without hurting either of them? They're both too decent to be hurt by a no-good like me." Silly to say a man couldn't love two women. He could!

How easy if the thing had never started. But here he was in the midst of it, and only now perceiving the enormous complications. It was as if he had sung his way gaily through a dark sweet forest to come out suddenly to a bleak unsurpassable mountain.

He fancied he heard Persis stirring. He listened, taut. Impossible to hear her faint movements out here. Everything was quiet . . . He remembered the first time he had met Billie in that chilled lonely March when Persis had fled to the Mediterranean to search out the sun; that March that had followed the hideous winter she had borne her son, lost him, and learned she could never bear another.

Persis hadn't needed him then; she had buried herself and her grief quite away. He had stood by patiently, trying to understand. Just once he had spoken of that fearful time to Billie: "Persis is naturally a self-restrained woman. But the grief that swept her when our little boy died was—elemental. The mention of her childlessness even now is like a blow to her.

Brewster had never acknowledged to himself the relief that was his when Persis went away. He had been so unable to help

her! But a man who has become suddenly unnecessary to the woman he loves expands when a woman appears to whom he is immeasurably necessary.

He saw again that party of Leborie's where Billie had been. Her supple gaiety filled the place. He couldn't keep his eyes from one so joyous. He was charmed when he found himself at last beside this spirited young creature. Someone had shouted, "You're both too sober!" and he had been immensely glad when she had only repeated her laughter and stayed with him. When she laughed at something he said his soul soared; he had forgotten there was gaiety in the world. He took her home.

She lived in a rooming-house. "A ramshackle lot," he thought as he stood with her at the top of the outside stairs in a velvet night. He wanted just to hear her young laugh again before he left. He fumbled for words, and as he fumbled something desperately eager took possession of him. Life, that had been dull and heavy, was suddenly vital and throbbing with promise. He became aware that the girl was talking quickly, dropping fleet words that covered her thoughts rather than tattled on them.

"Leborie gives such lovely parties. I can't think how he manages to give everyone such a good time. It isn't as if he served better food or more to drink, is it? I guess he just gets the right people together-

he said. The night seemed to pause. "I-when am I going to see you again?" Even as the words left his lips he could not have told if he had meant them to be as urgent as they sounded.

"Are you?" she had countered.

"Don't you want me to? If you don't—well, then, that ends it of course." He half turned. And she called him back! She called-him-back.

By her side once more he told himself, "She can see through me. She can see through any man." It absolved him somehow. Strange he could find no absolution now

He had a feeling he must give her time, give himself time. "Tell me about yourself," he said.

"Oh, there's not much to tell. I model furs. I make fifty a week. I'm not a good model."

He tried to follow her. "Not a good model?" he repeated. And then in jest, "Well, why aren't you?"

She tossed her head like a defiant child. "Oh, there are so many more interesting things to be."

They rested on that, like oarsmen going down a swift stream. The night seemed to press upon them. He caught her hand. She leaned toward him. It seemed to the man that they were the only alive, awake beings in an alien world.

"You darling," he whispered.

She kissed him then with a wildness that tossed all other thoughts from him. He felt that he left everything heavy and unhappy behind him as he followed her up dark, secret stairs. He had drifted. Oh, he wasn't excusing himself. But that was

the way it had been.

They had loved and quarreled and played and been very gay after the fashion of such things. At first she had spoken often of a certain Wallace. Wallace, it appeared, gave her a hopeless dog-like devotion, asking nothing but to adore. She used to close those references to him by reminding Brewster, "And I've given him up, given everything up, for you." It irritated him.

Sometimes he came across a streak of hardness in her. would wonder at such times just how much she would fight to keep what she wanted. But lately she was all sweetness and quiescence, adoring him, telling him frequently she wanted nothing but him, showing herself so dependent upon him, he felt bound by a hundred unbreakable ties. She saw no one she told him that often-but that obtuse old lady, Mrs. Waters, and the loneliness of the life she led because of him was one of the things that held him. He thought it displayed her love.

And life was going on. He was getting no younger. sweet if it was selfish, to know he could still inspire a fresh love, a love not built on the myriad little happenings of the years, but a bright new love, joyous-and young. He didn't want to grow

old

He turned in the moonlight there on his chaste couch saying it in whispers to himself, "I don't want to grow old!" He wanted terribly to stay as he was, strong, possessing. And what was to be the end of all this? He didn't know; couldn't possibly fathom. These two dear girls and he. He was torn between them.

Persis reminded him before he left next morning about Thursday. It irked him, slightly. He'd had a restless night. His resentment grew when he telephoned Billie safe in the booth in the office foyer. Her disappointment cut over the wire. "It only women didn't demand things, little things," he brooded. "I'd like to get a million miles away from everyone."

"But you promised," Billie was saying plaintively. "I know, but I didn't know at the time that other other ar-

rangements had been made," he said, trying to be patient.
"I'd counted on it." A tiny silence. "I haven't anyone but you, Boy," she reminded him. "I do get lonely."
Poor kid; he supposed she did.

"I'll send you a couple of tickets to a show."

"Who can I go with?"

"Can't you get that Mrs. Waters?"
"Oh, I get so tired of her! She's old, Boyce. I'm young!" There it was again, the call to youth. It was the magnetism of youth that made men slaves once the happy carelessness that went with its matching years was gone. "I'm not old—not old," his heart cried. "I'm not forty." It was a dragging day.

He stopped at Billie's on his way home that night, urged by the desire to find her young eyes ready to tell him his years were nothing. He found her, dressed in her best bib and tucker, sitting down to a lonely little meal, a magazine propped beside her plate for company. It hurt him confoundedly. With an effort he for company. It hurt him confoundedly. threw himself into gaiety.

"You look most superfine, Miss Billie. Please explain the Sunday-go-to-meetin' raiment."
Her eyes narrowed. "Maybe I'm expecting—Wallace."
"Maybe you are," he replied stiffly.

"Oh, Boy, don't be silly. Of course I'm not. I'm only teas-She knew she had struck the wrong note.

He put the theater tickets down on the table. "I just stopped to leave these. They say it's a good show," he added aimlessly.

"Don't you want to know where I've been? I'm all dressed up because I've been to a party." In spite of herself she couldn't quite keep free from the brittle recklessness that always made him nervous.

But, "That's good," he said. "Where was it?"
"Some charity card-party thing Mrs. Waters dragged me to; one of those pay-as-you-enter parties, you know, where our best people go and have such a good time they don't care if what it

costs them goes to charity."

"Where do you get such ideas? They're not like you."

"Oh, I think a lot. I have quite a lot of time to think these days," she ended evenly.

days," she ended evenly.
"Don't cultivate cynicism, my dear. You're far too sweet. Where was this fiesta which has aroused your socialism?'

"The South Water Beach Hotel. You never saw such style. Most of the charity-givers had diamond bracelets to their elbows.

"I'll bet you looked better than anyone there."

"I wonder"—her voice came slowly, like breaking ice—"I wonder if you would really think that if you'd been there."

Even then he suspected nothing and after a moment's silence said easily, "Well, I hope you took a cab home. Weather's turned miserable. And I must go."

In a flash she was in his arms, her warm body pressed close, looking up, young, young, loving him. "I adore you, Boy," she breathed. "What would I do without you?"

It was the sort of tempest that swept away his reason, that drove deeper that feeling she gave him of his indispensability to her. In that moment she riveted the chain that held him immeasurably stronger than hours spent in arousing his jealousy could have done. Her eyes glowed with satisfaction when he had gone.

He ruminated on the way home how decent Billie had been after all about Thursday. He opened his own door with his latch-key and, "Oh, Persis," he called as usual. She was always there when he came. His first gesture was to seek her.

"Yes, I'm up here."

He was cold from the chilly drive, cold and happy and full of zest when he entered her warm room with its fine, faint scent of potpourri from the jar on her rosewood table. She was stretched out listlessly on her chaise longue.

"What's wrong?" said Boyce Brewster instantly. presentiment of disaster overwhelmed him. "Persis, what is it?

You've been crying."

-" She looked at him all soft and "Oh-oh, nothing. crushed. She turned her cheek away from his lips and gave way to weeping.

A thousand fears shot through him. She knew! For two years at the least strangeness in her, if he heard her voice over the telephone and imagined it was different, if she was late to an appointment or did not rise eagerly when he came in, he was tortured wire. "In brooded.

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by thinking, "She knows." He had lived through a thousand crises, only to draw a breath of relief afterwards, to tell himself he was a fool, and to forget.

"I went with Milly to that charity party at the South Water Beach Hotel this afternoon," she told him at last.

Boyce Brewster stood there looking down at her and all the blood in his body seemed to gather at his temples, pound there to break them, and then recede leaving his head light and clear. It had come, really come, at last. Somehow she and Billie had met, and Persis knew.

He braced himself to face the thing. For a second he hated her for making him stand there like a small boy caught doing something he shouldn't. It had come. Though he had always tried to figure what he would do, he knew now he was unprepared, would not know which way to turn, what to say. Should he try to lie? He waited for her to go on.

"I played opposite a Miss Arms, a Miss Billie Arms," said Persis slowly. The picture of Billie, as he had left her less than an hour since in her stiff little taffeta dress, swam before him. "Yes, what about her?" Boyce broke in bruskly.

"She said something," Persis' words dropped one by one—"oh, it hurt, Boyce. She said that married women who didn't have children were no better than women of the streets—that they were only legalized—afraid to suffer for the man they loved——"The words stopped. "It was a cruel thing to say," said Fersis, "to strangers. How gladly I'd suffer——"

"Yes, it was cruel," he said at last through icy lips.

It was cruel, cruel and unfair of Billie. So that was the way she chose to fight. She had used against Persis the weapon he had given her when he had told her of his wife's despair. What did she mean by saying such things to Persis? No one had the right to hurt his wife!

He saw Fersis sobbing quietly, brokenly, and as he watched her a torrent of resentment broke over him against that other woman. To hurt Persis! He hated Billie, hated her sureness, her glitter and her hardness, forgot he had ever thought of her in any other way, marveled as he remembered and felt as if he reviewed the life of another man, someone not himself, as pictures of this strange, erring Boyce passed before his mind. "You know how I've want-

"You know how I've wanted another baby—after he died," said Persis.

He sank beside her. "I know, old girl. It wasn't your fault."

He remembered that terrible night when they had told him it must be Persis or the child and how he had cried, "My wife of course!" As if anything, everyone in the world, must be sacrificed rather than her.

As they sat there in the dark, she in his arms, he knew the things that were over and done with, knew all that was before him when he told Billie, but knew there would be no going back. Anyone who He wanted to bury his head

would hurt Persis, his wife—— He wanted to bury his head in her lap and tell her what seemed now the shameful, sorry story of these two years. He wanted the immense relief of confession. But as she lay quiet'y close to him, lax and hurt, "Why should I tell her and break her heart?" he thought. "I'm here to keep her heart from breaking. I'm not a child."

Not a child, not even quite young. He was a man with youth riding from him. He had made his last gesture toward arresting that riding figure. It would fade away with Billie.
"We have only each other, darling," Persis said softly. "Only

each other. And we're getting older, Boyce."
"Why"—he was amazed—"do you feel that too?"

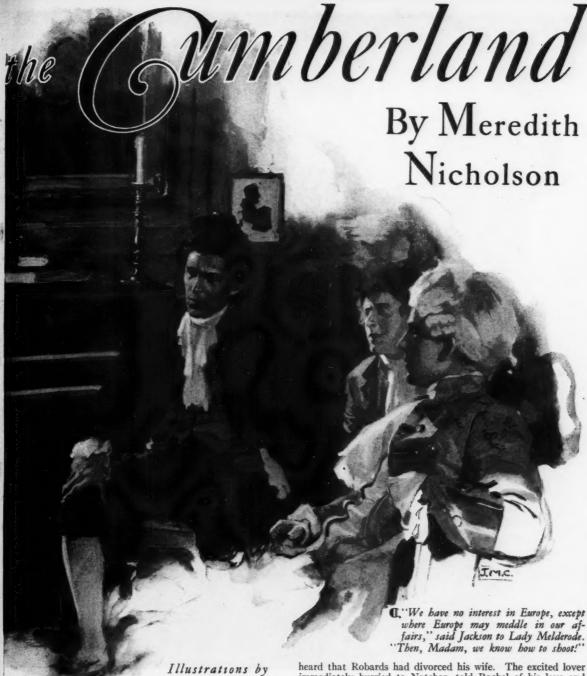
"Why"—he was amazed—"do you feel that too?"
"Of course, darling. For a couple of years I've been older than you. It hasn't been easy. When you feel youth slipping there isn't anything to tide you over but the love that came when you were very young. And kept on growing. It's all right," said Persis, "so long as we have each other."

"Yes," he said, and went on stroking her shoulder. The riding figure was quite gone.

mevalier A Novel based on the Life & Love of ANDREW JACKSON The Story So Far: NDREW JACKSON, son of Carolinian pioneers of Irish descent, was living in the frontier settlement of Nashville, on the Cumberland River, a few years after the American Revolution. Jackson had been acting as prosecutor for the eastern district of the region and in returning from Jonesboro had made the acquaintance of a man named Fowler. Fowler liked Jackson

and during their journey had confided in the young prosecutor that Fowler was not his real name and that for honorable reasons he wished to forget his past. The two men became fast friends. At Nashville, Jackson lived with an attorney named Overton and took his meals at the house of Mrs. Donelson, widow of the 72

adventurous Colonel John Donelson. In her house lived Captain Lewis Robards and his wife, who was Rachel Donelson. Rachel was a lovely girl and her husband, who hated pioneer life and would not establish a home of his own, was surly and fiendishly jealous.



Robards' jealousy soon fixed upon Jackson and there were many unpleasant scenes although the prosecutor took pains never in any way to attract Rachel's attention to himself. Robards infuriated Jackson by accusing him of spying on his affairs.

Joseph M. Clement

Jackson now admitted to himself that he was in love with Rachel and felt that he must therefore avoid her. Robards interpreted this delicacy as a sign that there was something between his wife and Jackson.

Finally Robards left Nashville and returned to his mother's in Kentucky, deserting Rachel. Her relatives and friends, fearing that Robards might return and molest her further or attempt to take her away, decided to send her to stay with friends at Natchez. Jackson offered himself as escort. During the trip he behaved with great composure in spite of the increasing torture of his love.

When he had seen Rachel safely settled with her friends, Jackson returned to Nashville. During his stay there Jackson heard that Robards had divorced his wife. The excited lover immediately hurried to Natchez, told Rachel of his love and married her. The happy couple returned to Nashville to live.

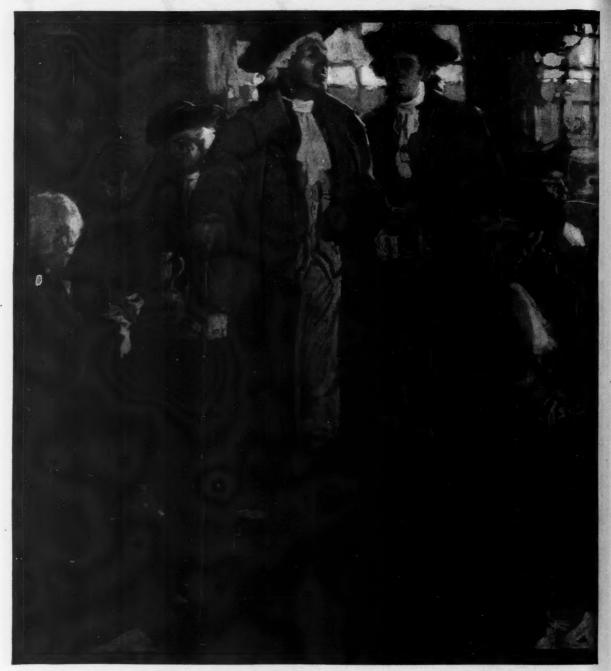
During the first days of their life together they learned that Fowler was really Lord Melderode, a nobleman who had run away from England because his brother had stolen his wife's love.

It was not until later that Overton and Rachel's brother-inlaw, Hays, brought the news that Robards had not divorced his wife until after Jackson and Rachel were married and that consequently the marriage was invalid.

HE next day Jackson executed a bond binding himself to marry Rachel Robards in case no impediment to their union should appear—this to cover the time necessary for Hays to inspect the record at Harrodsburg. A quaintly phrased instrument, according to the practise of the time. It was payable to William Blount, governor of the Territory South of the River Ohio, in the sum of one thousand pounds.

Jackson, fuming at the trap into which his impetuous wooing

Captain Rachel life and endishly



C. Jackson was miserably homesick in Philadelphia . . . He observed with contempt the dandified

had brought him, wrote his name large and Hays and Overton signed as sureties.

"It's like Jackson to insist on this," said Overton as he and Hays left Jackson's office. "Though it's payable to the state the real purpose is to protect Rachel. Having made one mistake, he wants to give evidence now of his perfect good faith from the beginning."

beginning."
"I'd like to see anybody question his good faith!" said Hays with a grin. "Andy's pride's hurt—he's bitter at himself for putting Rachel into this awkward position."

"She takes it calmly enough. There never was an attachment like theirs. All the powers of Hell couldn't keep them apart."

RACHEL was to stay with her mother until Jackson's return. The parting was hard. It seemed that a sinister hand had struck at them in the dark.

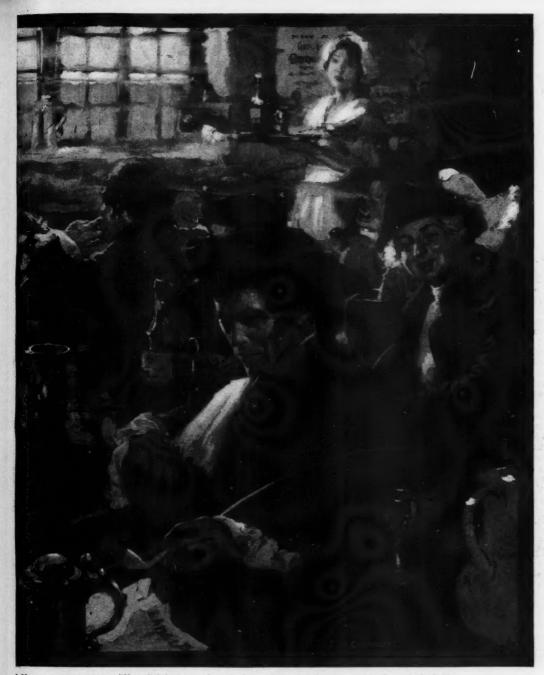
"It will all come right," said Jackson bravely. "We belong to each other, law or no law."

"Yes; to the very end, my dear love," Rachel answered softly.

But on the road Jackson was a prey to fears. He fell behind his companions to enjoy the luxury of the morbid thoughts that beset him. A gust of wind flung up the dead leaves at the roadside and frightened his horse. He cursed it harshly and the very sound of his voice seemed unfamiliar. He was oppressed by forebodings as to the future. If he should lose Rachel! That would be the end of all things.

He straightened himself in the saddle at the thought of her but was unable to shake off the apprehensions that beset him. That belated divorce would be talked about, malicious tongues would wag. His life had been flowing too evenly, that was it, and malign powers had contrived this thing for his humiliation. But it was something to fight! Whoever spoke evil of Rachel should die! The woman who had put her life into his hands should not find him unworthy of her trust. Through the bleak winter landscape cunning enemies mocked him. To die and leave Rachel—or if Rachel should die and leave him alone!

He put his horse to the gallop in a sudden craving for companionship.



fellows sipping wine. They didn't know that the best of America lay out yonder beyond the hills.

With feverish haste Jackson dispatched his business at Jonesboro. The ever-watchful Overton saw that he was ill, but Jackson indignantly rejected a suggestion that he spend a few days in bed to throw off the heavy cold that clutched him. The revelation of the illegality of his marriage was constantly in Jackson's mind; he insisted on discussing it, distorting and magnifying his blunder. When his last case had been heard he declared his purpose to return to Nashville immediately. Overton, obliged to remain another week, begged him to wait until they could return together.

'It's suicide for you to start home in your condition; you need a doctor's care. Rachel will never forgive me if I let you go alone.

If you die on the road I'll never forgive myself!"
"You're a fool, John Overton, if you think I'm going to die till
I get through with this business! There are two hunters at the tavern I know well and I'll hire them to travel with me. In fact, I've already made the arrangement," he added with a grin of satisfaction. A fit of coughing shook him and he clung to a chair for support.

Overton watched him with dismay. "You're mad, Andy Jackson! It's not fair to me for you to start with that trouble in your lungs!"

Jackson, speechless from coughing, silenced his friend with a gesture. He had reasoned that with the two hunters, expert in rapid marches, he would make much faster progress than if he waited for a larger party. He must go! He was homesick for Rachel, eager to learn what news Hays would bring from Kentucky.

He reached Nashville without mishap and rode at once to the Donelsons'. His thunderous knock at the door brought Rachel from the spinning-wheel. As he stumbled across the threshold his white face, drawn with suffering, and his fever-lit eyes, told his story.

"You are ill, my love, my dear!" Rachel cried.
"Not now; I'm well now!" he cried. "Seeing you—has made made me well again!"

But the gasps that broke his speech told a different story. Mrs. Donelson, hurrying to the room, (Continued on page 147)

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At last, the TRUTH of WHY Termany DEFIED Us

MERICA told Germany that if she did not give up her sub-A marine campaign we would go into the war. Germany refused. How could the Germans have been such fools? In this article, General Reilly tells you straight from the shoulder.

By Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C.

HAVE just returned from a thorough investigation in Germany, and I feel that I am in a position to tell exactly why Germany was willing to force us into the war against herrather than give up her submarine campaign.

There can be no question any more as to why she did it. She forced us into the war because she thought our unpreparedness would give her the time to obtain a decision if not a knock-out from the Allies.

This is the only conclusion which can be drawn from positive statements made to me by officers who were members of the great General Staff which made the plans for the war before it began and directed it throughout. They were all willing to talk without any hesitancy as long as it was understood their names

would not be used. One in particular-a "Hindenburg man"-gave me such a clear outline that only direct quotations can do it justice:

"For the great German General Staff the war from the beginning had been a race against time-time to knock out France before Russia was ready really to fight-time to knock out both of them before England was ready with a real army.

"We believed only bad German leadership had prevented us

from doing this. "Hindenburg came to power before America's entry. We believed his leadership would enable us to win the race before America could get ready-because of your absolute unprepared-

For a moment he hesitated, then he went on:

"If a man threatening to shoot you suddenly throws away his pistol, would you be frightened? If a prize-fighter broke training a month before his big fight, would his opponent be discouraged? In 1916, when President Wilson was sending us ultimatums threatening war, he was at the same time disbanding the small army that he had taken all the summer of 1916 to get together on the Mexican border. Does it seem now we were utter fools for figuring it would take years for you really to face us with an effective fighting army-and that in those intervening years we had a good chance to win?"

"The truth is a long time coming out," I interjected

"Yes; today ten years after the war is over the truth is finally being told-and believed," he went on. "But even yet it is not a connected whole but puzzle-map parts from each of the coun-

"And what does it all show above everything else? Something very simple: that just as in a prize-fight a war is won only by

"The same way a trained fighter can whip several untrained men, each of whom may be as big or bigger than himself, so can a prepared nation whip several unprepared ones each as populous and rich in resources, or even more so, than itself.

"Allied war propaganda had taught you that the Russian steam roller was flattening us out on one side, while the British, French and Italians overwhelmed us on the other—that we were on our last legs with our backs to the wall."

I interrupted him for a moment. "And like most war propa-

ganda, that was the opposite of the truth."
"Exactly right," he continued. "We had beaten Russia so thoroughly that we held a line far within her territory. On our side of this line was all of Lithuania and Poland, new nations today mostly made up of what used to be Russia. We had wiped Roumania and Serbia off the map. We had failed in the first Battle of the Marne and at Verdun to put France out. However, we had caused her army such tremendous losses that we knew it could never regain full strength.

"This same war propaganda had filled you with tales of Britain's tremendous strength, her fleet at sea, how her colonies were responding to the call of their mother country, her wonderful plans to bring the full strength of her industry to bear to win the war; of her new armies, of the gallantry of her regular army in action. All true but all giving a false impression because not telling that it took Britain nearly two years-until the summer of 1916-to put an army in France large enough to interfere seriously with our plans by fighting.

"And this war propaganda was really favorable to us because

it made you believe that if Britain, unprepared in 1914, could jump in with such splendid results immediately, you could do

"If you entered the war, however, we were only interested in what fighting against us you could do and when you could do it.

National Guard troops, send them to the Mexican border the summer of 1916, train and equip them for war. Then, just as they were finally ready, you sent them back to their homes-discharged them and dispersed them to the winds.

"Suppose you had kept them! What would 200,000 added

to your 100,000 Regulars—a total of 300,000—mean in a war where millions fought in the same battle?"
"Quite true," I said. "Only a nation in arms through a draft or universal service can furnish the millions of soldiers of modern

"We had watched the failure of your 'preparedness' advocates to get Congress really to make war plans," he continued. "The bill they passed was so weak it did not even set up the machinery to put your man-power in the army immediately and your factories to making war supplies full blast at once, should war come.

"We had seen Lord Roberts-'Bobs'-and other British leaders through two long years argue, exhort and try by every possible means to persuade the British people to adopt a draft or conscription law to build up their armies at the front and keep them full. They had failed.

"If Britain with her empire at stake wouldn't have the draft, why would the United States when nothing more than the sinking of her ships, destruction of her cargoes and killing of her nationals

at sea were involved?

"The British were already finding out that there is a limit to the size of an army which can be raised by volunteering. You had had the same difficulty in both the North and South during your Civil War.

"Thus, as we were not having to face Britain's full man-power, there was no reason to believe we would have to face yours."
The facts he was bringing out had been dodged to date because soldie to Et "B new a

they were unpleasant, therefore I will quote him still further: "Then there was the question that if you did raise an army would you send it to Europe? Britain had always kept and in 1916 and 1917 was still keeping a considerable force at home.

Japan had been in the war since the first month. When she

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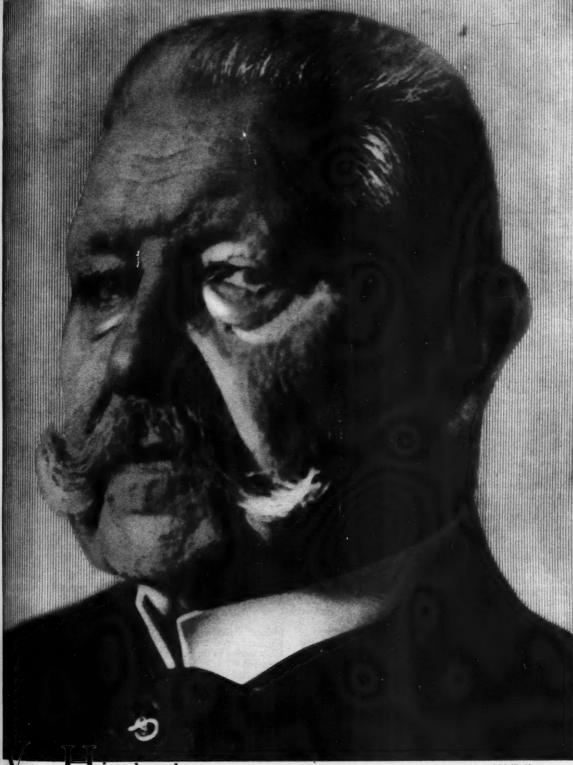
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Von Mindenburg

catered she had a large standing army. As she had had conscription for years, the great majority of her men were trained soldiers ready for instant service. Yet she had sent no troops to Europe despite the needs of the Allies.

Because Britain relied upon volunteering she had raised her armies slowly, sending them to France by detachments, each 500n as it was ready with a sending them to the sending the sen soon as it was ready without waiting for the subsequent ones.
"Each had suffered loss in battle before the next had arrived. In this way a large part of her man-power had been used up

in small blows instead of driving at us unitedly in a crushing blow. There was every reason to believe American troops

would be fed piece by piece into the furnace of war in the same manner and for the same reason."

As he continued I thought of how later only General Pershing's determination and the way in which President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker backed him up, had prevented this happening to our own troops.
"Just as Britain had entered the (Continued on page 204)



O THIS was love. Marianne groaned. She glanced at the blue cloisonné dainty clock that adorned her dressing-table. Twelve

long hours before she would see him again. Life was terrible. She walked to the mirror and surveyed the person who was re-flected in the glass. A strange and bewildered young lady. A new being.

"You are a fool," she whispered to the white face framed by masses of long, jet-black hair. The large wistful brown eyes stared boldly back at the young

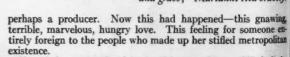
lady she secretly admired. Yes, it was the same face, the same straight limbs and tall superb figure. They still belonged to the girl called Marianne Lee.
Her appearance might not have altered, but inwardly she

Her appearance might not have altered, but hiwardly she was seething with an emotional ecstasy. Her former self seemed to have disappeared. Marianne sank down on the chaise longue and was lost in introspection. That this should have happened to her, Marianne Lee, one of the most promising of the younger actresses. She tried to analyze her feelings. Her head throbbed. Her pulses quickened. She felt as if something exciting, wonderful and terrible were about to happen. She could now sympathize with the window-washer who conducted his business on the twenty-second story of a sky-scraper. Life no longer consisted of merely eating, sleeping, working and playing. It was now made up of perils and thrills. Heartaches and misery. In a way she enjoyed the unhappiness. It made her feel important.

At this moment everything seemed dreadful. How could she ever get him actually to fall in love? This would be his last night in town. How did she know he even barely liked her? Interested he was, yes, but his attitude could be that of a country sightseer looking at Chinatown or Grant's Tomb. It was all so gloriously romantic. She, who had never set foot on a farm, was now not only willing but anxious to live in the backwoods. Yes, give up her entire career for this newcomer. She longed for him, and simply felt that she could not live another moment without this inconspicuous person.

Marianne sighed. To think that she who knew everyone had fallen for such a man. And she did know everybody. Knew them well. She called Ethel Barrymore "Eth." Vincent Youmans had played her "Tea For Two" months before it was released, and L. P. McAyov read her the place for his it was released, and J. P. McAvoy read her the plans for his satirical sketches. She was that popular person known as a good audience. Ziegfeld invited her to dress rehearsals, and columnists tried her out on their latest gags. She was always willing to listen. Always ready to laugh. Head waiters knew her by name, and when she attended a revue the leading comedian usually leaned over the footlights and intimately joked with her.

In the back of her head there had been a dim idea of some day marrying one of her celebrity friends. An author. An artist, or



She tried to remember how it all began. It was Billy's fault Happy-go-lucky Billy Bevins, Broadway's youngest producer. Little did he think that his innocent telephone call was going to

start a cyclone in the lives of two people.
"Marianne, old dear," he had said, "I'm coming up to your dinner party, but you've got to do me a favor, will ya, honey?" "Of course; how can a helpless female resist the Bevins personality! What's the bad news?"

"It's a he—a cousin of mine; as a matter of fact he's a second cousin, who came to visit me for a couple of weeks. He live on a farm, way out West, and it's up to little Billy to show h the town. I've got to drag him along with me, Marianne. He's not a bad skate, has a wonderful sense of humor, but if I will be putting you out-

"Don't be a sil!" she had quickly interrupted. "Trot along the great outdoors to my party!"
"You've got the wrong idea, baby. He's harmless as a more sidea, baby. quito. More like a drug-store cowboy. He's studious, if you please. Has got it all over any of our petty intellectuals. He's a professor of botany, writes books on agriculture and all that sort of bunk, and has a lot of complicated letters hitched onto in

C, "This is my last night," whispend Merl. "I'll never be happy until can spend my days among green tree and grass," Marianne lied bravely.



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"At any rate, I hope so!" and Marianne had laughed, actually laughed into the telephone. She shuddered at the recollection.

It must have been T.N.T. Certainly it was some sort of high explosive that attracted her to Merl T. Rodgers, student, professor of botany, and author of innumerable agricultural textbooks. He sat quietly at the table. A thin, pale young man with the eyes of a dreamer. And her heart went out to him. She knew not why.

"This cousin of mine is one great little fellow!" the inimitable Billy had announced during dinner. "Merl, you should take a

THE red blood rose to Merl's cheeks. A blush. It aroused Marianne's interest. He was a welcome change from all the self-confident would-be geniuses who were her friends. Here was a man who did not crave the limelight.

"Y'know, Merl and I went to college together, and-

"Is it because Billy happens to be one of the few Broadway producers with a college education, that he always manages to bring up the subject?" Merl dryly cut in.

And of course the other guests shrieked with laughter.
"That's one on you, Sir Billy, now will you come off your high

"What I was trying to say, before I was so rudely interrupted,"
continued the urbane Billy, as he drank his umpty-umpth cocktail, "this cousin Merl, who just made fun of me, is really no slouch. At college he stayed buried in his botany books for

Marianne rose from the couch, and walking over to her desk reached for a pencil and paper. With a grin, she began that childish game played so often during her high-school days. In a neat backhand she wrote his name—"Merl T. Rodgers"—and directly below her own—"Marianne Lee." Then she crossed off all the corresponding letters, and gravely counted the remaining ones . . . love, friendship, marriage, hate, love, friendship, marriage . . . hate. *Hatel*

She tore up the paper. The game was a silly one, anyway. She looked at the clock. Only fifteen minutes had passed. Ye gods, how could she kill time until the evening!

Somehow, the hours crept by. A walk, a shampoo, a marcel, a manicure, then a brief period of indecision. What to wear. Of course, before the advent of Merl she had suffered various young "crushes" on the interesting men of her circle. Marianne "crushes" on the interesting men of her circle. Marianne shrugged her shoulders at the thought of them. Those insipid childlike feelings were as mere nothings compared to her love for Merl. But she admitted to herself that even during the days of her early and lesser infatuations she had always dressed to please the gentleman of the moment. She was not afraid to acknowledge the truth. She knew she liked to dramatize Mari-

There was the popular cartoonist who had once remarked that he worshiped women garbed in black, and consequently Marianne had gone around town for months looking like somebody's widow. Directly after that episode she had adored a certain young composer at the time his masterpiece, "The Symphony in

Scarlet," was all the vogue, so there was nothing to do but immediately discard her expensive but somber clothes, and purchase only crimson and russet finery.

With Merl things were different. She had no idea what he preferred in the matter of female attire. He never discussed

women's dresses After great deliberation she finally decided upon a tomatoand-gold lace gown. The colors set off her dark hair and eyes,

and the dress itself was draped tightly, so as to make the most of her exquisite form.

She fairly beamed with excitement. Nightmare thoughts rushed through her brain. She fervently hoped she would not be run over and killed before she had a chance to show herself in the lace creation. No terrible accident occurred.

ARIANNE went to a dinner party, the theater, then on to Billy's office; the place where that youthful impresario and Beau Brummel of Broadway gave his parties. It was more like an apartment than an office. Up on the nineteenth floor of a building that was situated right off Sixth Avenue in the Forties.

You pass the businesslike reception-room, the offices of Billy's manager, his press-agent, their secretaries, and then, if you are a privileged character, you enter the Bevins' sanctum. It is a huge room. A harmony in walnut. People like to talk about it. Gossips love to describe those three deep cushioned sofas. The walnut piano, bookcases, phonograph, armchairs, and the panels. Everyone knows about the panels. The twelve that are decorated with hand-painted heads of the various show girls, and the twelve that are decorated with more than just the heads of the girls. Topping everything is a miniature but fully equipped wal-Huge French windows lead to the most fascinating part of all—a roof-garden within speaking distance of the elevated trains. An enormous balcony, glorified by potted plants, trees, gay-striped awnings, great hammocks, and real marble fountains. It stands right in the heart of New York. Just one

of the miracles of Manhattan.

Marianne entered. "Vo-do-de-o-do!" sang a comedian, while versatile Billy pounded away at the piano. A little revue dancer was showing off with the aid of the Charleston and a pair of perfect legs. The clink of champagne-bottles mingled with the popping of corks and the shrill sound of many raucous voices

raised in laughter.

Marianne's eyes impatiently searched the room. He was not there. She stepped out on the balcony. Yes, he was leaning against the wrought iron railing, staring at the wonderful panorama stretched out before him. He held out his hand. He seemed glad to see her. Marianne glowed.

"This is my last night," he whispered.

She said nothing. Silently they gazed at the scene. Her New York, her Broadway, where she was born, where she had lived, had worked, had succeeded. She could see the innumerable automobile lights winding in and out, crossing Times Square. The Times Building, the Paramount, the huge electric sign on Forty-second Street, the Hudson, the dim Palisades, the many, many side streets with their theaters, their lights and people. Soon her own name was going to shine on one of those thoroughfares. How she did love it all! Her New York, her Broadway. Still, if there must be a choice—Merl, and lied bravely. She turned to

"Isn't it dreadful!"
He started. "Isn't what dreadful?"

He started. "Isn't what dreadful?"
"Oh, the hustle and bustle, the noise and confusion, the conceited bigness of this city. I know what you think. You hate it! You're afraid of hurting our feelings. I hate it, too! All my life I have longed to get away from here, but I've always been tied—working, hurrying, being part of New York. I'll never be happy until I can spend my days among green trees and grass, and really live like a human being!"
So she won him. After all, the critics always agreed that

Marianne Lee was a very promising young actress.

They did not move out to his Western farm. That was to come a year later. Merl had agreed to teach some classes at Columbia, but knowing his bride detested New York he leased a house in the country. It was built somewhere on Long Island, in a remote spot, far from the Great Neck influence. No fancy fountains and imposing stone lions graced the lawns. The house was not a front-page palace. The rooms and porches were cozy. The chairs were meant to be sat upon. They were very comfortable. The place had a hospitable air. Marianne hated it. It was too far to be convenient, and just near enough to make her long for New York. Perhaps that Western farm would have been better.

At first she had been divinely happy, and then the inevitable boredom set in. Of course she never showed her feelings. She did not make one trip to New York. Had she not told her husband time and again that she hated the city? He must never know the truth. He must be kept happy. So she stuck it out, patting Marianne on the back, and trying to feel exalted because she thought herself a good little sport, who had sacrificed a brilliant career for love.

It was all very dramatic and Marianne worshiped drama. Only this situation had such a tinge of unpleasantness. There was no one to play to except Merl and herself. Sometimes she would be tormented with an uneasy feeling that maybe Merl was beginning to doubt her sincerity. Perhaps her performance was not going over. He had such a keen way of looking at her. He seemed to see clear through a person. She always was quick to dispel such annoying thoughts by actions which undoubtedly proved her a finished artiste. She secretly thought that one of her finest "bits" occurred at the time she had resolutely commanded Merl to cut off all the city newspapers

"I do not even want to see a stupid theatrical section. I am going to cut definitely away from all that hated life!"

So the only newspaper that came into her hands was the small-

town journal with its boiler-plate stories.

Merl went a great deal to the city. Those Columbia classes seemed to keep him steadily in town, and during the dull days while he was away, or at home pounding the typewriter keys, Marianne did her best to pass the time. She tried planting a garden, but bending over made her back ache, and the dirt got under her finger nails. Anyway, it was so much easier to buy fresh vegetables and flowers. She went in for long walks, but stray dogs always followed her. Besides, she hated low heels. She made the acquaintance of some of the neighbors. All happy young matrons with children, plus that five years' married type of figure. Their conversation nearly drove her mad. The details of having their next winter's seal coats made over, of putting up strawberry jam and washing baby's diapers were not absorbing topics to Marianne.

She missed her work, the shops, buying clothes, New York, but most of all she missed the fun of being an audience. Certainly, Merl never read her the mysterious typewritten sheets which grew in volume and were always kept locked away in his desk. She was too proud to ask him about them. If he did not choose to tell her, well, that was his business, and anyway, even if he had requested her opinion, Marianne was positive she would not have been able to voice an appreciative answer. Agriculture! She

frowned.

NAME a day when she felt that she could not possibly stand it one moment more. She must go to New York, if only for

a few hours. At breakfast she made a wry face.
"I have a dreadful toothache," she lied to Merl. "I suppose I'll have to go in to the city and see the dentist. I've had four whole months of quiet country life, and now I must spoil it all

by a day in town. Darn it!"

"There's a dentist in the next village," Merl suggested. "You don't have to go to New York. I hear he's a very capable man." His voice was very kind. Somehow Marianne did not like the tone. Could it be possible that he was laughing at her? She dared not look him straight in the face, but she plunged bravely

on.
"No; I would never risk a strange dentist. The one in the city has taken care of me since I was a kiddie. I always claim that he is the only dentist in the world who can drill teeth without hurting. I wouldn't dream of going to anybody else! Everybody goes to him."

"All right, dear. Just as you say, but I'm afraid you'll have to go alone. I must stay here and put in some heavy writing." Marianne suppressed a smile, and thought it was fortunate

that she could act.

"Oh, I am sorry. I'll be back as soon as possible, but I just

hate to go by myself!"

So she was off. She hoped her eyes did not sparkle too much at the prospect of a whole day in New York, alone . . . Paradise. The taxi crawled up Seventh Avenue. How good it felt to be caught in a traffic jam! For a couple of hours she strayed around drinking in the shops, the gowns, then on to her favorite ticket speculators. Knowing how producers detest one who asks for passes, Marianne always purchased her tickets from one of the recognized agencies. The man greeted her with

"I want to see a matinée. What is Billy Bevins' biggest and

latest hit?'

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(So this was love. Twelve long hours before she would see him again. "You are a fool," Marianne whispered to the white face in the mirror.

"But me no buts. Give me one seat as near the front as pos-

"All right. I never argue with a lady, but I can't understand," and the man shook his head as he handed her the change.

Luncheon. She did not go to any of the places she used to baunt. She must have time to lunch at those exclusive roped-in . It was useless to take a cab. The (Continued on page 136)

"Sex Appeal Sam,' of course," he answered. "As if you didn't know that. But what show do you want to see?"

"Sex Appeal Sam." Her voice sounded impatient.
"Yes, but you—""

dining-rooms where haughty head waiters bow only at the sight of a well-known face or pocketbook. Time and an agreeable companion. It was already nearing two o'clock, so Marianne decided to patronize one of the popular tea-rooms that are usually decided to patronize one of the popular tea-rooms that are usually frequented by stout lady-shoppers.

She had forgotten that it was Saturday. The place was jammed with stenographers. The service seemed to take hours, and then after standing impatiently in line to pay her check, she started breathlessly for the theater.



To the Board of Supervisors, Municipal Orphans' Home.

Sept. 7, 1927.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In re: Richard Lewis, age 16; nativity, unknown; history,

This boy, an incorrigible, ran away from the Home on the night of Sept. 4, 1927, about 11.30 P.M. He took with him his Sunday outfit consisting of suit, shoes, underwear, shirt and cap, all donated by Mrs. Jackson Schreiber, of 19 Oldham Place, Jan. 3, 1927, and valued at \$16; and a violin donated by the Orpheus Music Co., Oct. 14, 1902, valued at \$4.

Richard Lewis was to report to the Bland Wholesale Grocery Co., 1622 South Melrose Street, at 7 A.M. Sept. 5th, where employment as a packer had been obtained for him through Mr. Orson Levy. Mr. Levy has kindly consented to hold the place open a week. In the event Richard Lewis does not return the

While the publicity given this affair in the newspapers is to be regretted, the Board of Supervisors may rest assured that no reflection was cast on the Home. Rather, it was through the careful preservation of the girl's baby clothes when she came to the Home, a foundling, that Mr. Danforth was able to identify his daughter.

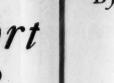
necessarily be used in a recital of the facts. It will be recalled that very recently Dorothy May Chevis was claimed by her father, Mr. Albert B. Danforth, of Omaha,

Richard Lewis had a bad influence on Dorothy May and his presumptuous devotion to the girl, fortunately kept entirely proper by the Matron's watchfulness, led him from one excess of insubordination to another. Dorothy May, now that she is safely away from the influence of Richard Lewis, will develop into a splendid young woman, the Matron is confident.

into a splendid young woman, the Matron is confident.

Incidentally, the Matron might mention that Mr. Danforth has assured her of his gratitude for the care given his daughter at the Home and has become one of our Life Supporting Members. Later, the Matron believes, his great wealth will lead him to make other expressions of his thankfulness.

It might be well to emphasize again that wherever the name of Dorothy May Danforth appears in a seemingly unfavorable light in this report full blame for her behavior should rest upon Richard Lewis. He early took advantage of her essentially noble



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spasms at the slightest corrective measure."

Again in October of the same year on the 18th, 22nd and 23rd, Mrs. Trampton recorded wilful be-havior. The Matron quotes from the record:

"The little Lewis boy is the most difficult child in the Home. Refuses to play with clothes-pins like the other children and when nursery games are started he hides in a corner. Has formed

habit of running into yard unless watched continually. birds. Ordered doses of cod-liver oil as punishment. Mrs. Johnson, the next Matron, found on April 23, 1914, that it was necessary to send Richard Lewis to the dark room twice

and take away his evening meal because—and here the Matron quotes her report verbatim: "For a child of three the Lewis boy shows precocious and wilful ways. Stole Minnie Sanborn's sash. Said he wanted to make a

rainbow. Was sent to the dark room 20 minutes Monday and 45 minutes on Wednesday. Upon refusal to express sorrow or penitence was given two doses of cod-liver oil." The Matrons who followed Mrs. Johnson, namely Miss Munn

and Mrs. Hallowell had similar experiences. Miss Munn noted—and again the Matron quotes from Richard

Lewis' case history—date Dec. 25, 1914:
"The only child who seemed displeased with his present was Richard Lewis. This little boy, Mrs. Johnson informed me, has long been a problem. He made a scene today at the Christmas entertainment. I had taken special pains to pick out for him the least worn of the velveteen suits donated by Mrs. Pritchard. When the children were opening their parcels he threw himself on the floor and screamed. It appeared that he had set his heart on a mouth-organ from having heard one played by a negro boy who delivers groceries. For his action he was denied the orange and peanut candy given the other children."

It was Mrs. Hallowell, the Matron fears, who unwittingly spoiled the Lewis boy. The Matron finds in the period from May 12, 1915, to Nov., 1916, when Mrs. Hallowell had charge of the Home, no entries showing that Richard Lewis was properly punished for his misbehavior. The Board of Supervisors will doubtless perceive from the following quotations in Mrs. Hallowell's action of the supervisors will doubtless perceive from the following quotations in Mrs. Hallowell's action of the supervisors will doubtless perceive from the following quotations in Mrs. well's report that she adopted a sentimental attitude toward this child.

(Sentimentalizing over children is splendidly discussed in the June issue of the Social Service Worker by Miss Albertina Moss. D.S.Sc.)

The Matron quotes several entries made by Mrs. Hallowell to indicate that the child had in no way changed for the better, but was unfortunately humored in his waywardness.

"June 1, 1915. I think my predecessors misunderstood Richard. The child is delicate and sensitive and undoubtedly not ordinary. Today he asked, 'Why does the gentle Lord Jesus have to stay on Sunday-school cards? Doesn't he ever get out to walk on the grass?'

(During the present Matron's administration Richard Lewis made several sacrilegious remarks of a similar nature and was punished.)

"August 19, 1915. Richard has formed a friendship with Dorothy May Chevis. It is rather trying. He wants to give her his dessert and trots over with it to the girls' table every evening. He seems fascinated by her hair which is a lovely yellow, but that has become a trial, too, because he insists on putting his grubby little hands on Dorothy May's ribbons."

(The friendship between these children, it is the Matron's opinion, caused all the later trouble with the boy. He should not

have been humored at the start.)

"November 8, 1915. Richard is going to be a great musician some day. The Home should have facilities for training children like him. I gave him a harmonica but had to take it away, alas, as he carried it to bed with him and blew on it at unearthly

(An orphans' home is not a music conservatory.)

'July 33, 1016. I want to enter this as a good mark for Richard. He has had enough black ones, poor little chap. He sang 'Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild' at the Lutheran Sunday-school Sunday and did it splendidly. Although truth compels me to add that immediately afterward he got into a fight with one of the city children. He wouldn't tell me what it was about, but Dorothy May, who helped him in the fight, said the other little boy called Richard an orphan."

TAKING up her own report at this juncture-Mrs. Hallowell died in November of that year—the Matron wishes to state that when she assumed charge at the Home, Dec. 11, 1916, she

found Richard Lewis to be the worst child there.

The Matron's ideas concerning child training are well known to the Board of Supervisors. In accordance with those ideas, and because discipline at the Home was not what it should have been, the Matron instituted a plan to give every child some particular work to do each day in addition to studies. Only

children under five were exempt.

It was the duty of Richard Lewis and eleven other boys of approximately the same age to polish all the door-knobs in the Home each morning. The older boys had duties washing floors and windows and working in the yard and garden. The girls washed dishes and made the beds and swept the floors. Richard was assigned to the Visitors' Room which had been very handsomely furnished by Mrs. Morton Alloway as a memorial to her little son, Charles

There were only three door-knobs in this room, certainly not an arduous task. The boy shirked this duty wilfully and mali-

Once, Miss Hawkins caught him asleep on the expensive sofa. On another occasion he marred the front of the piano trying to get it open.

When the Matron arrived at the Home, Richard Lewis and Dorothy May Chevis were inseparable playmates. The Matron

put a stop to this by issuing strict orders that the boys and girls were not to speak to each other or play together except during our 30minute social period at 4.30 P.M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The Matron does not approve of the lax regulations existing in some institutions as to the mingling of male and female children.

The records show that the Lewis boy repeatedly violated this rule. Four times, the Matron finds from her reports for 1917, Richard Lewis was caught talking to Dorothy May Chevis in the dining-room and pun-ished by whippings. Discovering that such infractions brought speedy punishment, the boy formed the habit of running away at school recess to an appointed meetingplace in the yard where he enticed Dorothy May to talk to him. He set up the

defense, when caught at this, that they did not actually speak to each other, but merely looked at the sky and listened to the birds!

It should be noted that this tendency to lie is an incipient incorrigibility, a symptom found in all delinquents. With Richard Lewis it was exaggerated to a degree. In 1918, 1919 and 1920,

my records show a total of 28 whippings, 17 being for falsehoods. A few notations will indicate the depravity of the boy's mind:
"April 12, 1918. Overheard by Miss Maginnis telling Dorothy May Chevis that orphan babies belong to angels who drop them out of the sky by accident, and that they are picked up and left on door-steps by milkmen."

"March, 1919. Overheard by Miss Streett telling boys in dormitory that when the wind makes a noise in the shutters it is the mother of an orphan crying for her child."

"February 9, 1920. Overheard by Matron telling Dorothy May Chevis that his mother was a princess over the sea and pretty soon would send a boat for him, and he would take her along. Also, that Dorothy May's complexion was like the glow of a firefly on a pearl.

"July 10, 1920. Denied that he had brought a dog into boys' dormitory when dog was found hidden in pillow-case on his cot."

Aside from these prevarications which steadily grew more fanciful, in his twelfth year Richard Lewis began, according to records, to meddle brazenly in the affairs of the Home. Dorothy May had become a pretty child and was considered by several couples who visited the home in search of a little girl to adopt. The Matron made a notation on his case history in January, 1923, showing that Richard Lewis was locked in the dark room on bread and water for three days. This severe punishment was warranted, the Matron feels, by the gravity of his transgression.

MR. AND MRS. JONES, worthy people, had about decided to adopt Dorothy May. The Lewis boy instructed Dorothy May to fly into a tantrum, kick Mr. Jones on the shins and make faces at his wife. This she did and they changed their minds about adopting her. When Miss Morgan slapped Dorothy May for her behavior Richard Lewis, who had been watching from the hall, ran in and scratched Miss Morgan and pulled her hair.

Impudently this boy set himself up as the arbiter of what persons should adopt various children in the home. On nine distinct occasions in 1923 and 1924 Dorothy May, egged on by Richard Lewis acted like a little fiend when visitors looked at her. This spirit spread to the other children, making them unusually sensitive toward visitors. A Mr. and Mrs. Sowalsky, well recommended, backed out on adopting the Jersen baby because Richard Lewis told them the baby threw fits.

The Matron wishes to point out that every possible chance was given the boy to mend his ways. A good home was found for him in a nice neighborhood with a Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston. Mr. Huddleston wanted a boy to help hiva in his butcher shop after school. He had to be carried forcibly to Mr. Huddleston's truck, and he had so inflamed the impressionable mind of Dorothy

May over their separation that she had a crying spell and the next day ran away in an effort to find Richard Lewis. The police brought her back in a state of exhaustion, and after four days Mr. Huddleston returned Richard to the

Home as impossible.

Quick to seize upon this victory, Richard and Dorothy May established themselves as leaders of the other children. They held what they called a "secret meeting" one recess and swore sacrilegious oaths written by Richard Lewis to stand in open rebellion against the authority of the Matron and her assistants.

Richard Lewis had the audacity to complain of the food in a written ultimatum to the Matron, threatening to write to the Board of Supervisors. It appeared that he had taken a dislike to rice pudding and cream of wheat. The Matron ordered him kept in the dark room for a week with nothing to eat but rice pudding and cereal and water.

In spite of his actions, the



C.Dorothy May lent Richard money from her savings-bank to buy strings for the violin he had stolen from the attic.

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I. Richard was overheard telling boys in dormitory that when the wind makes a noise in the shutters it is the mother of an orphan crying for her child.

Matron made an earnest effort to give him every advantage possible. He was allowed to sell papers before and after school. It developed that he spent most of his time reading them. He asked use of the piano in the Visitors' Room and was very properly refused. He then demanded to use the violin which had been stored in the attic. When it was pointed out to him that the Home had no funds with which to buy strings for the instrument, he stole the violin and induced Dorothy May to lend him money from her savings-bank.

She had earned the money looking after children in the neighborhood. The Matron had impressed upon her the virtue of thrift and had instituted a very beneficial rule requiring each child to earn and save enough money to buy its outfit when it left the Home at sixteen to go to work. Yet so under the influence of this wicked boy she was that she used all her savings

to fix up this stolen violin and to buy him music sheets. The Matron learned of their deceitfulness the night of June 4, 1925, when the Lewis boy took the violin from a place of concealment and at 11.45 P.M. left the boys' dormitory. When discovered by the Matron, he was in the yard below a window of the girls' dormitory playing an improper Spanish love-song.

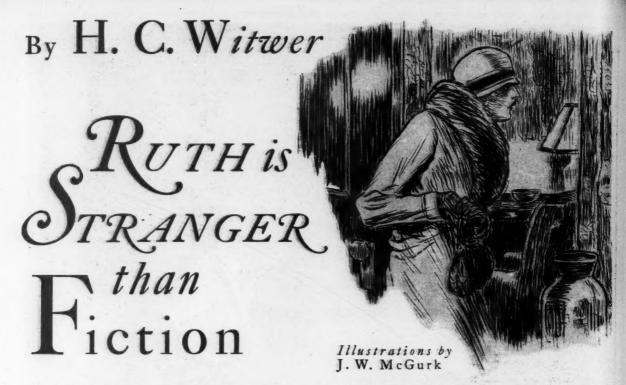
He had grown so large neither the Matron nor Miss Gowan could longer punish him properly. The next day the Matron instructed Mr. Adams, the gardener, to thrash him. The violin

was confiscated.

This most severe punishment failed to have the desired result.

He demanded in an insolent tirade to the Matron the return of

the violin. The Matron warned him in a quiet tone that if he mentioned the subject again the violin would be burned. He waited—and this illustrates the guile (Continued on page 112)



CCORDING to Lord Byron—oh, I get around plenty places!—who wrote "Don Juan" and is still waiting for an answer, "Truth is stranger than fiction!" A glance at the handiest newspaper, my dears, will convince you immediately that this talented pen-and-ink addict spoke a parable when he unleashed the above exclamation. I mean novels, plays and the dear old movies are usually strange indeed but, really, life itself, as you may have noticed, is frequently beyond belief! Queer twists of Fate, uncanny coincidences, weird climaxes and breath-taking situations happen in every-day existence that would make the wildest film epic look like a page from the Congressional Record, yet no author would dare put 'em on paper, for fear his public would sneer, "So he's an opium fiend, eh? I knew he did something!"

Well, I'm no author and that's no secret. I just have a flock of friends who like to hear my experiences and at least wait till they get outside before nudging each other and wondering what I take that gets me that way. Yet Lindbergh, for instance, made thousands believe that maybe Sindbad, Gulliver, Robinson

Crusoe and such did get around a bit at that!

But let's return to Lord Byron's remark-it's not much of a trip, only a couple of paragraphs back. In the charade I'm about to haul off and pester you with, not only was truth stranger than fiction but "Ruth" was, too. "Ruth Passes" was the name of the show where a totally unexpected and soul-stirring climax happened that I hope to tell you would make Baron Münchhausen seem a mere reporter of cold facts.

Maybe you saw the thing yourself that thrilling night at the play and were as bewildered as the next one. A lot of goldfish have gulped their last since then, but here's the inside story, as Rip Van Winkle grinned when he hit the amazed village again

after his twenty-year nap.

In round numbers I'm Jessie Girard, a vest-pocket blonde, over seven, once of the chorus, a musical comedy star for an entire week and far from a stranger to the front page of the public prints. During the epoch that the following nightmare took place in, gentle reader, I was engaged to be wed to Jimmy Cooke, one of the smartest jockeys who ever booted a sleeper home in front and just a little peach of a boy. Really, what "Skeets" Cooke could do with a horse was what any starving chorine can do with a stew-pan, a potato, an onion, a gas-jet and a land-lady with a cold in the nead.

Both me and this priceless lad started life as poor as an almshouse cat, had taken as much punishment as a couple of caddies

and wound up sitting on top of the world. But as the elevator man says, that's another story. Let's get at this one—hark ye!

Set down for talking out of turn to the starter at New Orleans, my midget athlete was acing around New York, spending with judgment and getting by on the feed-box tips of Willie Fisher, his

buddy. James had taught William all he knew about the saddle game and what James had to teach made that youth one of the best money riders in the pastime and first-string jockey for the stable during Jimmy's absence. As a result, Willie wired Jimmy almost daily a complete news service on what the ponies were talking about in dear old Dixie, thus assuring the temporarily dismounted James his regular nourishment.

While the panic was on, I kept my figure from becoming a frame via a seventy-five-dollar weekly income thrown at me for no reason at all by an uncle, just before he let the crematory have its way with him. Seventy-five bucks may not seem much to you, lads and lassies, no more than it did to me, but at least it kept me a good girl—I mean good and disgusted!

Away up in the Suave Seventies where men are apartmenthouse door tenders, I parked in a cute little flat with Urania La Tourette, namely, a very abba-dabba brunette who was born beautiful and dumb and saw no reason to change since she fell out of the cradle clutching for a gold piece on the floor. No fooling, here was a Jill that was made for Jack—heaps of it!

They had to dynamite the school to get Urania out of the third grade and the tip-off on her was her appreciation of the Grand Canyon's magnificence when she first viewed it, "What a swell

place for a wild party!" she murmured admiringly.

Honestly, don't you worship that? Likewise a refugee from the girl and music frolics, Urania was now a familiar figure at the smart night clubs, where she cashed in heavy on her fluent personality and high-pressure salesmanship. Always the center of an admiring mob of two-handed spenders from the steppes of the corn belt and other sections where the tractor has come to stay, Urania's sole duty was to see to it that these funny Patsies purchased like all get-out. placed the bee on the management for ten percent of their checks, and if you think that was thin gravy you've never put out for the evening's laughs in a catsy Times Square deadfall.

Naturally, no such time-killer as my lovely chum was allowed to suffer the pangs of being without a permanent masculine escort, just in case. In this instance, the victim was Charley Cash, who called himself "A citizen of Broadway" and was a

splitting headache if there ever was one!

Charles was a book-maker, a bootlegger, an occasional angel for shows and a backer of crap games along the Big Alley where any bank-note under a thousand doubloons would be regarded as a rare curiosity indeed. Big, fat, oily and loud-mouthed, the only thing square about this poisonous clown was his head.

He couldn't look you in the ankles, children, yet he had a huge police hound that simply adored him—proving that crack about children and dogs reading character at sight to be all moist.

mean I've seen both go wild over fifty-eight-carat scoundrels!

Well, to make a long story readable, Urania and me had just



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ead. ad a huge ck about moist. I ndrels! had just

begun to tear off a piece of shut-eye about two one morning when the door-bell rang long and loud!
"Number, please!" drawled the half asleep Urania, who was "What is it?" I called, plenty steamed, for I'll tell the eavesdroppers, ladies must sleep! "A telegram?"

"A hotter wire than that!" came the gruff voice of Charley Cash. "Slip on a banana peel and leave me in, kid—I got the best news the whole two of you ever heard in your life!"

"Open the door, Jessie!" said Urania, sitting up excitedly as she pulled the covers around her bare shoulders. "This may be she pulled the covers around her bare shoulders. "This may be big stuff. You know Charley's full of surprises."
"That isn't all he's full of!" I retorted peevishly, climbing into a dressing-gown and letting Charley in. "What's the idea of the two A.M. call—are you a milkman now?" I asked him. "Absolutely!" grinned Urania's burly complex, tossing the morning paper to her. "And I started with nothin', too. I just left Jimmy Cooke a little while ago. I tried to get him to come up, but he claimed it was too late."

"Too bad you didn't think of that!" I sneered, wondering what [Haines, the villam of the stage, rescued the damsel in distress,

James was doing roaming around at that hour.
"I had the thought, but I flung it aside," answered Charles serenely. "I don't mind stayin' up late if me bein' around helps my friends forget their worries." "When you hear my story, you'll be up all night with excite ment," answered Charley, worrying the end off a murderous-looking cigar. "I'm goin' to declare you and Urania in as the hostesses of my nobby drum—don't faint!"

"Charley, you're simply too good to be true!" joyfully ex-claimed Urania, who nearly did faint.

"Well, who said he was true?" I sniffed, far from being dum-founded by this big pest's statement. Really, I'd been offered many a chance at the raucous night-club racket before and just curled a cherry lip. I can take these dizzy hide-aways or let 'em

Urania, from the hero of the foot-lights, the surprised Demarest.

"I'll put both your names in the lights and make you the furor of Broadway, with a big-hearted percentage of the gate," went on Charles smoothly. "The cave I'm goin' to open will be one of them snooty affairs, where not only the waiters but the suckers too will have to wear dinner coats and like it, if they wish to play. I'll put a couple or three snappy hoofers and a looker chorus behind you and I already signed the cruellest band in Gotham. Now, lean back at ease, women, and add all that up!"

But my mathematics had to do with something entirely different, boys and girls, as through narrowed eyes I watched this menace looking us over with the air of the expert he was-on girls. One of my ten thousand objections to this fathead was his habit of always checking in at our apartment for a conference either after we'd bedded down for the night or before we got up in the morning. I mean this made it considerably embarrassing for me, as I'd have to dress faster than a fireman or else hurriedly drape a negligée around me while he talked with Urania.

Honest to Ziegfeld, never since I was a baby has it been a hobby of mine to receive gentlemen unless I'm completely clad. Just

THIS egg was hard to tie let alone beat, so I let matters drop for the moment, but I was plenty alarmed by Charley's constant attempts to cuddle up to my Jimmy, fearing this big blah was getting ready to put over a fast one in which James would be

used as the chump. I knew my future ball-and-chain ducked Charley whenever he could, subscribers, as a jockey playing around with a book-maker is a jockey playing around with fire! Urania looked up suddenly from the front page of the paper. "You must tune in on some of these screaming love missives in the De Mund divorce circus, Jessie," she cried. "I'll have you

know that jury's seeing the biggest hit in town and I don't mean perchance! I'd sure love to be there. How do you go about getting into a divorce court, Charley?"

"Get married!" grunted her playmate. "Listen-I'm as dry as you'll ever see me. Is they anything in the kitchen?"

"You might go out and sit in the mouse-trap, Big Boy," I said sweetly. "We haven't another piece of cheese in the place."
"I bet you been savin' that one for a year," snarled my opponent, while Urania laughed her head off. "Well, I didn't come

here to trade wise-cracks, I come to do both you snappers a favor. I'm goin' to unveil a bigger and better night club of my own and see what happens. I got the spot and I done business with the right people in the precinct. Drunks is out, if any, but I'll see that nobody dies of thirst in my joint. A buck and a half a shot and it won't be cut—much."

'What's all this nonsense got to do with a couple of sleepy girls?" I yawned.

one of my many foibles, but a hard one to lose!
"A penny for your thoughts," smiled Charley

"You can have 'em for less," I answered coldly. "I was just wondering if at any time in your life you ever called on a girl at a reasonable hour and when she was fully clothed."

"Not if she had a phone and I could get a rough idea of the situation beforehand," said Charles calmly.

Can you bear it?

Well, really, at the start I simply couldn't see Charley's proposition with a pair of field-glasses, but after the enthusiastic Urania and her peculiar pet had worked on me for an hour I decided to gamble with 'em. We were both breaking our necks to make the Follies and I was satisfied that being one of the show places of a classy night club would give me a marvelous chance to display my wares before the boss producers, who clock possible winners for their own exhibits almost nightly. I'll tell you very confidently that many a Broadway theater-packer took their first bow in a cabaret, a swifter route to the Ritz or the ash-can than most people think!

THE following evening, good people, Jimmy Cooke took me to dinner and somewhere in the midst of it I remarked, half reprovingly:

"You won't ride many winners by bounding around all night, James."
"Speak English, Beautiful," he said, staring at me with a puzzled look.

"Charley Cash told me at two this morning he'd just left you," I answered. "Naughty, "Naughty, naughty!"

"He's a liar!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. ain't seen that big false alarm for a week and I'm livin' the life of a monk to keep in ridin' condition. You know that—you don't miss nothin'! What are you doin' talkin' things over with Charley Cash in the middle of the night, anyways?"

"Less volume, James," I returned with a wn. "You may be a jockey, but you're not talking to a horse, frown. now. Charley came to see Urania and gave us both jobs.

'Doin' what?" Jimmy growled.

"He's going to open a high-hat night club for us and—"
That's as far as I ever got, for alas and alackaday, the battle was on! I mean James regarded night clubs in the same light he did Charley and, honestly, what he thought about Charles isn't for your young ears, kiddies. We fought for an hour in the restaurant, resumed hostilities in a taxi which took us through Central Park either three or eleven times and wound up, both hoarse and fit to be tied, outside the door of my bower.

Jimmy barked and meowed for me to turn down Charley's offer or else, but never having been a stenographer I wasn't used to being dictated to and stood firm. A huff being handy, James finally left in it after howling that all women were alike and the next morning he hopped off for New Orleans to resume riding.
The only word he left for me was not to lose my engagement ring, as in the excitement he'd neglected to tell me he still owed an instalment on it. So much for that,

Well, with a big advance ballyhoo, Charley Cash at last kicked open the doors of our grand night club, on what was one of the most successful evenings I've ever experienced in all my young existence. Heavily engraved, gold-lettered invitations to get an order of the thing had been sent post-haste to all the best-known figures of the Great White Way and the percentage that showed up proved that me and Urania had been heard of by more than our parents, enemies to the contrary.

I wowed yokels and blasé alike with a couple of dances I'd sewed together myself, Urania goaled 'em with her sheer beauty and personality, the male hoofers registered heavy, while the scantily clad, young and pretty chorus ripped off some steps they'd stolen somewheres that made 'em show-stoppers on their own account. Charley stalked about, a big bulge in a dinner coat, rubbing his hands, grinning broadly and shaking hands at every table. Really, this Humpty-dumpty was tickled to the point of imbecility and he'd good reason to be, for without the shadow of a doubt the club had clicked and how!

In the days that followed, all I learned of Jimmy Cooke was



C,"I'm going to declare you and Urania in as

through the sporting pages of the newspapers, where with pride I saw he'd snapped into it and was riding like Paul Revere at New Orleans, again heading the list of winning jockeys. I shot him a couple of tender wires and, honestly, the ones I got back could have been from my stepmother for all the love and kisses they contained. I mean it was just a case of read 'em and weep

I got pretty low over James putting on the chill and couldn't stop myself from telling Urania as much, but my stony-hearted chum merely remarked that I got a wonderful break when I lost Jimmy, who, she declared, belonged with the equines and no place else. What a girl—as beautiful as a diamond and just as hard!

Then one night Charley Cash made a clean breast of the fact that he could no longer hold out against the call of the footlights and was putting the pennies on the line for the production of a new drama which was soon to startle Broadway. This poultice was entitled "Ruth Passes" and when we both demanded parts in it, Charles sarcastically asked us if our first names were "Ruth" and our last names "Passes."

Within a few more weeks the show opened and scored a mild hit, no "Abie's Irish Rose" but as the cast wasn't costly, Charley was breaking about even. That was o. k. with this Charley was breaking about even. That was o. k. with this large mishap, whose biggest kick in life came from wandering around backstage during performances. His next imitation was to put on display at our hotsy-totsy night club, Verne Demarest, the leading man, and Brockton Haines, the heavy—a couple of Lambs' Club specials and experienced troupers who knew their grease-paint.

During the lull before the terrific storm of joy and grief that was to break about us, Charley stopped me outside the Palace one afternoon.

"How you can wear clothes is how Tunney can outsmart the rest of these mugs!" said this Nordic, looking me over admirrest of these mugs! said this Trottle, rooking inc over a raft of quarters and I don't mean dimes. Lookey here, Jessie, you and Jimmy Cooke get smart and you can win yourself serious money!"

"Which way?" I inquired, without interest.



bostesses of my nobby drum-don't faint!" said Charley.

"This way!" whispered Charles. "Jimmy's goin' to ride Scotch Mist in that big handicap at New Orleans next week. The come-ons hereabouts think the filly's in the bag and I crave to lay some three or four to one against her. If you can make your heavy boy friend sit still in the saddle, I'll slip you twenty grand to give him. That's ten apiece and if you wish somethin' to play with I'll go to work and get it for you in nickels!"

"Go 'way from me before I call a cop!" I burst out indignantly.

"Jimmy Cooke never pulled a horse in his life, and if you or anybody else ever propositioned him he'd kill you!"

"Says you!" sneered Charles. "When he hears you tossed twenty thousand bucks to the winds I fear you'll be the one that's slain, my pretty maid, if the squirrels don't get you first!" and he brushed past me in the crowd.

Honestly, my dears, I was so burnt up that I went straight home and wrote Jimmy a long letter, telling him all about this prancing yegg's suggestion to me. Maybe some of the things I called Charles were not ladylike, but I'll state at least they were true! James had relented long before this and although we exchanged only one wire and one airmail epistle a day, these communiqués were throbbing messages and don't think they weren't.

W ELL, I nearly swooned when Jimmy promptly shot me a telegram in answer to my report on Charley, instructing me to take the twenty thousand, trust him that he'd do nothing I wouldn't do and he'd explain matters later. His next daily letter by airplane did that when he wrote that while Scotch Mist was an honest horse, he sometimes sulked under a hard drive and might do it in the handicap. In that event this charger would probably lose, but with Charley's twenty thousand gulden, we wouldn't!

I was in love with this little heart-breaker and, really, if Jimmy had said the Pacific Ocean was composed of root beer in places, I'd have believed him. So the day of the race without further ado I phoned Charley Cash to wheel the money right up to the apartment, but Charles retorted that if Scotch Mist lost he'd pay off immediately after the finish and not a second before.

He added that he was coming up to see Urania and catch the running of the handicap over our radio.

We crowded about the nine-tube neighborbaiter and with my heart, at least, beating as fast as the hoofs of the field at New Orleans, we heard the announcer's foot-by-foot broadcast of the big scramble. Charley scowled and I simply screamed with glee when Jimmy got Scotch Mist off in front and led the others by a comfortable length to the head of the stretch.

Down the straightaway James rode his fasttiring mount with whip and spur, frantically trying to stall off the determined challenge of some entry named Burlingame, thus proving to me that he had no intention of throwing the race for Charley. But a scant fifty yards from the wire Scotch Mist suddenly faltered under Jimmy's punishing ride, and Burlingame stuck its quivering nose in front in time to get the nod from the judges.

The fact that Jimmy finished second was sufficient evidence to Charley that the kid had choked his mount as per orders, so with a grin he switched off the radio and shoved a roll of twenty one-thousand-dollar bills into my trembling hands. While Urania watched all this in a daze, he then rushed to the phone muttering something about cleaning up a hundred and fifty thousand for himself, so taking no chances—I mean I never do!—I dashed out to add this tiny fortune to my modest account at the bank.

On the way home I bought an extra and really, I thought I'd gone crazy and forgot to come back when I read "Scotch Mist Takes Big Race!" Ignoring traffic, I stood dead in my tracks and with bulging eyes saw below that heading, "Burlingame, Winner, Disqualified For Fouling!"

"Where's that dough I give you?" bawled Charley, when I let myself into the igloo. He looked like he'd just had a golf stroke or something. I wouldn't fool you!

thing, I wouldn't fool you!

"They got a steel vault around it now, old lear," I smiled coolly. "Try and get it!"

dear," I smiled coolly. "Try and get it!"
"Why, you little—" began the wildly raving Charles.
"Be still!" I interrupted sharply. "One squawk from you or tear up my contract and I'll get a sporting editor to print why you gave me that money. See if you can make book or crash the gate at a race-track after that!"

Why shouldn't he be chastised for trying to make my dear

little Jimmy crooked?

"Kayo, burglar!" snarled Charles after a minute. "You copped a sneak and done what the wise guys has never been able to do, which is chump me. But don't make no reckless plans with that twenty grand—I'll get it back from you swift and if you think I won't you're out of your mind!"

However, it was no less than me who made things even up and saw Charley's money returned to him with simply barous interest. Listen, my children, and you shall hear!

Meeting the leading man and the heavy of "Ruth Passes" at our night club, I at once got greatly interested in their oddly different personalities. Verne Demarest, the handsome hero of the stage, the matinée idol and flappers' pulse-quickener, was in real life a boastful, perfumed, cynical snob who regarded all women as his lawful prey. Honestly, he was the first person I ever met in my life who carried their own picture in the back of their watch!

Overbearing to waiters, but never to taxidrivers or cops, Demarest was as coldly insulting as a highly paid charity official when your contribution's smaller than he or she figured you could be taken for. He yessed Charley Cash to death and after failing to promote himself with both me and Urania, this flat tire tried to build up every member of our chorus and, really, he got turned down oftener than a playing card. In short, customers, while he acted heroic parts behind the footlights, in every-day life he was just a blown-in-the-bottle hound and would have been costly if you got him for nothing.

On the other hand, Brockton Haines, the deep-dyed villain of "Ruth Passes," was one of the nicest fellows I ever met, off-stage. I mean he was a real he-man, with a friendly grin for everybody and a knack of performing easily some (Continued on page 206)

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The Story So Far:

ERMOD D'ARCY, an adventurous Irishman who had traveled overland to California, was encamped with his followers at the rich location of Happy Camp on the Arroyo Chico, taking much gold from the bed of the stream and living in peace and good fellowship with the neighbors.

The only clouds in the sky were centered about the rancho of Don José Guerrero with whose daughter, Josepha, although she was informally betrothed to her cousin Tomas Espinosa, D'Arcy was in love, and with whose worthless son, Romauldo, the Irishman was at swords' points.

Romauldo had more than once made an attempt on D'Arcy's life and had once stolen his horse and his gold—although he at the time owed his life to D'Arcy's intervention at two critical moments, one a hanging bee and the other a near drowning.

Josepha, Romauldo's half-sister, was angry at D'Arcy on account of his resolve to protect Romauldo no longer and also on account of the fact that Dermod had agreed to lend her father ten thousand dollars as a mortgage on the rancho, a sum which was to dower her marriage to young Tomas.

Josepha's anger came to a climax when, following a bandit

Josepha's anger came to a climax when, following a bandit attack upon Happy Camp, Romauldo Guerrero was discovered to be its leader and instigator. D'Arcy followed Romauldo by moonlight to the Rancho Arroyo Chico and there captured him. Josepha and her father pleaded for his release, but D'Arcy insisted on taking his prisoner back to Happy Camp for trial.

This he did and Romauldo, with the other bandits, was found guilty and hanged. Dermod, as he had promised, returned the body to Don José. Finding the Espinosas calling at the rancho, D'Arcy agreed to Don José's request not to frighten away the wealthy Espinosas by letting them see that a member of the Guerrero family had been hanged as a bandit. D'Arcy and his friends decided to put a bullet through Romauldo's dead body and throw it in the river, thereby making it appear that he had been murdered, an end more consistent with the dignity of an old Hispano-American clan-

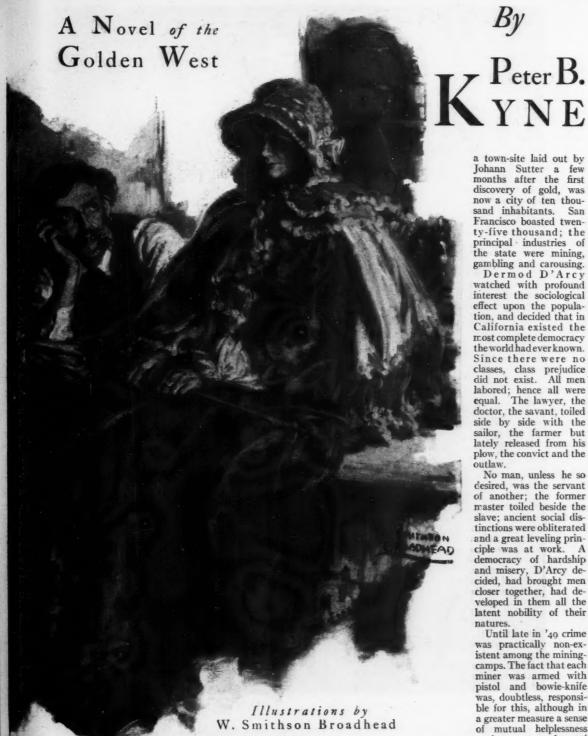
The ruse worked. On his way home D'Arcy met the Espinosas, who told him that they had learned of the murder of Romauldo. Dermod returned to Happy Camp to work and to lament his continued separation from Josepha, who was now more antagonistic than ever and on the brink of marriage with Tomas.

N JULY, 1849, every foot of ground along the Arroyo Chico and its tributaries was being worked.

The mining population was in a state of constant flux; men came, worked a week or two, became dissatisfied because the return was not immediate and, lured to other fields by rumors of richer ground, abandoned their claims, which were immediately occupied by newcomers, who, in turn, harkened to the whispers of greater fortune which every vagrant breeze that blew down the canyon seemed to carry. A road had been built in to the uproarious settlement; a postal system had been established. Happy Camp had a postoffice, a stage station, a "hotel," an express office, a butcher shop, two blacksmith shops, three general stores and many saloons, gambling-houses and dance-halls.

C. "Gentlemen, this is indeed an occasion," said Bejabers. "Fair lady, with your gracious permission the men of Happy Camp'll drink a miner's welcome to you."

Each day a great Concord coach, drawn by eight mules, rolled into the camp, the driver whooping in the sheer exuberance of his new and untrammeled life, his long whip cracking like pistol shots, his teams stretched to a gallop. Beside him on the but sat the express company's guard—or rather "messenger" as, for some obscure reason, he was most commonly called—a sawdoff shotgun loaded with buckshot across his knees, a pistol at each hip, a cigar tilted confidently at an angle to his mouth. Happy Camp grew rapidly, despite the fact that its minipy population toward the close of the year dwindled considerably, for the mushroom town had become a trading center for the numerous isolated camps that were springing up daily in the



a town-site laid out by Johann Sutter a few months after the first discovery of gold, was now a city of ten thou-sand inhabitants. San Francisco boasted twenty-five thousand; the principal industries of the state were mining, gambling and carousing.

Dermod D'Arcy watched with profound interest the sociological effect upon the population, and decided that in California existed the most complete democracy the world had ever known. Since there were no classes, class prejudice did not exist. All men labored; hence all were equal. The lawyer, the doctor, the savant, toiled side by side with the sailor, the farmer but lately released from his plow, the convict and the

No man, unless he so desired, was the servant of another; the former master toiled beside the slave; ancient social distinctions were obliterated and a great leveling principle was at work. A democracy of hardship and misery, D'Arcy de-cided, had brought men closer together, had developed in them all the latent nobility of their natures.

Until late in '49 crime was practically non-existent among the miningcamps. The fact that each miner was armed with pistol and bowie-knife was, doubtless, responsible for this, although in a greater measure a sense of mutual helplessness against a marauder and the knowledge of swift and terrible punishment

at the hands of a miners' jury had a deterrent effect upon the weak and cowardly. News of the summary execution of El Diablo and his bandits by the men of Happy Camp had filtered into every mining community, but it was not until late in the year that men discovered it was no longer safe to leave their pokes of gold-dust unguarded in tent and cabin.

A demand for transportation, far in excess of the immediate supply, made saddle-horses and pack-mules the cynosure of all covetous eyes; in San Francisco an organization of criminals, mostly from the penal colonies of Australia and calling them-selves the Hounds, created a brief reign of terror until public opinion dealt with them summarily.

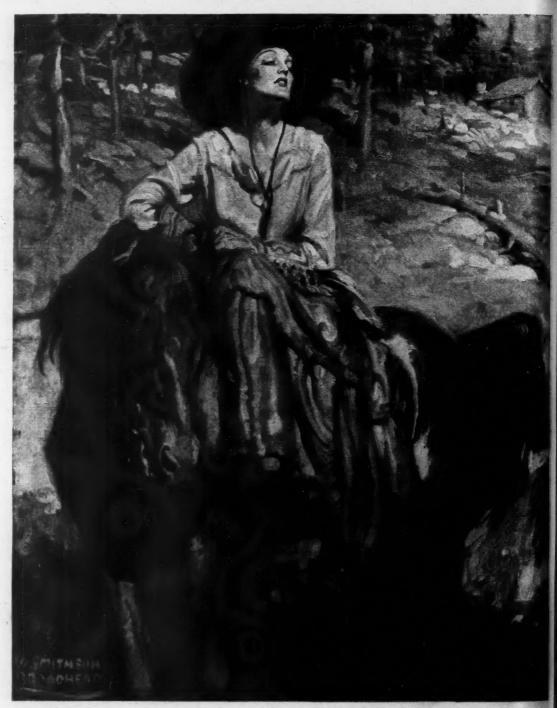
country to the north and east. Lumbering freight wagons, mostly ox-drawn, delivered goods unloaded by the three little steamers that now regularly plied from San Francisco as far up the Sacamento River as Marysville, the new name for Nye's

Long pack-mule trains wound up the Arroyo Chico from happy Camp and disappeared along narrow trails over the ridges to the north and south, the east and the west, distributing these supplies and the mail to points where wagon roads were not to be for years to come. The camp presented for twentyfour hours daily a scene of unparalleled activity.

The rush of gold-hunters was truly tremendous. Sacramento,

t mules, rolled exuberance of ing like pistolim on the box nessenger" as lled—a sawed es, a pistol at his mouth. hat its mining l considerably, center for the

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II will not trouble you, Don Dermod, to risk your lift,

The state—for already men were alluding to it as such—was filling up so fast that some sort of government was imperative. On April 12, 1849, when Bennett Riley arrived by steamer to relieve Governor Mason, he found the citizens of the new territory in no mood to await longer the action of a lethargic Congress.

Under the de facto form of government then in force, the old Hispano-Californian laws prevailed. A study of the situation soon convinced Governor Riley that the aspirations of the people were sane and logical; that they would not much longer continue to support the de facto government in the face of glaring Congressional neglect, and accordingly, on June 3, 1849, he issued a proclamation calling for the election of thirty-seven delegates to a state convention.

On August 1st this election was held and on September 1, 1849, the convention met in Colton Hall, at Monterey, and proceeded to draft a constitution and select a design for the Great Seal of 92

the State of California. On October 13, 1849, the convention adjourned, its labors completed; on November 13th the people unanimously ratified the constitution which, although hastly drawn, was one of the best of the state constitutions the

At this election Peter H. Burnett was elected governor, John McDougal lieutenant-governor, and Edward Gilbert and George W. Wright representatives to Congress. At the same time three were elected in the various districts, as apportioned under our stitutional schedule, sixteen senators and thirty-six members of assembly to constitute the first state legislature.

By December 10th, the election returns had been submitted to the prefects, subprefects and judges of first instance in the respective districts, duly canvassed and by them transmitted to the secretary of state of the de facto government; wherever Governor Riley issued a proclamation decreeing that the



your time or your money in my behalf," said Josepha. "I shall require no reward," he replied.

he convention constitution be ordained and established as the Constitution of the State of California.

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When this proclamation reached Happy Camp the happiest an to read it was Bejabers Harmon. "A state!" he shouted. man to read it was Bejabers Harmon. "No swaddling clothes for our baby, eh, gentlemen? Why, we've never even been a territory! Congress neglected to give us what we wanted so we went and took it without askin'. That's the ticket! Now we'll get our legal machinery workin' at a penal code and a civil code, and law and order'll be one job and minin' another. Dog-gone it, I reckon I'll soon lose my office as alcalde o' Happy Camp, seein' as how I sort o' helped myself to it without legal authority!"

On December 20th the newly elected legislature convened and subscribed to the oath of office. On the same day, as soon as he ad been officially advised that Governor Burnett had taken the oath of office, Bennett Riley issued a proclamation to the effect that since a new executive had been duly elected and installed into office in accordance with the state constitution, there was no reason for his continued official existence, and accordingly he resigned—an act which brought more cheers from the exuberant Bejabers.

"He was appointed by the President o' the United States, but he resigned to the people o' California! Well, I reckon there's some as will hoot at the legality o' this here move, but I'm for it. It's common sense."

On the very day it convened officially, the new legislature elected two United States Senators, Frémont and Gwin. On December 22nd all of the state officers were appointed and thereafter, until its final adjournment on April 22, 1850, the legislature worked unceasingly in the erection of the state's legal

Throughout the remainder of 1849, (Continued on page 117)

onsider the Homing

"'Suite, suite home,' where the cooking requires condensed milk and much shortening and the tenure of childbearing tenants is secure as long as they name the baby after the janitor."

Illustrations by

Then, many a truth being told in a jest, the dedicatory declaimer came to the conclusion of the whole matter in this somewhat extravagant wheeze:

"The daughter that dodges birth control nowadays is born in a hospital, educated in a boarding-school, courted in an automobile, married in a hotel, established in an apartment, divorced in court and buried from a mortuary chapd. The poor girl never does get home."

Now right here was where the haranguer was hoisted by his own petard. There was neither dissent nor indignation on the part of those six hundred intelligent, smartly gowned citizenesses, forsakers of the home themselves at that gratulatory

The speaker would not have marveled if he had shared the experience of the lecturer who was asked next day if he had his audience with him. He said he did for three blocks; but he left them in the fourth block.

But the Twentieth Century Club was with the speaker. Nor boo, nor hiss, nor conspiracy of silence, mind you; but on the contrary, laughter and applause.

It was all very understandable after the old-fashioned home fan, who came to scoff and remained to praise, had met those progressive downtowners face to face.

Instead of sitting down disconsolately and chorusing the latest version of the John Howard Payne refrain, "There is no place at all like home," those Twentieth Century clubwomen had set about to provide the next best thing in their enlarged and beautiful plant. The stone which an ex-

panding commercial and industrial and residential hotel life has rejected, had become the very head of their cultural, educational and hospitable corner at the heart of the city's life.

Their instant agreement with the voice on the platform crying in the wilderness of forsaken rooftrees, meant just this: We clubwomen resent being put on the side of causation. We insist that we are on the side of correction, of cure, or at least

alleviation. No one is to blame that our hearthsides are left unto

us desolate, comparatively speaking. It is industrial development. It is social evolution. It is economic necessity.

"The spirit of the age teaches us speed, detachment, departure, separation. The world is awheel, afloat, aloft, away! Mass production has taken hold of domesticity in central plants. After business and college and church and politics and philanthropy and pro bono publico projects have made inroads on the family unit, what is left feels that it cannot live unto itself alone. This makes for mobility and mobilization into groups, guilds, parties, clubs, camps, tours, leagues, conventions. Where once it was home quality, it is now away-from-home quantity."

Individualism palls; collectivism has the call. The city-pent couple who came back from the Fresh Air Fund vacation The city-pent

the appeal of sumptuous substitutes of the home. THE present speaker got the surprise of his piatform life when he consented to say a few words at the dedication of the beautiful auditorium annex of the Century Club of Detroit. Luckily he had his hearty guffaw in advance over the hilarity he was going to indulge in at

the expense of these away-from-home adherents of clubdom. Home-keeper himself from the cradle, joiner of nothing but the Congregational church, whose neighboring bells were part of the melody his infancy knew, he would naively let the rejoicing clubwomen know that their expansion meant the fireside's desolation.

"Vital that you Twentieth Century folk keep bigger and better fires burning downtown," his indirect rebuke began, "for there are no home fires burning, and not a soul to tend them if they were burning, uptown!

CIrresistible is

"Home has been modernized, mechanized, organized, electrified, motorized, vacuumed into vacancy," the dedicatory admonition went on to point out. "Let your light so shine before men, Mr. Subdivider, that they may see that your Model Home Number 1, now on exhibition, has everything up to the minute, including absence of hearts and hands.

"Home is the place where you wait while the car is being fixed; the place where you come to get the telephone call that tells you

where to go next; the bivouac of the Campfire Girls sitting up for mother; the base of the Boy Scouts deploying the vicinity

"What is home without a movie, or a bridge meeting, or a needle guild, or an alumnæ drive, or the women's independent voters' association?

"The old fireside survives only in song and story," the lamentation that was also intended to be a call of the clubwomen to contrition, went on. "East Hampton, New York, has just paid sixty thousand dollars for the former habitation of John Howard Payne, whose plaintive ballad, if penned today, would run, 'Home, home, suite, suite home.' For it takes more than a rubber plant and a cat to make a home in a flat, as someone has opined out of actual experience in an 'unlovely nest of boxes.'



C"Ob, the children! Wait till I see . . The nurse says they have gone to Europe."

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The city-pent ind vacation

Schermerhorn igeons

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up-state before their complimentary furlough was over, expressed it all to the accompaniment of the Elevated's roar when they explained their impatience to return to the sultriness of the crowded city: "We hanker after folks more'n we do trees."

A good omen was the readiness of those clubwomen of discernment and mentality to turn exposition into cooperation. If all the real home-makers will thus grasp the enormity of the restoration task the job is well in hand; and in the cradle-rocking hand that rules the world.

Twentieth Century women were good enough to say that one man's lament over the disintegration of the holy of holies that was enshrined in his heart as a member of a family of fourteen, should have a wider circulation than the happy and elect company that came to the dedicatory occasion.

They suggested a thousand words on the message that was intended to be, if not castigatory, at least admoni-tory, for their own monthly publication. It was too bad, they said, it could not reach, instead of thousands, mil-

That suggested the Cosmopolitan.

A day or two after the meeting with the Twentieth Century women whose magnificent little playhouse will approximate home wholesomeness and refinements by cultivating love of the best in drama, music, art, politics, domestic science, et cetera, I sat down with the Soroptimists at their annual dinner.

These sister optimists are not obsessed by bigness of membership. A woman must be the owner of a business or an execu-

tive to belong. They claim about sixty members.

When it was pointed out to me that the attendance included insurance agents, paymasters, doctors, chemists, dentists, coal merchants, a theater owner and a maker of artificial flowers, I thought of the colloquy that took place between the woman who sed her train at the lonely junction and the baggage agent to whom she had applied for information about a lodging-place.

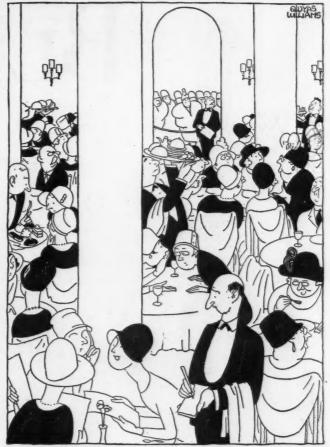
"Dunno any place you can put up, Madam, but with the station-master," said the baggageman.

exclaimed. "So's the station-mas-

ter!" said the agent. Women are in every calling but six. They don't join the army, navy or marine corps; they don't run locomotives or steamships; and they don't serve as executioners in

Here we have another significant angle of the absenteeism that marks the American abode. For the extent of downtown's inroads upon the sheltered life of the family, note the predominance of feminine workers pouring out of shops, stores and offices into city streets in the late afternoon.

These "weaker vessels" are not



(What is that Babel of voices? Those are miladies come to some midday meeting and meal.

the larger part of the hurrying throngs by preference, in the majority of cases, either. There is stern economic necessity back of the charge of these light brigades of business in helmet-like head-dress and skirts of action shortness. In a percentage of cases it is a young housewife hurrying to a flat to prepare the evening meal for the other member of a day-working team, who have found that the hardy pioneers were not the only intrepid spirits to go up against vicissitudes and perils. It takes some stout-heartedness to approach the marriage altar and the apartment landlord the same month.

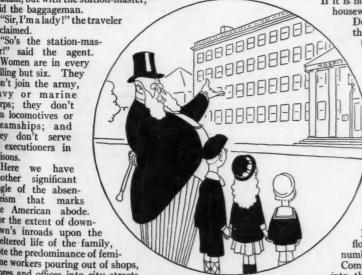
If it is not necessitated before, this exodus of the young housewife is often forced by the advent of the first baby.

Doctor Barton tells how his brilliant son Bruce, the author, made his bow to the world in a Kentucky mountain cabin that cost \$450. first parsonage of that distinguished Congre-

gational household is still standing.
Young parents of the present day pay as much as that or more for a birthplace for their first-born (plus doctor's and nurse's charges), but they never possess it. Visits to it in later years or depictment of it for biographical purposes are going to be awkward; notwithstanding it was paid for, the place of nativity remains in the hospital. It was easy for Hood to write-

> I remember, I remember The place where I was born, The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn.

For he was not bothered by the number of the floor and room, or the name of the street and number, and there were not one thousand windows. Compared with present obstetrical outlay, coming into the world was done at excursion rates in the country editor's home where I got my first world outlook. Doctor Smart got (Continued on page 129)



And the place of nativity

remains the hospital.



URING the busy hours of the day Roden Street, that bottle-necked thoroughfare connecting two of the great arteries of northern London, is overcrowded with pedestrians and traffic of all descriptions. At three o'clock on this gusty March morning it was curiously empty. Benskin, overcome on his homeward way with a sudden craving for tobacco, looked hopefully at the single figure approaching, a hopefulness which deepened into satisfaction as he saw that the man, who was advancing with long, leisurely strides, was smoking. They met almost underneath one of the electric lights.

"I wonder whether I could trouble you for a match?" Benskin asked apologetically

The newcomer thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a bejeweled briquet, which he proceeded to coax into flame. Benskin, a close observer at all times of men and their ways, was a little intrigued by this early morning wanderer. He was a man of dignified presence, pale-faced, with strong yet ascetic features, dressed with a punctilious care which in a younger man might have approached foppishness.

His black evening overcoat, open for the purpose of reaching his pock-et, disclosed as ap-purtenances of his evening clothes a white cravat, tied with almost meticulous care, pead studs, not too large but exquisitely chosen—his pat-ent-leather shoss and silk hat be trayed the assiduous attentions of the perfect valet. Yet there was one strange defect in the man who was now lighting his cigaret glanced with curiosity.

Between the sec-

ond and third studs there was a small stain, which to the latter's experienced

eye was undoubtedly the stain of a spot of blood. Benskin blew out the light from the briquet and returned it with a word of thanks; its owner replaced it, buttoned up his coat, and passed on with a brief "good night." For a single second, at the two men were parting, they exchanged more or less inquisitive glances. In the gray eyes of the stranger there was no expression save that of the idlest curiosity. Benskin himself, however, was conscious of some other feeling—partly professional without a doubt, inspired in some measure by that curious blemish in the man's otherwise impeccable appearance. It seemed impossible that he should have passed the evening, at whatever function he had been attending, with that disfiguring spot of blood upon his shirt. His cool unhurried demeanor betrayed no sign of have ing been led into any kind of adventure.

Yet the conviction that there was history of some sort connected with that ominous stain remained with Benskin long after he had watched this early morning wanderer vanish into the pool of gray twilight at the end of the street.

Brooks, the East End detective and Benskin's coadjutor on many occasions, looked up from his pipe with a smile of satisfaction when the latter walked into his room at Scotland Yan

on the following morning.
"Well, we've got Eddie Huggins at last," he announced, "or rather we shall have within an hour—and got him for keeps this

time too."

"The Holme Street murder!" Benkin exclaimed. "I read about it in the tube, and it struck me at once that that was where

"Same woman," Brooks assented cheerfully. "He's dost three months for beating her once, and six weeks another time, but she always seemed to take him back again. This morning she was found dead, with Eddie's knife in her heart. I'm going round to the police station now to see him brought in."
"I'll come along, if you don't mind," Benskin suggested. "Twe nothing on this morning."

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They took an official car to the Clerkenwell Road police station. Benskin was at that time only mildly interested. It seemed to him to be one of those cases in which a notorious criminal had at last delivered himself into the hands of justice.

"Did he stay on in the house?" he inquired.

"No, but he was seen coming out early this morning. We telephoned down to the public house where he has a room. He got in at four o'clock, very drunk, and was still asleep. I've sent a couple of good men to fetch him. He'll be here in a few minutes."

The charge room at the police station was empty of misdemeanants, but there was an air of expectancy among the few policemen who were loitering about, and the sergeant at

his desk. They were in the act of exchanging amenities with the latter when there was the sound of a commotion outside, and a tall, heavily built man, bareheaded, handcuffed and blas-

pheming volubly, was almost dragged into the place. He glared round at them all as the door was finally closed behind him—a ferocious figure, with red, murderous eyes, masses of unkempt black hair, unshaven, and with every appearance of having slept in the disreputable clothes he was wearing.

"You've planted this on me, you buzzard!" he shouted, as the sergeant motioned for him to be brought forward. "You always meant getting me, you blasted tec!" he added, making a desperate I'm not going to swing for nothing."

"Better hold your tongue," Brooks advised him. "The sergeant will read over the charge to you."

The latter did as he was invited, and signed the sheet. "Take him to number seven," he ordered.

THE man looked despairingly around. For the moment his truculence had departed. The dawn of a terrible fear was in

"Look here," he said, "you've brought me in before and I've made no fuss about it. I knocked her out a few months ago, and I'm not denying that I've done it before, but as to killing her-Gawd, I was never fool enough for that!"
"Keep your mouth shut," the sergeant admonished. "There'll

be time enough for you to talk, if you're fool enough to do it, when you're brought up before the beak or at the inquest. You'd better send for your lawyer anyway. Whom do you want? Pussy Grimes?

"Yes," the man answered sullenly. "You send for Grimes and look sharp about it. You've planted this on me, all of you," he added, struggling to shake his handcuffed fist. "You waitblast you!"

He was led off, once more blaspheming. They could hear the

echoes of his surly shouting all the way to the cells.
"Even Pussy Grimes," the sergeant observed from his desk, "will have to perform a miracle this time. Ed's just had cunning enough to stop before, but it was the odd glass of whisky that did it."



Benskin and Brooks reentered their car, and at the latter's suggestion drove to the scene of the murder-a dreary-looking building in a street a little south of the Marylebone Road. There was a curious crowd standing outside, and a policeman at the

"Is the inspector still upstairs?" Brooks inquired. The man saluted. "Still there, sir, and the doctor."

They mounted a flight of stairs, and pushed open a door on the first landing, also guarded by a policeman. Inside was an ordinary lodging-house sitting-room, furnished tawdrily but more expensively than the outside of the house might have suggested. There were saddle-backed couches and easy chairs, a plush carpet, a thick rug, a choice collection of oleographs upon the wall, a sideboard upon which were half a dozen bottles-and on the hearthrug something which was covered with a shroud.

A doctor, who had been on the point of departure, the inspector and Brooks talked together in a corner. Benskin strolled curiously round the room, here and there touching an ornament, paying attention to everything except the concealed figure. He glanced through some illustrated papers, which had been flung carelessly on to a side-table, and thrust one of them into his Presently Brooks detached himself from the others.

"Nothing more doing here," he remarked. "Do you want to look at the body?"

Benskin shook his head. "I've no taste for horrors," he admitted, "and the doctor's evidence is clear enough, I suppose?" Brooks nodded.

"It's Eddie Huggins' knife, all right," he confided. "It's there now—one clean blow. Left his pipe on the table, too. They drew the cork of a fresh bottle of whisky," he went on, motioning to the sideboard, "and it's three parts empty, so they must have been pretty well gone. The landlady saw him come in and go out, and heard them scrapping all the afternoon. It's the gallows for Edward Huggins this time."

Benskin nodded indifferently. There were very few on the staff at Scotland Yard who were ignorant of the man's record and fewer still likely to bestow a single sympathetic thought upon

There was no doubt whatever but that he was a gallows' bird, brought at last to the roost where he belonged. was one slight circumstance which puzzled Benskin. It lingered in his memory hour after hour, so that later in the day he decided upon a somewhat unusual course. He left the Yard early and paid a call upon that celebrated and infamous thieves' advocate, commonly known as Pussy Grimes. The latter, whose offices were conveniently situated near Bow Street police station, welcomed his unexpected visitor cordially although with some surprise. He tipped some papers from a cane chair, invited him to seat himself, and leaned forward across the table at which he had been writing

"Well, Mr. Benskin, sir," he said, "when one of you gentlemen comes to see me, I'm naturally curious about it. What can I do

"Nothing very much, I am afraid," was the doubtful reply.

"I suppose I ought to apologize for coming at all. It was just an

ea. Things look very bad for your client Huggins."
"So far as I can see at present," Grimes admitted, "he has handed himself over to you gentry this time in fine style. What's your game? Are you in here to pump me? Surely you don't need to this time?"

"Not in the least," Benskin assured him, "and, as a matter of fact, it isn't my case at all. If I have any object in coming, it is rather for Huggins than against him. Not that the fellow doesn't deserve whatever may be coming to him, but there's just one point of view, Mr. Grimes, that we detectives who have a scrap of conscience must remember."
"You mean—"

"I mean," Benskin explained, "that if by any chance, Eddie Huggins, who was quite capable of this crime and who I am quite sure has already committed it in his mind many a time, happened to be innocent on this particular occasion, the actual criminal would go free."

"Just so," the lawyer agreed. "Now you've started that line of talk I'll tell you one thing that seems strange to me. You know who I am. You know my reputation," he added, with a smile which was almost a leer.

Benskin looked at him and nodded—a thin, undersized man, with a sallow face, high cheek-bones, narrow black eyes, too deeply inset, unpleasantly prominent teeth, discolored with smoka tangled mass of untidy hair, a tout ensemble which went ill with his black semiprofessional attire.

"Yes, I know all about you, Grimes," Benskin acknowledged. "Well, these fellows look upon me as their friend as a rule," the lawyer continued earnestly. "They're never afraid to tell me the truth. They'll own up to anyth ng as soon as they're sure the door's closed. I got Eddie Huggins off two years ago on that manslaughter charge. Well, he told me the truth before I started to work. If he hadn't, I shouldn't have had the ghost of a

BENSKIN nodded. "I understand."
"Well, this time, for some reason or other, he's crazily obstinate. He swears by everything on earth and in heaven that he found the woman dead when he got there. He admits that he threatened to do her in the night before, he admits that they had been scrapping most of the afternoon, he admits that he went there meaning to have another row with her, he admits that he drank three tumblersful of whisky before he left the room-says he was knocked silly, seeing her lying there with a knife in her

"He knows that he put down his pipe and eft it on the table. He knows he was seen to leave the house, and that he reeled back to bed, when, if he had been anything less than a fool providing his story is a true one—he would have called in the police, but even to me he won't admit that he touched her.'
"What about the knife?" Benskin asked.

"His knife, right enough—there's no doubt about that. Swears that he left it there the night before, had it out, and was half inclined to use it. Then they had a drink and made it up, and he threw the knife into the sideboard drawer."

"If he didn't do it," Benskin reflected, "has he any idea or sug-

gestion to make as to who did or might have done it? She had other men, I suppose?"
"Yes, she had other men," Grimes assented, "but they're hard to trace—mostly casuals, I should think. Ed has an idea that she got more money from one of them than from any of the others, but he doesn't know anything about him-never had seen him

near the place. "I suppose she furnished Huggins with money?" "Regularly-plenty of it sometimes too. A beastly case! I told him this morning that unless he spat out the truth and gave me something to work on, I didn't know where to look for a defense. It didn't move him a jot. He swears that she was lying like that when he entered the room."

"Do you think," Benskin queried, "that he knows anything about her friends which he hasn't disclosed?"

"Not he!" was the scoffing reply. "Ed Huggins would sell his own mother to save his skin. The woman was pretty tightlipped—must have been."

"You're going to make inquiries shout her Large-come."

"You're going to make inquiries about her, I suppose?"
"After a fashion," the lawyer replied, somewhat doubtfully. "So far as one hears she was just an ordinary woman of the town, with the usual haunts. Something may come out about her, although how it is going to help Huggins I can't imagine. trouble is that he's got no money, and even a philanthropic lawyer can't afford to pay for work for nothing," he added, with an unpleasant grin. "I think you've got him this time, all right."

Benskin rose to his feet, and nodded his farewell. His right hand was busily engaged when Grimes extended his own. "Well, the world will be none the worse place without him," he

well, the world will be none the worse place without him, he remarked, as he turned to go.

The lawyer was right. Certainly this time the law had a firm grip upon Mr. Edward Huggins. The magistrate, at the request of the police, remanded him, with a few curt words. At the coroner's inquest upon the body of Elizabeth Chalders, an unhesitating verdict was brought in of "wilful murder" against Edward Huggins and a sixty was divided to the day of the trip was divided and as designed. Edward Huggins, the day of the trial was duly fixed, and a depressed but blaspheming and protesting Edward Huggins occupied in morbid melancholy what are known as the "state apartments" in Wandsworth Prison.

And NDREWS, butler of thirty years' standing in the household, noiselessly opened the door of the library at Haddington House, Regent's Park, and presented himself before the desk at which his master was writing.

"A person of the name of Benskin wishes to see you, Sir Frederick," he announced. "I told him that you did not receive visitors without an appointment, but he wished me to say that his business was of some importance."

The man at the desk looked up a little wearily from his papers. He was very handsome in a somewhat cold and severe fashiona man apparently of later middle age, although there was power still in his features and in his undimmed eyes

"I see no reason why I should be disturbed by the visit of an unknown person, Andrews," he protested gently. "Tell him to communicate with my secretary—with Mr. Henson—and an appointment can be arranged if advisable."

"Quite so, sir," the man replied. "I only brought the message,

because I understood from the gentleman that he was connected in some way with Scotland Yard, and I thought perhaps it might have something to do with the investigations you are making on behalf of the Home Office."
"Scotland Yard," Sir Frederick repeated thoughtfully. "That

seems strange, Andrews. Perhaps, under the circumstances, I had better see the gentleman for a moment."
"Very good, sir."

"And don't forget," his master added, "to let the chef know that the major will be dining here tonight, and Lady Alice. A little engagement dinner I am giving them. Emil had better bear that in wind in the control of that in mind in arranging the menu.

Andrews, whose thirty years' service had naturally given him a special position in the household, permitted himself a word of congratulation.

"This will be very good news to all the others, as well as myself, sir," he said. "We've missed the major being abroad so long, and if I might be allowed to say so, the one thing we always hoped for, even when they were children, was that some day he and Lady Alice would be married."

"Well, you are going to have your wish," his master assured him with a smile. "They are to be married, as a matter of fact, in less than a fortnight."

Andrews took his leave, to return a moment or two later ushering in Benskin. Sir Frederick waved his visitor to a seat.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Benskin," he said graciously.

"What can I do for you?"

Benskin accepted the chair, but made no immediate reply. He looked first at the door, as though to make sure that it was closed. Afterwards he glanced back again for a moment thoughtfully at the very distinguished gentleman who had accorded him this interview, and who was now leaning a little towards him in an attitude of courteous attention.
"You can tell me, Sir Frederick, if you care to," he replied,

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replied,

"exactly how you spent the evening and night of Tuesday, March seventeenth."

If the question came as a shock, the man to whom it was addressed gave little sign of it.
"In the first place," he said, "I delivered a
lecture on that night to the British Medical Association."

Masociation."

"A lecture which was over at eleven o'clock,"
Benskin observed. "Can you tell me exactly
your movements between eleven and three?"

"Is this an official visit?"

"Not entirely. If it had been I should have
been compelled to adopt a different attitude.
It has taken me weeks to get certain facts
together upon which I feel that I may have to
take steps. There is, however, a chance that
the whole fabric of my theories is wrong, there
is a chance that you may have a perfect alibi."

"May I know precisely what is at the back of your mind?"
"You may. I am seeking the murderer of a woman named Elizabeth Chalders."

SIR FREDERICK'S face seemed for a few moments to be furrowed with thought.
"And what leads you," he inquired, "to imagine that I could be connected in any way with such an affair?"

"The thing which first led me to make in-quiries," Benskin confessed, "was a small spot of blood upon your shirt-front when you stopped to give me a light in Roden Street some fifty or a hundred yards from the corner of Holme Street in which, as you remember, the murder took place. I could scarcely believe that you had delivered a lecture to the British Medical Association or attended any social function with such a disfiguring stain so plainly in evidence. I concluded, therefore, that the accident which was responsible for it had taken place later in the evening, and I

"Continue, if you please," Sir Frederick begged. "I may or may not be disposed to answer any further questions, but you have at

least succeeded in rousing my curiosity."
"I will admit," Benskin continued, "that up to the present I have been unable to connect you directly with the crime. The man who is under arrest was seen to enter and leave the Up to now there has been no question of any other visitor. That, however, may be accounted for by the fact that the landlady of the apartment was herself out until just before Huggins' visit. In that case, as you may see, Huggins' story, however improbable it sounds, might well be true—that someone had

been in before him and committed the murder for which he is charged."

"Just so," Sir Frederick assented, "but not-withstanding that unfortunate accident to my withstanding that untortunate accident to my shirt-front on the night in question, a certain amount of common sense must be used in dealing with an affair of this sort. What possible motive can you imagine as being sufficient to induce me, a man—you will forgive me—of some social standing, a scientist, I might even add a notable figure in the intellectual life of today to myuder such a woman?"

today, to murder such a woman?"
"With great trouble," Benskin confided, "I have been able to trace the woman's ante-cedents. The first clue I came across of any cedents. The first clue I came across or any account was a very much worn illustrated paper upon her table containing a picture of your son. I afterwards discovered, amongst her effects, an ancient photograph of him."

Sir Frederick received the blow without flinching. Nevertheless he looked across the room now as a man might look at his approach-

ing doom.
"I found the murdered woman's sister after much trouble," Benskin continued. "She is living in a small village near Cambridge, and I had to promise that her name should never be mentioned before she would tell me the little she did. It was while your son was up at Cambridge that the tragedy began. He felt it to be his duty to marry this woman, and he They never appear to have lived together, but she has had money from him for the last ten years."
"Whether this is true or not, Mr. Benskin,"

Sir Frederick argued, "does it enhance very much the probability of your story considering the manner of the woman's life? A divorce would always have been possible to anyone who had become entangled with her."

"The woman," Benskin pointed out, "was a Roman Catholic and work the story of t

a Roman Catholic, and yours, as we all know, Sir Frederick, is one of the oldest Roman Sir Frederick, is one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in the country. Therefore, you see, divorce was out of the question. Your son's life was practically ruined. He went to the colonies, where I understand his career has been most distinguished, and, except for four years during the war, he has never returned to this country. A little more than six weeks ago—curiously enough, the day after the Holme Street murder—he received a cable from you telling him to return. He came, I believe. This morning's papers announce his engagement to the young lady to whom he has been attached for so long."

Sir Frederick walked the length of the room "Your visit is a little inopportune, Mr. Benskin," he said. "Tonight my son and the woman whom he is now free to marry are dinger on the wedding.

ing with me. I am hurrying on the wedding. As soon as that was accomplished, I was going to consider the matter as between this man Huggins and myself. He is what you call a bad lot, is he not?"

'One of the worst," Benskin admitted.

"One of the worst," Benskin admitted.
"He has been in prison several times?"
"At least a dozen. Furthermore, he is strongly suspected of having committed a murder six years ago, and he was tried for manslaughter and only escaped on a technicality the year before last."

Sir Frederick reached a volume down from a shelf, opened it at a certain page, and, crossing the floor, presented it to Benskin.

"I am not a person given to self-glorifica-tion," he said, "but perhaps you might care to glance through my record. I have rendered what many people have been pleased to consider great services to my country, and to the cause of science. There are highly placed personages who must share this opinion, for only last week it was intimated to me that my name would be found in the next list of peerages.

Benskin read the long paragraph with respect, closed the book and handed it back.
"I admit without hesitation," he acknowledged, "that the world would be better without such a man as Huggins. I admit also, Sir Frederick, if you will allow me to say so, that the world owes you a great debt—the world of science and the social world. But there remains the puzzle—what has this to do with justice?"

Sir Frederick shrugged his shoulders. "Ethical justice, and justice meted out by you hounds of the law," he said gently, "must in some cases be a very different thing. For my own satisfaction we will reconstruct the whole situation. I have a son—an only son— to whom I am devoted. His whole life is being ruined by a woman without sense of honor or

decency. 'I visited her that night with the idea of seeing if there was a single spark of better nature in her to which I could appeal. I had an idea that she might consent to go to New Zealand or to Australia, and for a certain sum of money permit her death to be advertised. She refused. Her life seems to have been bound up with this vile fellow Huggins. I saw her for what she was—an ugly blot upon the earth, a disease spot such as the surgeon's scalpel removes day by day. I made up my mind quite suddenly to kill her. I took a knife from the open drawer in the sideboard and I did it. If that fool Huggins had not blundered in a few minutes after I had left, in all probability no minutes after I had lett, in all probability no one would ever have been arrested. As it is, what is this man Huggins? A worthless, depraved parasite, who has probably already deserved hanging a dozen times. What was she? A corrupt woman, poisoning the very atmosphere she breathed. Why should it be accounted murder when such a one as she is

removed? Why should my life count on the same plane as his?"

Benskin shook his head a little sadly "Sir Frederick," he pointed out, "these are ethical questions for the meditation of the philosopher. I am a servant of the great machinery of the law, and it is our duty to see that, so far as our efforts can prevent it, no man innocent of any particular crime should hang for it."

hang for it."

Sir Frederick lighted a cigaret and smoked for a moment thoughtfully. From behind the thick curtains came the muffled sounds of traffic in distant thoroughfares, the occasional hooting of a motor horn. Otherwise the silence of the room was so profound that it became possessed of a certain significance. Then suddenly it was broken in peculiar fashion. There was a whirring sound from the corner of the apartment, familiar, yet so utterly unexpected that both men were startled. From the loud speaker came with stereotyped intonation the beginning of the nightly broadcasting announcement:

nouncement:
"London speaking to the British Isles . . . Weather forecast."

Both men listened to the gruesome threats of wind and rain in a sort of stupefied silence. Then Sir Frederick rose mechanically. "Someone has left the thing turned on," he remarked. "Excuse me."

He moved across the room. Before he could

rie moved across the room. Before he could reach the instrument, there was again a little whirring, followed by the same familiar voice: "The news: Edward Huggins, lying in Wandsworth prison charged with the murder of Elizabeth Chalders, died this afternoon in the hospital of alcoholic poisoning."

Sir Frederick stopped short and gripped at the edge of a bookcase as though to support himself. Benskin rose to his feet in dazed fashion. Both men were staring at the instrument as though some strange human being had broken dramatically into the situation. Again there was the pause. Sir Frederick stooped down, touched a switch and there was silence. Then he turned and faced Benskin.

"That," Sir Frederick observed, his voice not altogether steady, "seems to introduce a quaint new element of interest into the psychological pathols, when the situation."

ogical outlook upon the situation.

ENSKIN opened his mouth and closed it again. There was a sudden interruption—gay voices and laughter in the hall. The door was thrown unceremoniously open. A tall, bronzed young man, with his arm round a girl's waist, entered. At the sight of Benskin he paused. "Sorry, Dad, if we're interrupting you," he apologized. "I had no idea there was anyone here. The fact is—"

"We've come an hour too soon," the girl in-

tervened. "Our house is much too small for an engaged couple, and Freddie promised to show me some of his trophies."

Sir Frederick smiled sympathetically. "You must let me introduce my friend Mr. Benskin. My son, Major Pinsent—Lady Alice Cranston." The young man, sunburnt but otherwise a juvenile edition of his father, stepped forward and shook hands. The girl was pretty in a

and shook hands. The girl was pretty in a quiet way. She, too, nodded pleasantly.
"Hope we're not interrupting anything very tremendous," the young man ventured.
Sir Frederick waved them away. "Don't forget that dinner is at eight," he enjoined.
They took their leave. The two men faced each other once more in the stillness of the empty room. It was not until the sound of the receding footsteps had died away that Benskin answered the question in the other's eyes.

answered the question in the other's eyes.
"Sir Frederick," he said, "you have presented me with an ethical dilemma which I sented me with an ethical different which is shall not attempt to solve. I will only tell you this," he added, smiling faintly across at the older man, "I have known Eddie Huggins for some years, but I should never have believed

him capable of such an act of good taste."
"Plain words," Sir Frederick begged.
Benskin threw his notebook into the fire. "I have never wasted a fortnight's work so cheerfully," he declared.

Tad Lincoln's Spy by Honore' Willsie Morrow (Continued from page 37)

in his wide palm. "This for me from a little secessionist? . . I wish I could woo them all as easily as I have you, little Rose."

He drew her to him and kissed her cheek. What are you two little rareripes going to do

"What are you two little rareripes going to do
this morning?"

"Take a dwive with you," replied Tad
promptly. "That is, if you do go on one."

"I may go out to inspect hospitals," said
his father. "You may go if you're around.
But I can't promise to hunt you up."

"We'll play sentwy out in the hall and watch
fo' you," said Tad.

"It's father climed the pin hall into his yest

His father slipped the pin-ball into his vest pocket, nodded absent-mindedly and turned

to his desk. The sentry play in the hall-was changed to a game invented by Rose: hunt the Indian. It was a glorious game requiring the noiseless pursuit of one another on hands and knees or flat on one's little belly, regardless of bagging Zouave pants or a crinoline that arched like the top of an army ambulance. The hound dogs didn't like it because they gave the hiding-places away with snorts and barks of delight and had to be locked up. Down the halls, under chairs and tables, through the reception-rooms and the President's office, into the private secretary's sanctum—Nicolay shooed them out of that—and into the President's room where Rose hid under a sofa until Tad pulled her out by the ankle. A wonderful game! so absorbing that most of the time Rose forgot her mother's orders. But not all the time.

They did not get their ride. Tad's mother put a stop to that. The carriage had to be used to send aunty and Miss L. B. B. somewhere. And anyhow, she had said, looking at Rose with a smile, this little girl's mother might be worried about her; perhaps she had better not come again until the mothers had met.

This "perhaps" was uttered in the sitting-room, adjacent to the President's office. Tad, who had stood up well under the loss of the ride, uttered a howl at the "perhaps" that set the hound dogs to barking. Also aunty at the same moment entered the room in such obvious state of indignant hurt that Tad's mother hurriedly said to let it go for a few days, and the children went on with the game.

A FEW days later Tad, wandering into his father's bedroom across from his own to say good night, found both his parents stand-ing with worried expressions beside the window. "But I thought General Banks," his mother was saying, "was quite well able to keep Stone-wall Jackson from bothering anyone seriously."

"So he was, if Stonewall Jackson hadn't found out somehow that part of Banks' men were going with McDowell to work on Rich-mond," replied his father. "With that knowlmond, replied in father. With that know-edge, Jackson's rushing up the Shenandoah Valley to attack Banks. I reckon Banks can handle him though, especially as I've called Frémont over from West Virginia to help him. I nobody seriously interferes with McDowell's finite McClaller. joining McClellap, we'll take Richmond this spring and the rebellion's spine is broken." "What'll you do with old Jeff Davis?" asked

Tad, swarming up his father's back

"Oh, I'll turn him over to you and Wose," re-plied his father, kissing the boy repeatedly. "A little Yank and a little Web ought to work out

something pretty fair for that gentleman."
"Is Stonewall Jackson your worst worry at
the moment?" asked Tad's mother, eying her husband's face with the tender anxiety she nearly always wore nowadays when she looked

"Well, yes. His 'swifts' and McClellan's 'slows' are serious worries for the Union, I can tell you, Mary." He swung Tad around to his

shoulders and started for the boy's bedroom.

Tad's mother followed. "Tad must take his Just how serious, Abr'am?"

He peered at her over Tad's knees. "The decision of whether we'll have a short or a long war will be made in the next few days-

we'll lose a few hundred or many thousands of poor fellows.

Tad went to sleep thinking of this last state-ment. After Bull Run and after Antietam and Fredericksburg, last year, there had been a bloody path up Seventh Street from the wharf and up Fifteenth Street from Long Bridge made by ambulances carrying the wounded to Washington hospitals. It was fascinating and horrible to watch the blood drip, drip. The mules' fetlocks were gummy black with it .

Tad began to cry into his pillow.

He told Rose the next day that his father was going to catch Stonewall Jackson and make him stop the war. Rose sniffed and said that the Yanks couldn't catch Stonewall Jackson any easier than Tad could catch her. As the spoke she slid under Tad's hed and dis-As she spoke she slid under Tad's bed and disappeared. Tad whooped with delight and excitement. The game was on.

Creeping along the dark private passage which led from the sitting-room to the President's office, he caught sight of a bit of black dimity protruding from behind the great war map that had been hung across an unused Rose's crinoline was always her doorway. weak point in this game. He lay very still, wondering how to reach her unnoticed. Mr. Stanton again was talking to his father and would be sure to call attention to a small boy's maneuvering. The mentioning of Stonewall Jackson's name by his father brought him out

of his own affairs for a moment.
"A force of Rebels of about fifteen thousand in front of Fredericksburg broke up Saturday night and went we know not where. If they are able to reinforce Stonewall Jackson, who is said to have twenty thousand, then Banks is in

real peril. Is that the worst you have for me, this morning, Mr. Starton?"
"No! No!" Stanton's voice shook. "Jackson fell on Banks' depleted forces yesterday at Front Poyal and licked hell out of them. At present, it's a race to see whether or not Banks can retreat into Winchester faster than Jackson can drive him there. And McClellan sits before Richmond doing nothing but yell for more men! If the Rebels take Washington, McClellan's to blame. We've actually placed this city in jeopardy to allay his cowardice. Why doesn't jeopardy to allay his cowardice. Why doesn't he fight with what he has—double the Rebels'

Tad watched his father anxiously. The tired face suddenly was flushed. "This never could have happened had Frémont obeyed my explicit orders!" he cried. "We shall have to call McDowell off the Richmond expedition to go to Banks' aid—" He paced the floor, ran his fingers through his black hair till it stood on end, then took his place before the war map. "You must recall McDowell. Have war map. You must recan recover. There were them send twenty thousand men to Banks. You must have him send a force here," a long finger on the map, "and here and here, sufficient to draw Stonewall Jackson back. So disposed they can capture him and his entire force. It can be done if"—very emphatically— -"no one not even your and my secretaries, knows that the movement is planned. Thus we can turn what threatens to be a catastrophe into a decisive blow at the Rebels."

"You're right—quite right!" ejaculated Stanton. "I'll do the telegraphing myself. You write your orders and I'll send them with

"I'll bring them to your office myself, within an hour," said Tad's father.

Stanton hurried out. A group of men in long black coats came in. Tad crawled unnoted around the wall and pinched Rose's leg behind the war map.

A little later Tad's mother took them for a

long drive out to the Soldiers' Home where they were to have a cottage for the summer. She questioned Rose about herself until the little questioned Rose about nersen until the liftie girl in her struggle to conceal her identity be-gan to cry. Then Tad's mother petted her and sang funny songs until they both were hugging her in fits of laughter. She told them that children during the war had special need for

When they returned from this trip, Tad's mother sent them to bring his father for tea in the sitting-room. He was, remarkable to re-late, alone in his office. He pulled both children to his knees and inquired in a ferocious voice which one required to be eaten first. without waiting for a decision he began to gnaw at Rose's dimity elbow while she shrieked with joy. In the midst of this, John Hay, one

of the private secretaries, came rushing in.

"General Banks' army's in complete rout!

They're trying to cross the Potomac before the Rebels do. It looks as if Washington really is in serious danger!" His eyes were blazing. Tad's father leaned his head for a moment

against Rose's little shoulder and the children heard him whisper, "Almighty God, give me wisdom, wisdom

Rose touched his cheek gently with her delicate fingers, then with a queer sound like a puppy's whine, slid from his knee and went home,

Even had Tad not heard these various bits of talk, he would have been been talk, he would have known by the anxious looks about the White House, the next morning, that all his father's and Stanton's plans had failed. It was a beautiful day of sunshine but the house felt as if there were a dreadful thunderstorm raging. After breakfast Tad couldn't stand it another minute. He went out to the pop-stand on Fifteenth Street to cheer himself.

Dust lay deep on everything. The ruts in the street were simply magnificent but they were almost obscured by its yellow drifts. And down the middle, as he could see through the down the middle, as he could see through the jolting lines of gun-carriages, army supply wagons, and—yes, of course, ambulances—ran a broad red path of blood. He was staring at this, his mouth full of taffy, which somehow he couldn't swallow, when Rose joined him. He pointed the red line out to her and spit out the candy to say:

"If Papa day sees that he'll cwy. I hope he won't go out of the house today. Lots of days he don't. I wish old Stonewall Jackson could get took and end the wa'."

"If the Yanks took Stonewall Jackson or Robert E. Lee or Mr. Jefferson Davis, they'd hang 'em, my mother says." Rose spoke in a hesitating manner, as if she were beginning to doubt some of her mother's facts about the

"Papa day says if they took Jeff Davis, he'd let you and me have the say about him." "Then we'd let him go," emphatically from

Tad gave this long thought, then said: "We would if he'd agwee to stop fighting. Let's not play in the house, today. Let's stay in the ga'den.'

Rose nodded, then shook her head reluc-tantly. "I reckon we'd better stay in the house where it's cool."

They wrangled over this for some time and were shricking hard names at each other when Tad's father came upon them. He gave them an amused glance, got a newspaper from the pop-stand man, then eyed the jumble of mule teams and marching soldiers in the street. Tad suddenly stopped quarreling with Rose and seizing his father's hand tried to jerk him away. Rose with a quick look of intelligence asked him to observe her new shoes. He turned as she bade him but looked with sick eyes on the small feet. Rose clasped his clenched hand to her little breast and began to sob. Tad stamped his foot. "I neva' did see such

Tad stamped his foot. "I neva' did see such a place as Washington," he scolded. "Somebody's always boo-hooing. Cwy baby!"
"Who's crying?" demanded Rose. "Anyway, I can beat you running," and she was off like an army courier.

like an army courier.

Tad caught her upstairs in the public hall.
They both were drawing pictures at the
Cabinet table when Tad's father came in. He did not look at the children but dropped into h, 1928

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trip, Tad's or for tea in able to reoth children cious voice rst. Then be began to be shrieked in Hay, one hing in.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

his seat before the pigeonholed desk and stared at his hands knotted on the blotter before him. "What's the matter, Tad?" whispered Rose.

"Old Stonewall Jackson's got away and now about a million men will have to die. Some-body told Stonewall what Papa day planned and he got away."

Rose, blue eyes on the still, agonized face be-"Does he fore the desk, wrung her hands. "De feel that bad about it?" she murmured.

"He feels worse than that," whispered Tad.
The little girl sat for what seemed to Tad an endless length of time, watching his father. last, without a word or a sound, she ran from the room. Tad, after a moment of resentful surprise, followed her and the two hound dogs followed Tad. He followed her all the way to the Old Capitol Prison, wondering why she was always hanging round that place. Just as he entered the little park, he saw her speak to the guard and disappear through the door. "If she can, I can!" panted Tad as he rushed

up the steps. But the But the guard, laughing, barred

"I can if that gal can!" shouted Tad. "That 'gal' went to see her mother and I reckon your mother'll never be shut up here in spite of all of some folks' whispering,' declared the guard stoutly.

Tad's anger changed to surprise. "Is Wose's

motha' in hea'?"

"She is! She's Mrs. Greenhow, the woman that sent the message to the Rebels last year that gave 'em warning of the Battle of Bull Run, so's we lost. They say she got old Stonewall Jackson on the job there."

AD blinked and backed slowly down the steps to seat himself on the bench. would his mother say if she discovered he was playing with a spy's daughter? Still, she didn't seem to hate aunty or Miss L. B. B. Perhaps she wouldn't care what Rose's mother was long as Rose was so nice. His father wouldn't care. That was sure. He charged up the steps like a naval tug but the guard caught his arm.

"None of that, my boy!" he said crossly.
"I want to play with Wose!" shouted Tad. "Well, you can't play with Wose. about as safe for the President's son to play with as a can of powder." The guard's voice

But Tad was inured to grim voices. "She plays with me evewy single day at my house plays with me evewy single day at my house and with my fatha' and motha' too. They like he' and so do L'' He shrilled this indignantly. "We didn't know who he' old motha' was. But anyhow, my motha' and fatha' don't mind spies. We have lots of 'em awound."

"Whereabouts at your house does she play?"

asked the guard in a strange voice up in Papa day's office. So!" "Wight

"Wight up in Papa day's omce. So!"
triumphantly.
"Humph! Good gosh! Guess I've been
making a slip!" ejaculated the soldier. "You
run along home, Tad. You can't come in here

if you wait a week."

Tad swung his foot and studied the guard's face. Then he called to the hound dogs and snailed home for a drive with day Nanny.

Rose, rushing into her mother's room, after her inspection by the matron, saw Tad's little retreating figure from the window.

Mrs. Greenhow, who was tatting this time, looked up with a smile. "Well, little daughter!" Rose ran to her mother's knee, her throat working. "Mother, I can't do it any more. It makes him feel too bad."
"Him? Whom?" asked her mother soberly.

"Tad's father. His face-face, his face!" - Oh, Mother, his

Greenhow laid aside her tatting and took both the child's fluttering hands in hers. "Tell me quietly, dear."

Rose tried to tell her; tried to put into words the look in the eyes of Tad's father and to a degree succeeded, for Mrs. Greenhow patted the little hands tenderly and her face was not triumphant but infinitely sad as she said:
"Yes! Yes! He must suffer! But he ought

to suffer for bringing this war on the South. Rose screamed her reply to this into her mother's face. "He didn't! He couldn't! He wouldn't kill a worm. I won't tell any more. I love him and I love Tad's mother and I love I'm going up there and play and not

listen to nothing, never."
"Hush! Hush! You'll feel better when you've had your dinner, dear!"

"I won't, Mother! I'll never fe Anyhow, if they catch old Jeff Davis I'll never feel better.

"Rose! Mr. Jefferson Davis!"
"Yes, him. If they catch him, Tad's father'll give him to Tad and to me, and we'll let him so there! I don't need to tell any more, do go, so there!

I. Mother?"

'Oh, Rose! Rose! I'm afraid you'll have to! This is our task, our God-sent duty. I loathe it, but I must make you obey me in this."
Rose stamped her foot. "I won't! I can't!"

e cried and ran from the room.

But the guard refused to let her run after Tad. In fact, he refused to allow her to go out of the prison at all.

Tad was unable to get into his father's office that evening for his good-night romp because Colonel Baker, the police detective, was locked in there with his father and mother. Tad wandered into his own room and hung out the window gazing at the stars and guessing which might be the one on which Willie now lived with God. By and by he put himself to bed.

At the end of the gloomy breakfast the next morning, his mother said very gently, "Taddie, your little friend Rose will not be here to play

any more."
"I didn't know he' motha' was a spy till
the gua'd told me yestaday," explained Tad
"Approximate Wose is nice." "Anyhow, Wose is nice." ously.

"Wose is not safe, however nice she may be."

His mother's voice was firm.

His father groaned. "Must you tell him,

Her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears but she said, "I must, Abr'am, so that he'll under-stand once and for all that he must not bring strange children into this house. I feel horribly strange children into this house. There in the culpable myself, but I've had my lesson and although no one can blame blessed little Taddie, he must learn too. But you have enough trouble. Don't you listen. If you're

enough trouble. Don't you listen. If you're through eating, just go along."
"You're the best wife a man ever had," said

Tad's father. He kissed them both and left. Very carefully and clearly his mother explained to the little boy what it was believed Greenhow had got from Rose's visits

to the White House.

Tad grew as pale as his little white linen roundabout. "What will they do to Wose?"

he gasped.

"She is not to be punished, for she was help-less in her mother's hands. Her mother—well, you run up to your lessons, Taddie."
"But what will they do to he' motha'?" he

"That remains to be seen." Then with sudden anger, "They should shoot her! Come, Tad, come!"

He obeyed, clinging to his mother's hand as to one of the few trustable facts in a reeling

But he did not at once settle to his studies. When they reached the sitting-room Rose was standing by the center table. Her black skirts were torn, her hair was wild, she was trembling visibly. Still it was Rose.

"How did you get here?" demanded Tad's

"How the your something with the window and dropped into a little horse-chestical was "renlied Rose. "I had to come! I nut tree," replied Rose. "I had to come! I had to come to tell Tad's father that I didn't

"You must have known," insisted Tad's mother sternly. She was keeping Tad close beside her as she stood before the door.

"I mean I didn't know what he was like or how it would make him feel. I went home yesterday morning and told her I wouldn't do it any more. And now——" Rose clutched it any more. And now—" Rose clutched her bright hair, the most pitiful sight in the world, a child beyond tears

It must have seemed so to Tad's mother, for

she dropped Tad's hand and swept across the room in her many-ruffled muslin and sinking to the ottoman swept Rose into her arms.

"Tad, you go fetch your father."
Tad burst into the President's office and seized his father's hand.

"Wose is hea". Mother says come quick!"
"What! That child?" ejaculated his father.
"Il be back shortly, Nicolay. Get the message
off to McClellan."

A moment later, Rose, still quivering so terribly in Tad's mother's lap, was making her little-apology to him. Tad's father, walking slowly up and down the room, shook his head, his cheeks twitching. Tad tried to keep step with him and the hound dogs followed, up and down, up and down the rich old Brussels car-pet with its design of upset baskets of roses.

When Rose had finished, Tad cried, day, don't let them shoot Wose's motha'. They didn't shoot aunty or Miss L. B. B.

His father looked down at him. "Jings, Tad! Even you should see there's a difference be-tween a drib of quinine and the lives of thou-sands of men—Union and Rebel both, poor fellows.

"Quick, Abr'am, help me!" exclaimed Tad's

Rose had fainted in her arms.

Tad's father carried the little girl to a sofa, the yellow hair tangling on his snuff-colored sleeve. Then he fanned her with a crocheted tidy he jerked from the back of a chair while Tad's mother rushed to her room and came back with a green bottle of smelling-salts, and Tad fetched water in his pink tooth-brush mug.

As they ministered to Rose, Tad's mother said: "You could reprieve Mrs. Greenhow, somehow, couldn't you, Abr'am, and still be safe from her? Won't you see her?"

"I never want to lay eyes on the woman," re-ed Tad's father. "Baker and Stanton are plied Tad's father. frothing at the mouth over this, and I don't blame them.

"Nor do I," agreed Tad's mother sadly, "but perhaps she wasn't the only spy on that job, and our spies are working down among the Rebels-and we were all so careless in this case, so criminally careless . . . Tad, you ring for James to bring some hot oatmeal porridge and a glass of milk. There! There, dear, you're feeling better!" as Rose opened her eyes.

Nothing was said while Rose swallowed the food Tad's mother fed to her. Tad paced the

floor with his father, not daring to speak as he

watched the close-pressed lips.

When Rose was standing again on less un-certain slender legs in their wrinkled pantalettes, Tad's father paused and lifted her chin so that her eyes looked straight into his. "Rose," he said, "I'm going to give you a

message for your mother. Tell her she's to give me her promise in proper form to spy no more. She's then to be sent down to Richmond with you and she's to promise not to leave there till this war shall end. Tell her I'm doing it simply because, God knows, there are already too many orphans that she and Jeff Davis and I have helped to make and that I can't bring myself to add this new one to an interest Poster. Repeat this to me till you know it, Rose.

HEN she was letter-perfect, he stooped and kissed her, then turned to his wife.
"Mary, you'd better have James take this little
the description of the state of t rareripe back to the old Capitol in the carriage

Rose stared at Tad's father, then at his mother, then at Tad. She did not speak. She was still trembling visibly when James led

her from the room.

Tad's father suddenly heaved a great sigh

and grinned down at him.

"Let's go out and treat ourselves to ginger pop, eh, Taddie darling?"

rad with the feeling that a terrible lump had suddenly left his throat and that all the redbirds in the world were singing in the garden, gave an ecstatic skip and took his father's hand. At the door he looked back to say, "We'll bwing you some, Motha'."
"You needn't bother," returned his mother with a little smile, "I've had my treat."

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his mother treat."



THE WONDERFUL PRESENT it is all that really belongs to us!

If you long for a beautiful skin-begin now to give it the day-by-day care that will build up its resistance -keep it smooth and clear and brilliant with health and vitality!

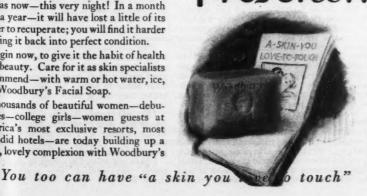
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Pipe Smoker Finds Pep-Producer and Solace All in One

When a man has a good pipe and the right tobacco, he has a true and helpful friend. Never was there a more convincing illustration of this fact than the following letter from Mr. Arbogast. Here is a gentleman whose work makes a constant drain upon his nervous energy, and all day long his faithful pipe and favorite tobacco help him produce pep.

Then, at the day's end, the soothing fragrance of his favorite pipe-smoke wipes all cares away. Here's what he says:

Cincinnati, Ohio June 1, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
June 1, 1927
Richmond, Va.,
Gentlemen:
My good old pipe has just reminded
me of a dozen promises to write a bit
of appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth.

me of a dozen promises to write a agrof appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth.

Fate, kind or otherwise, has drawn me into a line of work that calls for the very utmost expenditure of nervous energy, tact, and perseverance. I can think of many more pleasant things than conducting fund-raising campaigns for hospitals, churches, etc. When you are up against a barrage of questions by excitable women, doubtful men, and self-confident millionaires, trying to harmonize the whole in an effort to raise thousands of dollars where none grew before—well, you need a Pep-Producer—that's all.

And when the day's work is done, along to ward midnight, what a blessed solace comes with the first draw of Edgeworth. Then my pipe and I hold a real conference, and the obstacles fade away with the smoke. Then we wonder why they should have bothered us at all.

I feel qualified to speak because a can a day is my measure of appreciation. The old pipe O.K.'s this letter and insists that without Edgeworth we could not have raised the thousands of dollars we did.

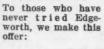
Good old Hod! Good old Edgeworth!

Sincerely yours,

William H. Arbogast.

Sincerely yours, William H. Arbogast.

As a pipe "affinity" (which Mr. Arbogast so aptly calls it) Edgeworth has brought many a man and pipe together for a grand and glorious lifetime friendship.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test.

If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors bolding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

on your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.

the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters.

Frequency 1180 kilocycles

Obstinacy (Continued from page 45)

explained, intellectuals are not very intel-

The Arts exist, as we should put it in our primeval fashion, to show forth the glory of God; or, to translate the same thing in terms of our psychology, to awaken and keep alive the sense of wonder in man. The success of any work of art is achieved when we say of any subject, a tree or a cloud or a human character, "I have seen that a thousand times and I never saw it before."

Let us take a practical case for the sake of simplicity. Many moderns will be heard scoffing at what they would call "chocolate-box art," meaning an insipid and sickly art. And it is easy to call up the sort of picture that might well make anybody ill.

I will suppose, for the sake of argument, that we are looking sadly at the outside of a chocolate box (now, I need hardly say, empty) and that we see painted on it in rather pallid colors a young woman with golden ringlets, gazing from a balcony and holding a rose in the spotlight caused by a convenient ray of moonlig

Now what do we mean when we say that this is a silly picture or a stale subject or something very difficult to bear even when we are fortified by chocolates to endure it? We mean it is possible to have too much of a good thing: to have too many chocolate boxes as to have too many chocolates. We mean that it is not a picture, but a picture of a picture. Ultimately it is a picture of innumerable pictures; not a real picture of a rose or a girl or a beam of moonlight. In other words, artists have copied artists right away back to the first sentimental pictures of the Romantic Movement.

But roses have not copied roses. beams have not imitated each other. though a woman may copy women in externals, it is only in externals and not in existence; her womanhood was not copied from any other woman. Considered as realities, the rose and the moon and the woman are simply them-

In short, what the critics would call romanticism is in fact the only form of realism. It is also the only form of rationalism. a man uses his reason upon realities, the more he will see that the realities remain much the same, though the representations are very different.

And it is exactly in so far as a man can clear his head, so as to see actual things as they are, that he will see these things as permanently important as they are. Exactly in so far as his head is confused with current fashions and esthetic modes of the moment, he will see nothing about it except that it is like a picture on a chocolate box, and not like a picture at

the Post-Futurist Gallery.

Exactly in so far as he is thinking about real people, he will see that they are really romantic. Exactly in so far as he is thinking only about pictures and poems and decorative styles, he will think that romance is a false or old-fashioned style. He can only see people as imitating pictures, whereas the real people are not imitating anything. They are only being themselves—as they will always be. Now the main truth about all this skeptical

revolt and all the rest of it is that it was born in a world of fictions. It came from the in-telligentsia who were perpetually discussing novels and plays and pictures instead of people. They insisted on putting "real life" on the stage and never saw it in the street. They prosed to be putting realism into their novels when there was less and less of it in their conversation, as compared with the conversation

When these people began to play about with morals and metaphysics, they simply produced a series of mad worlds where they might have been harmlessly producing a series of mad pictures. Pictures are always meant to catch certain aspect, at a certain angle, in a certain light; sometimes in light that is almost as brief as lightning. But when the artists became

anarchists and began to exhibit the community and the cosmos by these flashes of lightning, the result was not realism but simply night-

Briefly, there might have been some value in the old cry of art for the artists; if it had meant that the artists would confine themselves to the medium of art. As a fact, they were always meddling with the medium of morals and religion, and they imported into them the un-rest, the changing moods and the merely ex-perimental tricks of their own trade.

But a man with a solid sense of reality can see that this is utterly unreal. Whatever the laws of life and love and human relations may be, it is monstrously improbable that they ought to be changed with every fashion in poetry any more than with every fashion in pant

I will venture to say, therefore, and I trust without undue vanity, that I have remained rooted in certain relations and traditions, not because I am a sentimentalist or even a roman-ticist: but because I am a realist.

I have not changed my views on these things because there has never been any reason to change them, for anybody impelled by reason and not by running with a crowd. He will, for instance, perceive that there are always the same arguments for a Purpose and therefore a ersonality in things, if he is a thinking person. Only it is now made easy for him to admit vaguely that there may be a Purpose, while denying that there is a Personality, so long as

he happens to be a very unthinking person.

It is quite as certain as it ever was that life is a gift of God immensely valuable and immensely valued, and anybody can prove it by putting a pistol to the head of a pessimist Only a certain sort of modern does not like any problem presented to his head and would dis-like a plain question almost as much as a pistol.

It is obvious common sense, and obviously consonant to real life, that romantic love is normal to youth and has its natural development in marriage and parenthood as the corresponding conditions of age. None of the nonsense talked about this, that or the other individual irritation or license has ever made any difference to that solid social truth, for anyone who cares whether things are true, apart from whether they are trite. It is the man who cannot see that a thing is true al-though it is trite, who is very truly a victim of mere words and verbal associations. He is the fool who has grown so furious with paper roses that he will not believe that the real rose has a root; nor that it has a thorn.

The truth is that the modern world has had a mental breakdown; much more than a moral breakdown. Things are being settled by mere associations because there is a reluctance to settle them by arguments. Nearly all the talk about what is advanced and what is antiquated has become a sort of giggling excitement about fashions.

The most modern of the moderns stare at a picture of a man making love to a lady in a crinoline, with exactly the same sort of vacant grin with which yokels stare at a stranger in an outlandish sort of hat. They regard their fathers of another age exactly as the most in-sular would regard the foreigners from another country.

They seem mentally incapable of getting any further than the statement that our girls are shingled and short-skirted, while their silly old great-grandmothers were ringlets and hoops. That seems to satisfy all their appetite for satire; they are a simple race, a little like

They are exactly like the sort of cockney tripper who would roar with laughter because French soldiers wore red trousers and blue coats, while English soldiers were dressed properly in blue trousers and red coats.

I have not altered my lines of thought for people who think in this fashion. Why should I?

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The Lovely Young MARCHIONESS of QUEENSBERRY looks at Beauty with the Artist's Eye



Cathleen Mann, now Lady Queens Eathern Mann, now Lady Queens-berry, is the daughter of one of England's most distinguished por-trait painters, and is herself an artist of unusual talent. Like her father, her special gift is for bortraiture

SMALL, dark, vivid — and very modern is this petite English gentlewoman, the Marchioness of Queensberry.

Still in her early twenties, she deftly combines - as only the "moderns" seem to know how-the rôles of wife, mother, hostess, sportswoman, artist.

The daughter of one of England's most distinguished portrait painters widely known for his portraits of the Royal Family, Lady Queensberry is herself a painter of unusual talent. Like her father her special gift is for portraiture.

She entertains frequently and charmingly in London; she rides, plays golf, hunts with the famous Bicester Hounds.-And always she paints. For to Lady Queensberry her work is her life.

"I like society," she says, "-and oh, I've been delighted with your American society! But it can only be a recreation with me-never a pursuit!" Always the keen eye of the artist is seeking the unusual, the beautiful; the deft fingers



long for the brush and canvas to record it.

A portrayer of lovely women, Lady Queensberry's comments upon beauty are of exceptional interest to women everywhere. "To the eye of the artist," she observes, "nothing is at once so exquisite and so elusive as a lovely complexion. And the artist, perhaps more than most women, values the gift of Beauty, knows that it should be cultivated, and appreciates the means of

For my own part, I sincerely believe in the gentle ministrations of Pond's Two Creams.

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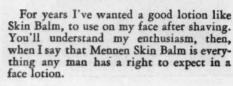
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Skin Balm is made to measure for you and me and millions of men who like a little touch of luxury after the shave. It's also great for chapped hands or cracked lips. I find the women folks in my family like it, too; they use Skin Balm to keep hands smooth, soft and white, free from the roughening, drying effects of hard water; also on the face as a protection against sun and wind. Its protective film lasts all day and heals all day. Has a pleasant, neutral fragrance. Get a tube today - 50c. The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J. and Toronto, Ont.

Liberty Hall

(Continued from page 67)

a rival of my husband's and, in some folks' opinion, a worthy one. However, Ben had a word of praise for each record as it ended and did not even hint that any of the tunes were

did not even hint that any of the tunes were based on melodies of his own.

"Mr. Drake," said our host at length, "would you like a gin cocktail or a Bacardir" "I don't like Bacardi at all," said Ben.

"I'll bet you will like the kind I've got," said Mr. Thayer. "It was brought to me by a friend of mine who just got back from Cuba. It's the

"I don't like Bacardi," said Ben.
"Wait till you taste this," said Mr. Thayer.
Well, we had Bacardi cocktails. I drank mine and it wasn't so good. Ben took a sip of his and pretended it was all right. But he had told the truth when he said he didn't like Bacardi.

I won't go into details regarding the dinner except to relate that three separate items were highly flavored with cheese, and Ben despises

"Don't you care for cheese, Mr. Drake?" asked Mr. Thayer, noticing that Ben was not exactly bolting his food.

"No," replied the guest of honor.
"He's spoofing you, Ralph," said Mrs.
hayer. "Everybody likes cheese."
There was coffee, and Ben managed to guzzle Thaver. a cup before it was desecrated with pure cream.

We sat down to bridge.

We sat down to bridge.

"Do you like to play families or divide up?"

"Oh, we like to play together," said I.

"I'll bet you don't," said Mrs. Thayer.

"Suppose Ralph and you play Mr. Drake and
me. I think it's a mistake for husbands and
wives to be partners. They're likely to criticize one another and say things that leave
a scar."

Well, Mr. Thayer and I played against Ben and Mrs. Thayer and I lost sixty cents at a tenth of a cent a point. Long before the eveand Mrs. I hayer and I lost sixty cents at a tenth of a cent a point. Long before the eve-ning was over I could readily see why Mrs. Thayer thought it was a mistake to play with her husband and if it had been possible I'd have left him a complete set of scars.

Just as we were getting to sleep, Mrs. Thayer knocked on our door.

"The draid you haven't covers enough," she called. "There are extra blankets on the shelf in your closet."
"Thanks," I said. "We're as warm as toast."

"I'm afraid you aren't," said Mrs. Thayer.
"Lock the door," said Ben, "before she comes
in and feels our feet."

in and feels our feet."
All through breakfast next morning we waited in vain for the telephone call that would yield Iren's message. The phone rang one of the couldn't the co and Mrs. Thayer answered, but we couldn't hear what she said. At noon Ben signaled me to meet him upstairs and there he stated

to meet him upstairs and there he stated grimly that I might do as I choose, but he was leaving Liberty Hall ere another sun had set. "You haven't any excuse," I reminded him. "I'm a genius," he said, "and geniuses as notoriously eccentric."

"Geniuses' wives sometimes get eccentric, too," said I, and began to pack up.

Mr. Thayer had gone to Philadelphia and we were alone with our hostess at lunches. "Mrs. Thayer," said Ben, "do you ever have premonitions or hunches?"

She looked frightened. "Why, no. De

She looked frightened. "Why, no. you?

"I had one not half an hour ago. Something told me that I positively must be in New York tonight. I don't know whether it's business a illness or what, but I've just got to be there. "That's the strangest thing I ever heard of said Mrs. Thayer. "It scares me to death!"

"It's nothing you need be scared of," said Ben. "It only concerns me."

"Yes, but listen," said Mrs. Thayer. "A telegram came for you at breakfast time the morning. I wasn't going to tell you about 2 "I had one not half an hour ago. Somethi

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Miracles in Smiles

result from simply cleaning teeth of gray film daily

WHAT the world sees when you smile de-pends on the care you give your teeth. Smiles may reveal teeth of gleaming whiteness or they may show dull "off-color" teeth.

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To people of the stage and screen whose liveli-hood rests on the public favor, they are every-thing. Removing film by Pepsodent as part of every makeup has become a standard practice. It takes but a minute yet makes all the difference in the world. See what Pepsodent will accomplish within a few days' time.



(Above) AT BILOXI Miss Joan Oglesby and Raymond Whitehouse await the remainder of their foursome. Such smiles as theirs can be expected from Pepsodent alone, for teeth cannot be dazzling white unless they are film-free; and Pepsodent is the special film-removing dentifrice.



(Above) ABOARD THE SEA HAWK, Misses Ruth Rawlins and Audrey Churchill enjoy Southern climates while New York shivers. Their smiles, too, Pepsodent keeps sparkling bright.

(left) DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzing white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

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Only one tube to a family 2713



"Do you think it pays to put so much money into your tires, Frank?"

"What do you mean

"Why, there are a lot of good tires that won't cost you as much as you paid for those Kellys." "Not good tires. Any of the batter-known makes will cost you the same price as a Kelly-Springfield." because I had promised that you wouldn't be disturbed. And it didn't seem so terribly important. But this hunch of yours puts the matter in a different light. I'm sorry now that I didn't give you the message when I got it, but I memorized it and can repeat it word for word: 'Mr. Ben Drake, care of Mr. Ralph Thayer, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania. In Nile song, second bar of refrain, bass drum part reads A flat which makes discord. Should it be A natural? Would appreciate your coming to theater tonight to straighten this out as harmony must be restored in orchestra if troupe is to be success. Regards, Gene Buck.'"
"It sounds silly, doesn't it?" said Ben. "And yet I have known productions to fail and lose hundreds of thousands of dollars just because an author or composer left town too soon. I can well understand that you considered the message trivial. At the same time

soon. I can wen understand that you considered the message trivial. At the same time I can thank my stars that this instinct, or divination, or whatever you want to call it told me to go home."

Just as the trainmen were shouting "Board!" Mrs. Thayer said:

Mrs. Thayer said:
"I have one more confession to make. I answered Mr. Buck's telegram. I wired him. 'Mr. Ben Drake resting at my home. Must not be bothered. Suggest that you keep bas drums still for a week.' And I signed my name. Please forgive me if I have done something terrible. Remember, it was for you."
Small wonder that Ben was credited at the Lambs' Club with that month's most interesting spree.

The Matron's Report

(Continued from page 85)

of the boy—until the following Sunday mon-ing, and then organized a strike of the children ing, and then organized a strike of the children. He had got the notion, apparently, from reading the newspapers. The children were being marched to Sunday-school when suddenly Dorothy May Chevis whistled, and they alran from Miss Gowan and Miss Maginnis. They ran to Davis Park and scattered. Miss Gowan and Miss Maginnis reported that it was impossible to assemble them. was impossible to assemble them.

It was the Matron's first intention to call the

Truant Officers and the police. However, to avoid unseemly publicity, the Matron herself went to Davis Park and demanded that the when to Davis Fark and demanded that children return to the Home. Richard Lewis and Dorothy May Chevis had instructed the others to hide while they presumed to parley with the Matron. They did this in intertionally rude and loud voices while seated in a rowboat on the lagoon. A crowd had collected and the Matron's sorrow and mortification cas

be imagined.

The Matron was obliged to promise the return of the violin and abrogation of the rule forbidding Richard Lewis to talk to Dorothy May Chevis. As they had broken the rule persistently, anyway, the Matron made the best of the situation and consented.

Whereupon, Dorothy May whistled to the contraction of the rule for the rule for the contraction of the rule for the rule for the contraction of the rule for the rule

whereupon, Dorothy May whisted we other children and they congregated about the rowboat. To heap indignity on the Matron of the Home, Richard Lewis made a speech of a inflammertory nature and was applauded by several r finans in the crowd. The children then marched to the Home without further discarder.

Knowing that Richard Lewis was past control, the Matron on Jan. 1, 1026, respectfully requested tine Poard of Supervisors to transfer him to some other orphanage. The Board of Supervisors will remember that the boy and Dorothy May Chevis appeared before the with what the Matron always will consider was a shrewdly fabricated appeal to said. was a shrewdly fabricated appeal to sent mentalism.

If Richard Lewis loved the children at the Home and their love was the only love he had ever had, as he said, then he certainly did at show this by his actions. He made them a miserable by morbid juvenile maundering

SO ORIGINAL AND DIFFERENT that Comparisons are Impossible



Report

ch, 1928

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children at the nly love he had ertainly did not made them all e maunderings RANKLY, The Victory has left current practice so far behind that comparisons are impossible.

Conservative drivers will never really discover the car's astonishing resources.

They will delight in its pick-up and low gas needs—its comfort and streamline beauty.

But the magnificent, all-day speed of the car—its faultless smoothness over clods and cobbles—are thrills that await the adventurer! Six powerful cylinders are six powerful reason for this. A *seventh* vital reason is the basic Victory idea!

For the first time in motor car history, chassis and body are a unit. Floor and seats are built in the

\$1095

chass!s. The wide Victory chassis frame replaces the customary body sill—and eliminates the customary body *over-hang*. The body itself has only 8 major parts!

The result is 175 less pounds, 330 less parts; standard road and head clearance, yet a car that is extremely low, steady and safe—with a power plant stripped for instant and brilliant action!

And the *smartest* car at the price ever created!

The VICTORY SIX

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

over their condition of life. Dorothy May helped in this business by sneaking in improper novels which she and Richard Lewis read.

Richard Lewis' reaction to the kindness of the Board of Supervisors in permitting him to remain against the recommendation of the Matron was one of bitter vindictiveness. On the night of Aug. 21, 1926, about 2.10 A.M. he climbed to the coping of the Home above the front entrance, aided and abetted by Dorothy May Chevis. By means of a chisel and ham mer stolen from the tool-shed he chiseled in the stone the following absurd statement:
"Richard Lewis and Dorothy May Chevis

have this day plighted their troth-August 21,

The Matron, it will be recalled, has twice recommended sand-blasting to remove the

The gravest affront offered by this boy to the Matron and the Home occurred March 19, 1927, when he appeared in the Matron's office to protest against the assignment of Dorothy May Chevis to a position with the New Era Wet Wash Laundry, when her legal stay at the Home expired on Aug. 31, 1927. It was not known then, of course, that Dorothy May Chevis was the daughter of Mr. Danforth. She occupied identically the same position as any of the other girls at the Home for whom the Matron out of kindness to them was obtaining positions. The Matron quotes the text of her conversation with Richard Lewis at this time,

written from memory immediately after: Richard Lewis: "Dorothy May tells me you are going to make her work in a laundry The Matron: "That is correct, Richard. She is to operate an ironer at the New Era Wet

She is to operate an ironer at the New Lra wet.

Wash Laundry. They also do finish work."

Richard Lewis: (Overbearingly.) "I won't
permit it. A laundry is no place for Dorothy
May. It would kill her."

May. It would kill ner."

The Matron: (Keeping her temper.) "I do not care to discuss that with you, Richard."
Richard Lewis: (Arrogantly.) "You will discuss it. You will discuss it. Dorothy May is too sweet to work in a laundry. She's not the sort to work in a laundry. She's different

the sort to work in a laundry. She's different from these other girls. I'll try to find some other kind of work for her to do until I can take care of her myself."

The Matron: (In calm tones.) please leave this office at once. I hardly think you are a fit one to look after Dorothy May. You will have all you can stand up to, young man, at the wholesale grocery.

Richard Lewis: "Nothing can hurt me. I'm a man. I can look after myself. But Dorothy May is just a girl. See here, Mrs. Crouch, we've had our differences, but you shouldn't take out your spite against me on Dorothy May. Send me to a coal-mine. I don't care. But you've just got to find Dorothy May a decent place to work. That's all."

The Matron: "You are a presumptuous in-

corrigible. Get out. Dorothy May works where I assign her or she goes to the Girls' Detention Home as a delinquent."

Richard Lewis: (Viciously.) man you'd have to thrash me here and now. I give you good and fair warning. Dorothy May isn't going to work in a laundry. And if you send her to the Detention Home I'll—kill you.

The Matron: (Calmly.) "Leave this room at once or I shall call the police. I do not fear your threats, you horrid boy." At this, Richard Lewis scowled like a mad-

man, whirled and left the room, banging the door, which was against the rules.

The Board of Supervisors will note that the last speech uttered by Richard Lewis was a threat against the Matron's life. It only il-lustrated the depraved mind of this boy. The Matron was not at all frightened by his words and determined to be unswerving in her duty The Matron might add that Miss Spink, social service worker for the Board of Charities and Corrections, had made a favorable report on the New Era Wet Wash Laundry, stating that conditions there were as good as could be expected.

As spring came on Richard Lewis and Dorothy May Chevis were together oftener than the Matron approved, but hoping to avert another clash with the incorrigible, the Matron allowed them unusual liberties. Lewis was permitted to walk with Dorothy May Chevis when she took the twins of Mr. and Mrs. Klipstein to the park as was her duty every afternoon. He was allowed to talk with

her through the wire screen separating the corridors of the boys' and girls' dormitory as late as 8.15 o'clock in the evening.

The effect of this leniency, instead of bringing out some good in the heart of Richard Lewis, moved him to what might have been a holocaust of unbridled license. On the night of August 20, 1927, at 9.45 P.M. the Matron ordered the fire alarm to be rung for a practise drill. The children had retired and were instructed to dress partially before marching to the outside walks. Attached to this report are the sworn affidavits of Miss Morris and Miss Gowan as to the scene they witnessed in the yard of the Home at 9.53 P.M.

It will be seen from these affidavits that Richard Lewis, clad in pajamas and outer trousers, and Dorothy May Chevis, also improperly clad, hid themselves from the other children in the southeast corner of the yard. It is further related that they remained after the other children had returned to their beds and that Richard Lewis played Beethoven's "Minuet in G" on the violin while Dorothy May Chevis, her limbs immodestly displayed, danced on the lawn.

The affidavits are substantiated in part by the Matron herself, who heard and recognized the violin tune. Miss Gowan and Miss Morris promptly put a stop to the disgraceful affair and locked Dorothy May Chevis in the dark room for the remainder of the night.

Matron had determined Dorothy May to work at the laundry the next day, but upon her promise of good behavior in the future placed her on probation. Richard Lewis was given a thrashing by Mr. Adams, the gardener, and John Mills, a negro, whom he called in to assist him.

There was no more trouble with Richard Lewis until August 30th, when detectives em-ployed by Mr. Danforth arrived at the Home to search for his child. Richard Lewis over-heard them describing the case to me and demanded that he be allowed to examine his baby clothes which were on file with other foundlings' clothing in the Record Room. The Matron under the rules could not refuse this request, as she had allowed this boy to look at his baby clothes several times previously.

Board of Supervisors will recall the details of the Danforth baby case from the un-fortunate newspaper publicity. They need only to be retold here briefly in their relation to the actions of Richard Lewis.

In 1911, Mr. Danforth, a rich manufacturer, was living with his wife in Omaha. She was expecting a child and had prepared an outfit of baby clothes, giving them all a distinctive marking clearly remembered by Mr. Danforth. He and Mrs. Danforth quarreled and she, a wilful headstrong woman of violent temper rendered more distraught by her condition, ran away. Mr. Danforth never heard from her

Through many years of searching and at enormous expense he traced her to this city. He located her grave in the potters' field early in July, 1927, and then, after taking her ashes back to Omaha, returned to search for his child. Detectives made a systematic search of hospitals and orphan asylums, hoping to discover baby clothes bearing the mark put on them by Mrs. Danforth while she was preparing the layette. It was a silk-embroidered

When the detectives came to the Home the Matron consented to allow them to make a search of its files of foundlings' clothing. The Matron did this as her public duty while in no way condoning sensational searches of this nature. The arrival of the detectives at the Home had a very bad effect upon all the

children. Orphan children, the Matron has ob-served, harbor two false hopes which should never be encouraged by Home authorities. One is that their parents may yet be alive and will return to claim them; the other is that they may some day be adopted by kind and wealthy foster-parents.

There was much untoward excitement as the detectives and Mr. Danforth, who arrived in a handsome car belonging to a friend in the city, prepared to look over the records.

Knowing the evil nature of Richard Lewis, it was a mistake to have allowed him to enter the Record Room to look at his baby clothes before the Matron and Mr. Danforth completed their examination. He got there first, however, and when the Matron and Mr. Danforth entered, the Matron's worst fears were realized.

Richard Lewis not only had opened his own file box but he had pried the lid off the file box in which the baby clothes of Dorothy May

Chevis were kept

It is the Matron's belief that Richard Lewis, impelled by a criminal impulse, was just about to place his baby clothes in Dorothy May's box and put hers in his box, when interrupted in his terrible designs by the arrival of the Matron

Both boxes were standing open and Richard ewis stood before them. The Matron, at Lewis stood before them. The Matron, at once realizing the full horror of the thing which this criminal was about to do, rushed to him and covered the boxes with her hands.

Forgetting herself, the Matron did give way to a natural cry of repugnance and did call Richard Lewis a "horrible sneak." The boy

hung his head and flushed guiltily.

Mr. Danforth snatched up the baby clothes from Dorothy May's box and cried: "I've found her. I've found my little girl. Where is Dorothy May Chevis? She is my little girl!" Dorothy May Chevist She is my attended to the Matron informed him that Dorothy in the schoolroom. He

May was upstairs in the schoolroom. rushed out with the detectives.

Richard Lewis in surly shame snatched his box away from the Matron and shut the lid on it. The Matron tried to make him understand the enormity of the crime which he had been about to commit and received only an insolent stare of bravado.

It is a sad commentary on the insidious influence this creature had exercised over smaller boys at the Home that two of the younger boys Thomas Peters and James Hogan, came for ward to lie for Richard Lewis. They had the effrontery to assure the Matron that they had watched Richard Lewis from the doorway and had seen him put his baby clothes in Dorothy May's box and put hers in his. Even the Lewis boy, as deprayed as he is, had the grace to rebuke them for their falsehood.

The Matron can only reflect on the irony of such a lie. Poor Mrs. Danforth could never have borne such a child as Richard Lewis.

have borne such a child as Richard Lewis.
In conclusion the Matron wishes to point out that Richard Lewis, far from feeling peniout that Richard Lewis, far from May Darothy May Darothy May Darothy May Darothy May Darothy tence for his plot to rob Dorothy May Danforth of her birthright, had the audacity to create a scene the morning Dorothy May the Home with her father. Before the Matron could halt him, he ran to the door of the automobile and embraced Dorothy May, crying: "Oh, remember me, Dorothy May. remember me!"

Dorothy May allowed herself to suffer a kiss from this criminal. Had the Matron in the excitement remembered to tell her of his duplicity, she would have shrunk from him in

During his last days at the Home Richard Lewis was glum, morose and brooding. The Matron neglected to mention at the start of Matron neglected to mention at the start this report that in addition to the violin. Richard Lewis carried away with him, the night he left, the box containing his bay clothes. He told one of the girls, with lying bravado, that he was taking them to remember Dorothy May by. A likely story, but quite is keeping with other prevarications told by the

Respectfully submitted,
NELLIE M. CROUCH, Matros.

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The boy

Tide of Empire by Peter B. Kyne (Continued from page 93)

however, Bejabers Harmon by common con-sent was continued in office as alcalde of Happy Camp. He had no courthouse and acted as his own clerk and bailiff. He kept no

docket.

He was opposed to jury trials, except in major causes, and he held court wherever and whenever the case overtook him; he administered oaths with a fine nonchalance and rendered his decisions orally and without an in-stant's hesitation. In front of the postoffice he had tried the case of a Mexican dance-hall girl who had knifed a miner, wounding him slightly.

After listening to the evidence Alcalde Harmon
had delivered himself of this decision:

This honorable court finds that the defendant's more to be pitied than censored and that the skunk she stabbed didn't get more'n that the skunk she stabbed didn't get more'n a quarter o' what was comin' to him. The fact that the lady ain't really a lady ain't no sound reason why she shouldn't be treated like one. In her laudable attempt to abate a public nuisance in the person o' this here Chico Dan person; she has the unqualified approval o' this honorable court." At this juncture Bejabers removed his battered hat and bowed low to the defendan.

"However, takin' the law into one's own hands ain't to be tolerated where I'm the glealde. If the lady had took her troubles to me in the first place I'd have made Chico Dan hard to catch, as a matter o' public policy, but when she slips her dirk into him I got to rise in my place and protest said action as savorin' of the assumption o' judicial rights vested only in me. I therefore sentence this lady to chuck her dirk into the Arroyo Chico and I further fine her an ounce.

The defendant thereupon protested that she

did not possess the required ounce of gold.
"Then you git busy and act as the alcalde's laundress," his Honor thundered. "I got six shirts in the wash and no time to monkey with 'em myself."
"Si, Señor," the defendant murmured and

"As for you, Chico Dan," the alcadde continued, "you're a tinhorn and a perpetual drunk and no good in other ways. I fine you five ounces." five ounces.

"I appeal from the verdict o' the court," the unhappy Chico Dan replied belligerently. "I fine you another two ounces for contempt o' court by darin' to appeal from my decision. Come through with seven ounces, muy pronto,

"I ain't got nary ounce, jedge."

"Then go to work on my claim and earn it." Thereupon Chico Dan was led away to his labors by the honorable court.

THE winter of 1649-50 was all the Happy Camp was not buried in snow and the stage road into camp remained open all winter. Among the diggings far up in the Sierra foothills, however, the first snowfall early in Nowember caused a cessation of all mining operations. Succeeding snowfalls, at short intervals, HE winter of 1849-50 was an unusually severe one. Due to its low altitude Happy tions. Succeeding snowfalls, at short intervals, soon blocked the trails along which the packtrains from below were wont to freight in supplies, and by Christmas, due to a scarcity of food, there was a general exodus of miners from the higher altitudes.

The majority were bound to San Francisco, there to spend the winter, or at least as much of the winter as their luck and prodigal natures would permit. Happy Camp was their first stop on the way out; hence Happy Camp buzzed with excitement and lavish spending. It was a paradise for the gamblers there installed.

The day before Christmas, in the van of this outward-bound hegira, the Bart and Mr. Poppy arrived. They came to the cabin of D'Arcy and company as the latter were seated

"God bless all here," the Bart boomed jovially. Immediately he hung up his hat and

coat, slid into a vacant space on the dinner bench and eyed Jim Toy benevolently. Mr. Poppy did likewise.

Said he, quoting from St. Luke: "'Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of wards also.

evil, for the Son of man's sake.'"
"Shet up, you blitherin' sky-pilot," Bejabers roared. "Merry Christmas and see how you roared. like it."

"I can quote a little Scripture myself,"
D'Arcy laughed. "'Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.' Jim Toy, feed these prodigals."

"Ab December of the structure of the father."

"Ah, Dermod, ye're a true son of yer father. Divil a man ever turned hungry from his door —or thirsty, for that matter. What the divil's come over this house? Have ye nothing to welcome a man with?"

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin'—'" Bejabers began, but a weary, pathetic look in Mr. Poppy's eyes halted his quotation. "Mr. Poppy," he said with rough tenderness, "ain't you well?"
"I'm worried," Mr. Poppy admitted.

"I'm worried," Mr. Poppy admitted.
"Which the same is no proper state to be in at this season o' the year. Nothin' like a scuttle o' hot grog to drown worry. Bart, the whisky jug's over in the same ol' corner, and if your hand ain't lost its cunnin' you might git busy and brew a Yuletide noggin for the assembled gentlemen. Jim Toy's got hot water in the kettle."

THE Bart stood up. There was a mist of emotion in his eyes. "We have marched thirty miles through the snow and without food, boys," he said, "and for a week before that we have lived on short rations. I need scarcely say how deeply this welcome affects Mr. Poppy and me. As we approached the old homestead, where together we spent so many happy hours last year, it was our first intention to avoid contact with ye. But upon further consideration—" consideration-

consideration—"
"You talk too much, Sir Humphrey, at a time when action is required," D'Arcy interrupted good-naturedly. "Mix the nepenthe and then tell us what you and Mr. Poppy have been doing."
"We haven't been doing much, Brother D'Arcy," Mr. Poppy admitted sorrowfully. "I fear God did not intend my partner and me for miners. We have lacked equipment and supplies."

"Likewise guts an' enterprise," Judson sug-gested. "What you two weaklin's been doin's "We have a claim on Hot Creek-so called

we have a chain on not creak—so caned by some idiot who fell into it while drunk and almost froze to death. We believe it to be a very rich claim but—er—ah——"
"How long have you panned on your claim?"
"Five 1.onths, Bejabers."

"Well, you must have a healthy poke by

Well, you must have a healthy post by now."

"Alas for human frailty, no!"
Bejabers stared around at the company. "Seems like we got a pair o' paupers on our hands," he said sadly. And then the little man threw back his head and laughed. "As the alcalde o' Happy Camp," he cried, "I charge these two human misfits with vagrancy. Bart, are you guilty or not guilty?" Bart, are you guilty or not guilty?

"Guilty, I very much fear," the Bart replied amiably. He was not a whit abashed.
"Then listen to the sentence o' this honor-

able court," Bejabers continued, and banged the table with his fist. "What this camp needs is a doctor and a preacher. We have a doctor, and a good one, with all his tools o' trade and an assortment o' drugs and what-all that'd 'a' an assortment o' drugs and what-all that'd 'a' done credit to a city apothecary shop, but the durned fool can't stand prosperity. He wants to sell out his practise and go down to San Francisco for the winter.

"D'Arcy and company'll buy him out, clothe you in fine raiment, Bart, and install you as

the local medico. I'll arrange the schedule o' fees and we'll give you board and lodgin' here. Your old bunk ain't been slept in since you Mr. Poppy we sets up in business as a regular parson, holdin' services in the local dance-hall every Sunday, which the Sunflower Kid plays the pianner and sings tenor something beautiful. How about it?"

"I should feel hypocritical," the honest

"I should feet hypocritical," the nonest Poppy admitted.
"Who cares a hoot how you feel! The idea is to git you settled for the winter and have you earn your keep. There's a ketch in this one for you and the Bart. No drinkin!" In the case o' the Bart it'd be highly dangerous, and in your case, Poppy, it'd be unethical and sub-

versive o' public morals."
"Not a single, solitary little nip?" the Bart was disturbed.

"Only under my supervision. I ain't no

killjoy."
"I accept, Bejabers."
"So do I," Mr. Poppy promised, but without

From the day he had attempted to deliver the body of Romauldo, Dermod D'Arcy had not seen Don José or his daughter, nor had he heard from them directly or indirectly. With the establishment of the express office and a trading store at Happy Camp, he had not had any excuse to leave the Arroyo Chico. He had given all of his time and energy to

nining and with highly gratifying results.

Nor did he care to leave Happy Camp even though an urgent reason presented itself, for despite the exceedingly desirable quality of despite the exceedingly desirable quality of their claims, Judson and McCready, born nomads and gamblers, were with difficulty restrained by D'Arcy's sound arguments from yielding to the gold-fever and wandering off to new—and according to unverified report—amazingly rich fields as Pye, Ord, Sargent and Lundy had done. They were good men, honest, fearless and wholly dependable in a fight and he did not wish to lose them.

He had another very vital reason for holding

He had another very vital reason for holding his little company together. In the autumn the first wave of antiforeign sentiment reached Happy Camp—a sentiment that had its genesis in the tendency on the part of American emigrants to regard themselves as the kings of earth, the natural heirs by right of conquest to this heritage of the ages. With the customary arrogance and greed of the Anglo-Saxon they had no hesitation, once they found the such as the accordance in the statement of the such as the statement of the such as the statement is the statement of the such as the such a themselves well in the ascendency in point of numbers, to bully, harass, dominate and over-power the Kanakas, negroes, Indians, Mexi-cans, Chileños, Peruvians and, in fact, all Latin-Americans.

Latin-Americans.

The French, also, fell under the ban of their selfishness and displeasure, and they unhesitatingly classed as "foreigners" the Hispano-Californians, who by virtue of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo were now American citizens. There had been threats, beatings, few killings and uncounted dispossessions in citizens. There had been threats, beatings, a few killings and uncounted dispossessions in several districts and as a result the Latins, in self-defense, had migrated to the southern mines and were largely congregated in the vicinity of Sonora.

The first intimation D'Arcy and his friends had of the state of public feeling on the Arroyo Chico came one morning in January when a party of thirty miners called at the cabin. They were led by a hairy-breasted, red-shirted, ignorant and thoroughly intoxicated exile of Erin, who brandished a pick-handle and made loud and profane demand for the persons of the Frenchman, Vilmont, and Jim Toy.

"We're a committ-ay to dhrive all the furriners out av the disthrict," he explained. "Thim that don't go whilst they have the chanct will shtay here for good," he added.

Dermod, amused, glanced at Bejabers, who looked around at the company, saw that none of them were at all impressed at s: th of the clamorous mob, and decided instantly to move

clamorous mob, and decided instantly to move

e audacity to re the Matron or of the auto-May, crying: May. Oh, to suffer a kiss Matron in the

Home Richard t the start of to the violin, vith him, the ning his baby rls, with lying n to remem y, but quite in as told by this

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into action. A bucket of greasy dish-water, in which the breakfast dishes had just been washed, stood on the cabin table. Bejabers reached for it, but D'Arcy was quicker. He deluged the spokesman with the unsavory

"Clear out, you scum," he ordered. "How dare you hold yourself the mental, moral or social superior of Jim Toy? Jim Toy's a Chinese gentleman while you're a bestial, bogtrotting, ignorant Irish hoodlum."

"Hah! So you're Irish, are you?" the sur-prised and befuddled spokesman yelled.
"Not yer kind!" the Bart, appearing around

the corner of the cabin, made the answer. 'And here's another Irishman. Not much of a credit to the dear green land, but loyal to his friends and partners in a fight. Guard me back, Dermod, my boy," he begged, and launched his old body at the mob leader. In an instant the antiforeigners were on top of

an instant the antiforeigners were on top of him like a pack of angry snarling dogs.

"My partner!" Mr. Poppy screamed hysterically.

"They're killing my partner. I'm a man of peace, but if I must kill, why——"

"Don't talk. Kill!" Bejabers urged and leaped into the fray, pistol in hand. The pickhandle, knocked from the hand of the mob leader, protruded from the midst of the riot, and Mr. Poppy grasped it. Uttering wild, almost feminine screams, he waded into the conflict; D'Arcy, Judson, McCready and Vilmont, armed with pistols and pick-handles, followed him, while Jim Toy, a cleaver in hand, flirted around the fringes of the conflict, intent on lopping off as many antiforeign heads as possible. From somewhere in the center of the scrimmage the late surgeon of the British Navy was shouting a Celtic war-cry: "Faugh-a-ballagh! Faugh-a-ballagh!"

For the space of a minute pistols and pick-handles rose and fell; attackers and defenders were so inextricably mingled that shooting was impossible, nor could Jim Toy find oppor tunity to smite with any assurance that he would not be smiting a friend and partner.

Suddenly, from the antiforeign reserves crowding up from the rear, a man shouted: "No fightin'! A lady! A white woman! Stop it!

The first American woman in Happy Camp!"
The effect was magical. One by one D'Arcy
and company backed and twisted out of the fray and retreated to their cabin. In the foreground a-dozen men were down, some quite out of action, others on their hands and knees weakly striving to rise. Beyond them, the reserve of the antiforeign element stood gawking at the stage bearing on the front seat between the express messenger and the driver a gorgeously dressed female, obviously of Nordic antecedents. Over her head she held a little parasol, the while she gazed with cool interest upon the men of Happy Camp.
"No fightin' in the lady's presence," some-

body warned.

The stage driver reined in his mules and the express messenger casually "threw" his sawedoff shotgun down on the men still standing in the open. "Is this a private fight or can any-body get into it?" he demanded raucously. "For shame!" the lady cried. "Three dozen to a half-dozen. You cowards!"

The Bart picked himself up on hands and

knees from among the fallen and scuttled like a gigantic land-crab to the shelter of the cabin. "A grand battle," he croaked. "What a pity

to stop it!"

D'Arcy stepped outside again. "You vaga-bonds disperse," he ordered. "You cannot have Vilmont and the Chinaman except by killing us first-and by the time that's accomplished the local cemetery will have grown amazingly." He strolled over to the stage-coach and lifted his hat. "Welcome to Happy Camp, Madame—or Mademoiselle, as the case be. For this unseemly brawl in your presence the entire camp desires to apologize

A pair of humorous brown eyes appraised him approvingly "The apology is accepted, sir."
Bejaber Harmon now stepped out of the cabin. "Three cheers for the lady!" he shouted. The cheers were given with a will and immediately thereafter there came a tremendous fusillade of pistol-shots, Bejabers setting the example by tossing his ragged old hat into the air and putting three shots through it before it came down.

"Shall mere mules drag this angel into Happy Camp?" he demanded. Cries of "No! No! Never!" answered him

and on the instant the late combatants made a rush for the stage. In a twinkling the mules were unharnessed and led to one side; whereupon four miners seized each whippletree and while others toiled at the wheels and pushed in back the stage rolled up into Happy Camp, discharged its mail and with whoop and cheer proceeded to the express office and thence to the Mansion House, where another bloody battle was almost precipitated in the general rush to see which Happy Camp male should have the honor of assisting the fair passenger

Bejabers Harmon, with his customary inci-

siveness, settled the argument.

"The honor's mine! Stand back, you scalawags and pot-wallopers. I'm the alcalde and what I say goes. I'll fine any man an ounce for interferin." He came to the near front wheel He came to the near front wheel interferin' and looked at the vision with wide-eyed admiration. "May I have the honor?" he pleaded.
"The honor is mine," she replied gallantly, and fluttered down into his arms. Instantly he

lifted her to his shoulder and bore her in triumph into the Stage Drivers' Retreat, where he set her carefully on the end of the bar. Then he pounded on the bar for silence.

"Gentlemen, this is indeed an occasion. Happy Camp's been honored by a visit from a a lady of our own kind, a lady fair and tiful. To us who for a year and mebbe beautiful. longer ain't feasted our eyes on a single solitary reminder o' all that's sweet and fine and noble in this dog-gone world, the arrival of this here charmin' person in our midst is as soothin' and comfortin' as the first blossomin' of the dogwoods along the Arroyo Chico.

He turned again to the unexpected guest. "I ask you, fair lady, to forgive my bad manners in bringin' you into a saloon. I figger you'll grant it graciously when I inform you that upon all notorious occasions in Happy Camp—and I assure you, ma'am, the present overtops 'em all like Mt. Shasta overtops the world—it's the custom to celebrate. With your gracious permission the men of Happy Camp'll drink, in champagne, a miner's welcome to you.

The lady, blushing, but unembarrassed and eemingly resolved to enter into the spirit of

the occasion, nodded acquiescence For an hour the lady remained perched on the end of the bar, while corks popped about her and hard, soiled hands were upthrust to Then amidst wild cheering she was permitted to depart for the room which the proprietor of the Mansion House insisted upon placing at her disposal without cost.

Gradually Happy Camp returned to normalcy. The antiforeign sentiment had died, as Bejabers expressed it, "a-bornin'," effectually stifled by this amazing new interest.

BOUT nine o'clock that night Bejabers re-turned from a round of the local halls of Not a Chance and awakened his partners. got a horrible announcement to make," he said tragically. "That there rose of a white woman we welcomed to camp today ain't a lady. She's the imported consort o' Feather River Henry-him that deals faro-bank at the Sluice-Box. I'm dogged if she didn't go on shift at eight o'clock. Yes, sir, right now she's a-settin' up on the dais actin' as lookout on his game.

And nary a weddin'-ring!"
"Oh, my heavens!" Mr. Poppy moaned.
Bejabers sat down and kicked off his boots. 'I never was so deceived in my born life," he amented. "Us a-buyin' champagne for her lamented. and a-draggin' of her around the camp by hand in the stage-coach! I'll never git over this. Everybody's a-blamin' me for it, too, on account o' me sort o' puttin' myself forward.

It's hurt my standin' as alcalde. Didn't all o' you boys think she was a lady?"
"I thought she was wearing too many diamonds," the Bart replied, "but at the time of gazing upon the lady I was seeing so many stars, due to a blow on the head, that I gave the dear colleen the benefit of the doubt, but refrained from attending the soirée in her honor.

"Nor did I, Bejabers," D'Arcy added. "I realized instantly she was not a lady."
"Why didn't you tell me? You're a caution

of a pardner.

"I was too busy thanking our lucky stars she had appeared on the scene in time to avert a massacre; when I realized you were starting a diversion that would cool a great deal of hot blood, I permitted you to proceed."

"I have heard some gossip to the effect that not less than half a dozen Happy Camp citizens proposed marriage to the—ah—lady before supper. Were you one of them, Mr. Harmon?" Mr. Poppy inquired. "The dee-bate's closed," Bejabers replied

doggedly.

D'Arcy intervened. "You lovable simpleton, go to bed and get your rest."

"I suppose mebbe I'd better, son. I got to

fight a duel in the mornin'. Your old friend, Alvah Cannon's in town ag'in. He was with that mob that called this mornin'. That feller's too frequent, so tonight up at the Sluice-Box I label him publicly as an undesirable character and as alcalde I give him notice to quit the camp for the greater good o' the camp and not to linger pickin' wild flowers on his way out. I'm informed on reliable authority he's the sentiment ag'in' Vilmont and Jim Toy. I reckon he was a-figgerin' to jump Jim Toy's claim, because it seems all the other fellers in the mob got good claims o' their own. I figger this feller Cannon's a disturbin' character and if I let him linger around he'll come to a bad

"He refused to take your hint, eh?" "Sure did. So I insult him all I can and challenge him to shoot it out tomorrow mornin'. He accepts and I'm satisfied. I'm expectin' you to be my second, Dermod."

"You're not going to fight him on your own account or for the sake of society in general," Mr. Poppy charged. "You've challenged him to make certain Cannon and D'Arcy do not meet some time later—perhaps with disastrous results to our side."

"Well, ain't I a better shot than Dermod?"
The naive simplicity of the man brought a lump to D'Arcy's throat. "Anybody that threatens one o' my pardners—and Cannon threatened tonight to kill Dermod on sight has got to face me. If I ain't been present when this skunk makes his brag I'd sure accord Dermod the right to kill his own snakes, but me bein' present I got to take his remarks as an insult and challenge him in public. So there ain't nothin' to it but a duel."
"To sleep, everybody," D'Arcy ordered.

D'Arcy waited until the sound of deep breathing convinced him that all of his partners slept soundly; then he dressed silently, buckled on his pistol and started for the Sluice-Box. Here he found Alvah Cannon engrossed in fare, with Feather River Henry dealing, while the latter's light-o'-love watched, from the dais, the cards and cases.

D'Arcy tapped Cannon on the shoulder.
"May I speak privately with you, Cannon?" he asked.

"If you got anything to say to me, say it here," Cannon retorted belligerently. He had been drinking and was filled with false courage.

"I understand you are going to fight a duel with Bejabers Harmon in the morning."
Cannon nodded. "I just wanted you to know that if and when you have polished off Bejabers you have an engagement to fight another dud with me. Good night."

He backed out of the room and returned to

the cabin. En route a figure passed him; he thought he recognized McCready, but did not hail him. Scarcely had he retired again when

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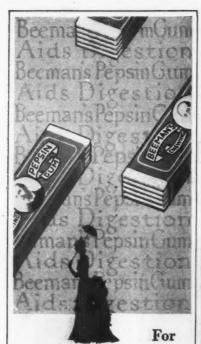
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he heard somebody enter the cabin and climb into bed. A little later another partner stole softly out into the night, returning in about ten minutes, and no sooner did the latter's breathing indicate he was asleep than the Bart fared forth. Scarcely was he gone than Mr.
Poppy dressed and followed; and then Jim Toy
followed the two. D'Arcy decided that Vilmont, who understood very little English— not a quarter as much as the Chinaman— would not go, and in this assumption he was

Immediately after breakfast Bejabers made his will, bequeathing to D'Arcy all his worldly goods and chattels. The Bart wrote it for him. goods and chattels. The Bart wrote it for him. "Now, then," the little man announced, "we're ready. Cannon and his friends are to meet us up by the cemetery. You fellers comin' to the show?'

For reasons best known to themselves, his partners informed him that they would accompany him, so Bejabers strode ahead. Just outside the door a miner accosted him.

"I'm one of Cannon's seconds, alcalde," he announced respectfully. "My principal has decided not to fight you with pistols. He remembers seeing you throw your hat in the air yesterday and put three holes through it before it came down. It seems that as the challenged party he has the right to choose the weapons.

"Whatever he wants goes with me."
"He wants to fight you in the old Spanish-Californian style. You will be handcuffed together by your left wrists, given a bowie-knife and locked in a cabin. The man who comes out wins.

comes out wins."

"Bring on your handcuffs and bowie-knives,"
the alcalde of Happy Camp responded promptly.

"The doctor," the other suggested, with a
glance at the Bart, "will doubtless be good
enough to attend in his professional capacity?"

"I am the private surgeon of Bejabers
Harmon," Sir Humphrey replied vigorously.

"We won't need no doctor," Bejabers complained. "If anything we'll need a coroner
and an undertaker. Lead me to the cabin
we fight in."

Cannon's seconds pointed it out and de-

Cannon's seconds pointed it out and departed to bear to Cannon the news of the acceptance of his terms by Bejabers. A little later, while they waited, the outgoing stage swung down the main street and pulled in at the express office. Suddenly Alvah Cannon came out of the Sluice-Box and climbed into the coach as it rattled away! D'Arcy, McCready, Mr. Poppy, Judson, the Bart and Jim Toy commenced to snicker.
"What you snickerin' about?" Bejabers de-

manded irritably.

"Last night after you had retired we all arose, one by one, went to the gambling-hall and challenged Cannon. Honor forbade the withdrawal of your challenge, but did not pro-hibit additional challenges. I imagine we each decided that with such an accumulation of trade our friend Cannon would decide he couldn't handle it all and would go out of business! He doesn't lack a certain courage; he'd have taken a chance on you, perhaps, but it was certain death to take on your partners.

Mr. Poppy threw a lank arm around Be-jabers. "You little fire-eater," he said, "we all love you. We couldn't bear to see you leave us.

"Did you challenge him, Mr. Poppy?" Bejabers was incredulous.

I did-and shook in my boots while doing so."
"You're-

"You're—you're a square pardner," Bejabers mumbled. "I—ain't never goin' to criticize you no more."

"He's the noblest Roman of us all," D'Arcy added, and Mr. Poppy blushed pleasurably under their earnest commendation

As they were passing the postoffice en route to their cabin, the postmaster, who was also the proprietor of a general store, stopped Mr. Poppy. "I been wonderin' if this letter ain't for you, reverend," he said and handed Mr. Poppy a letter for the latter's inspection. "Yes, thank you, it's for me."

"It's been here three months. I figgered if you was in camp you'd call for your mail—and when you didn't, I stuck it away with a lot of other mail that don't seem to have no owners. Just happened to think of it."

owners. Just happened to think of it."
"I have been away from Happy Camp several months. I left before the postal system was established and neglected to leave a forwarding address. Thank you."

He excused himself to his friends and commenced a perusal of the letter; after reading a little while he turned his best upon them.

menced a perusal of the letter, arter really little while he turned his back upon them.
"To Arev whispered. "It's

"Come away," D'Arcy whispered. from his girl back East." When Mr. Poppy rejoined them at the cabin it was apparent that he had been weeping. The Bart placed an arm around the derelict

but said nothing. "Well, Mr. Poppy," D'Arcy suggested presently, "it seems you're in trouble. We'll do anything humanly possible to get you out of it, if you care to confide in us."

"The letter was from a girl back East. I—I think I told you something about her once."

"You did, What shout Martha?"

"You did. What about Martha?"
"She was due to arrive in San Francisco a month ago. Her parents have passed away they objected strongly to me, you will under-stand—and as Martha had no human being to consider save herself, she sold the few effects they left her, and with a few hundred dollars thus derived, purchased a ticket to San Francisco, to join me. She wrote me two months before the date she was to sail from New York, in order to guard against any reasonable delay in the delivery of the letter. She asked me to meet her in San Francisco—we were engaged, you know. She had an idea we'd both be better off if we got married.

"She didn't have much money—and if she's been in San Francisco waiting for me the past month or more, heaven only knows to what

extremes she has been driven."
"You'll have to go to San Francisco immediately, Mr. Poppy, and search for her."

Bejabers, McCready and Judson nodded owlishly.

"I am destitute," Mr. Poppy faltered.
"You shall have sufficient gold for your needs, Mr. Poppy. I will advance it personally-

"You won't nuther," Bejabers interrupted

We'll charge that item to expense."
D'Arcy smiled at him and continued. "We will therefore send you down on the stage to Marysville tomorrow morning. You will take passage on a river steamer from there." He weighed out two thousand dollars in gold, weighed out two thousand dollars in gold, placed it in a buckskin poke and handed it to Mr. Poppy. "You may repay this when and if you desire. No thanks are necessary. We all hope you can manage to pull yourself together and play the game with this girl who trusts you so."

When Mr. Poppy "went below" next day the Bart rode down the trail a couple of miles with him, giving him sound advice and heartening the poor devil for the uncertain future that lay before him. Returning to Happy Camp, the Bart was met in front of the Stage Drives Retreat by Feather River Henry's rearrived light-o'-love, who accosted him.
"Are you the doctor?"
"I am." s recently

"Will you call and see Henry? He was taked very ill about three o'clock this morning and has been growing worse steadily. He is really a very sick man. He tells me he hasn't best feeling well for three days."

The Bart accompanied her to the cabin where

her consort lay tossing in his blankets. It was not at all a difficult case to diagnose. Feather River Henry complained of having been seized with a severe chill twenty-four hours previous; since then he had suffered from an intense headache and pains in the back and limbs; he had a high fever and his tongue was furred. The Bart examined the palms of his hands, the soles of his feet and his abdomen, and found

a rash.
"I'll know more about him tomorrow," he

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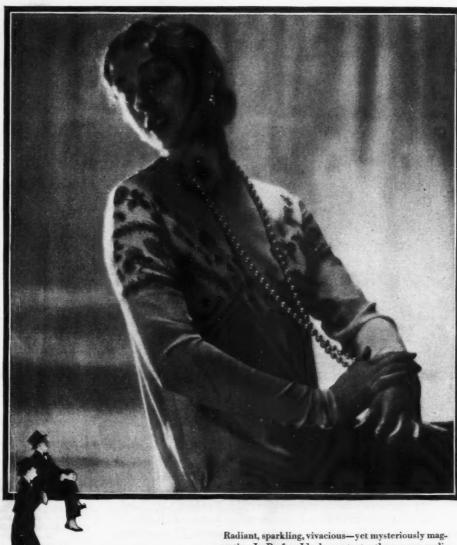
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"I know now, of informed the woman. course, that he has smallpox. If it's various course, that he has smallpox. If it's varioloid we'll not worry particularly, but if it's our fluent or hemorrhagic and the infection spread, then heaven help Happy Camp. There isn't anything much I can do for him, excep give him a little opium to relieve the pain in his head and back, and a little whist to keep his heart action my during the best to keep his heart action up during the hi

"Ye've been so generally exposed to the infection that ye'll have to remain in this cabin, otherwise ye'll spread the infection. So I suppose ye'll nurse him. Keep him clean and give him lots of cold water to drink. Have ye ever been vaccinated?"

The girl shook her head; she had grown pale and fright shone in her eyes

"What's yer name, my dear?" the Bart queried paternally.

"Madge. Madge Minturn."
"What's Henry's full name?"
"Henry Paul Thompson."

"Any people—I mean, is there somebody ye'd care to have me write to? Of course I do not mean to be an alarmist, but—Henry is a very sick man and ye may soon be a very sick woman.

'Nobody," she answered dully. and I have taken our lives in our own hands.

We are outlawed among our people."

"I'll see if my predecessor in this camp left any vaccine among his stock of medicines, Madge," the Bart suggested. "If he has I'll vaccinate ye and if we get a quick 'take' we'll all feel very much happier about the situation."

He hurried away to his little combination office and drug store, there to search around in his pitifully inadequate supply of medicine, for vaccine. To his great joy he found some sufficient to vaccinate seven persons. Immediately he vaccinated the girl Madge; then promptly repaired to the cabin of D'Arcy and company, to whom he explained the situation confronting the camp.

"We have all been exposed to infection," he went on, "because we all called upon Cannon while he was playing faro at Feather River Henry's table last night. Henry told me then that he had a fever and a headache, and I felt his pulse. So now then, me lads, I have a small supply of vaccine here. Come over to my office and I'll vaccinate all of ye, with the exception of Jim Toy, who has had smallpox and is now immune."

He vaccinated the company.
"How about you, Bart?" Bejabers queried.
"You immune, too?"

"Goodness knows. Time will tell." "Have you vaccinated yourself?
"Divil a hair."

"Divil a hair."

"You old idiot. Vaccinate yourself, Sir Humphrey," D'Arcy urged. "We cannot run the risk of losing you now. You're the most important man in Happy Camp."

"Tis an honor I do not deserve." He smiled brightly at his five friends. "I haven't any more vaccine, me dear children—and how the

more vaccine, me dear children—and how the divil my predecessor ever thought of stocking up with the little I found is a grand mystery.

I hope the stuff's good."
"It looks," Bejabers murmured thoughtout of Happy Camp till spring, if it wasn't for sort o' goin' back on the community. When a feller's the alcalde he's got to set an example. D'Arcy laughed—a short and slightly bitter laugh. "We haven't sufficient gold on hand to wreely a in Sacramento or San

support ourselves in Sacramento or San Francisco until spring," he reminded Bejabers. Francisco until spring," he reminded Bejabers.
"That gold we gave Mr. Poppy left us a little bit short. I shipped all but enough to carry us through the winter, and we cannot get more until we resume mining in the spring."

The found a decented exist and moved the

They found a deserted cabin and moved the Bart and Jim Toy into it, supplying them with blankets, food and a few cooking utensils from

blankets, food and a set their own stock.

"Mind what I tell you," the Bart warned at parting. "Put a quarantine on yerselves and stay in your cabin; don't let anybody in."

Two days later the prisoners heard a rock

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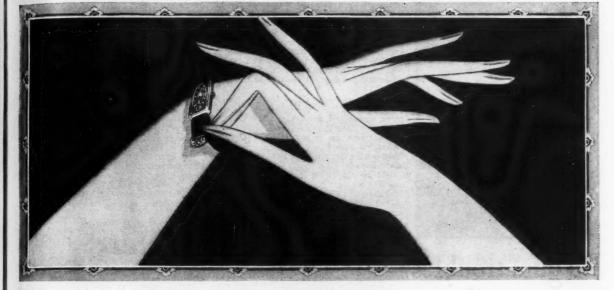
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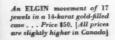
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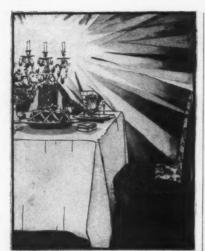


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Most practitioners recommend gum massage-with the brush or with the fingersto provide the exercise gums need. And thousands of dentists ask their patients to brush their gums as well as their teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste twice a day. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic peculiarly beneficial to soft, weak and undernourished gum tissue.

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Ipana is a tooth paste with a fine, clean taste and a remarkable power to whiten the teeth. The coupon brings a ten-day tube which will prove these things.

But a full-size tube from the nearest drug store makes a fairer test, for it contains over a hundred brushings-enough to demonstrate Ipana's power to tone and to strengthen your gums!

PANA TOOTH

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bounce off their cabin door. D'Arcy opened it a few inches and peered out. Standing down wind from him was the Bart. "Feather River Henry has just blinked out, lad!" the latter shouted. "It's confluent smallpox, God help I'm going to pile pitch-pine cord-wood in his cabin, lay him on top of it, soak the lot with coal-oil and burn the cabin. Set a can of oil outside yer door. I can't go to the store for it.

"You'll burn Happy Camp, Sir Humphrey!"
"I think not. All the cabins are built of green timber and are wet with the melting To burn the cabin with the corpse in it is the best way to stamp out the disease, although I have four new patients and three more coming down with it, I'm afraid. How

are ye boys?"
"Fit as fiddles, Sir Humphrey. Our vac-

"Fit as fiddles, Sir Humphrey. Our vaccinations are all very itchy and feverish."
"Hurroo!" The Bart tossed his battered old hat in the air and caught it again as it came down. "They're taking! Glory be to God! Madge has an arm on her, too. By the way, I'm worried to know what to do with the woman. I can't send her to the Mansion House—they'd shoot me if I did—and I can't induce her to remain longer in my cabin, for the silly wench has no confidence in Iim Toy. the silly wench has no confidence in Jim Toy. Could I send her over here?"

A groan burst from Bejabers.

"And that isn't the worst news I have for ye, either," the Bart went on mercilessly.

"There's a dashing young Hispano-Californian woman, attended by a vaquero, waiting to see

ye, Dermod. She arrived a few minutes ago."
It was now D'Arcy's turn to suffer. "Send her away!" he shouted. "In pity's name, send

her away!" he shouted. "In pity's name, send her away."
"That," Sir Humphrey replied, "is impossible. We're in a great fix, lad. A man has just ridden into camp to inform us that he represents the people down country. It seems that animal, Cannon, was taken off the stage at Marysville very ill, and the local doctor has diagnosed his case as confluent smallpox. Cannon informed them he had been in Happy. Cannon informed them he had been in Happy Camp for three weeks prior to coming to Marys-ville and as it requires from ten to twelve days for the disease to incubate, a fool would realize

he contracted the disease here.
"There's a guard on the hills to the north and the south of us, and on the trail down the Arroyo Chico. Nobody can escape to the high country east of us and circle down to the valley again, because the snow is twenty feet deep again, because the snow is twenty feet deep there. Begob, we have our orders. Nobody can leave this camp until the epidemic has run its course. The Hispano-Californian girl arrived just in advance of the guard—and now she can't go out! The guards will challenge at a hundred yards, and if the challenged party doesn't turn back they'll shoot to kill."

"Send that messenger and Señorita Guerrero over here," Bejabers called to the Bart. "Dermod will talk to her if she'll forgive his bad manners talkin' through a crack in the door. And I'll argy a little with that there messenger from the folks below. Send the girl first."

The Bart departed and in a little while Josepha Guerrero came into view, riding the black mare, Kitty.

"Don Dermod," she called.

"I am here, Josepha." He opened the door

"My father is dead, Don Dermod. A week ago, while riding a colt, the animal reared and fell backward with him. I have called to return to you the gold you loaned him. no need of it now. As for the interest, I shall sell some cattle to the Americans at Sacra-

mento or Marysville and pay that later. I would have the mortgage returned to me then."
"You shall have it returned to you now. It has never been recorded, nor did I ever intend to record intend to record it, even though such record might have been made with the secretary of state, under the old government, at San José. As for the interest, I do not want it."

The girl rode a little closer to the door and

flung bag after bag of gold at the threshold. "You shall have your interest, Don Dermod,"

she assured him. "I would not be under a debt to you."

"As you will. I am sorry for your father's death. I grieve for you, Josepha. If you will wait a moment I will get the mortgage." He thrust it, opened, through the door. "Observe it," he commanded. "Do you recognize the state of the commanded of the servery that the servery the servery the servery that the servery the servery the servery that the servery the servery that the servery that the servery that the servery the servery that the servery this document? Come close enough to see, but not too close."

"It is the mortgage my father gave you,

"You may not touch it, Josepha." He turned the pages slowly, one by one. "You observe it has not been recorded? It is as your father gave it to me, is it not?"

"It is, Don Dermod."

He struck a lucifer-match and touched the tiny flame to the document, holding it until but a corner of it remained unconsumed, and

"You have destroyed the evidence of indebt-edness before weighing the gold I have re-turned," the girl chided him gently.

"Occasionally you will meet a gringo who does not doubt a lady's word. And now that our business has been consummated, I must tell you that there is in this camp a violent and very fatal epidemic of smallpox. The doctor who brought you here has explained the situation to you, has he not?"
"A very little. He speaks English very fast

and with a certain accent. I did not understand him well."
"Then I will explain," and D'Arcy pro-

ceeded to do so.

"So! I may not, then, return to my home? This is not pleasant." Her pale features predi-

"Accommodations of a sort may be had at the hotel. I am sorry for this quarantine, but it is a just measure and very necessary

"It is a just measure and very necessary."
"It is better that a few should die than that
the country should be swept by this scourge,
Don Dermod." And that was her sole comment in the face of the truly desperate situation. "The guards on the road will, perhaps, be good enough to send to the Rancho Arroyo Chico the news of my enforced stay here; otherwise my poor people will be sadly worried. The majordomo will care for the rancho,

ried. The majordomo will care for the rancho, of course. He knows no other home, no other loyalty. But I talk too much of myself, Don Dermod. Are you ill? Have you been ill?"

"No, thank you. I have been vaccinated and it is now improbable that I shall have smallpox; if so, it will be a very light case. But I shall be very distressed until I know you have escaped contagion."

She threw her little hand up in a gesture sur-

She threw her little hand up in a gesture suggestive of fatalism. "It matters little now what becomes of me. The covered wagons of the emigrants crowd the highways; they camp on the rancho; they help themselves to our cattle Some, even, attracted by the land, have built habitations upon it and are tilling it. require time, money and the law to rid myself of these people. They defy my majordomo; soon they will impoverish me. I—I—cannot

soon they will impoverish me. I—I—cannot dwell in poverty."

"When I am free to leave Happy Camp, Josepha, I will rid you of these unwelcome visitors. They are called squatters, and in the absence of government they have elected to ignore all land titles. But soon we shall have a government functioning; even now it is in the making. But as you say, it will require

time and money to protect your interests."
"I will not trouble you, Don Dermod, to risk your life, your time or your money in my behalf."

behalf."

"I shall require no reward," he replied coldly. "You are no longer in my debt; I hope you will not again be indebted to me, but I should like to be indebted to you for permission to serve you."

"But your pride—" she began.

"But your pride—" she began.

"I guard it well. No woman shall ever trample upon it, I assure you. It is that I have a code. No man may trample upon the rights of the unfortunate and the helpless while I turn a deaf ear and an unseeing eye to such op-pression. For that I seek no reward save the rch, 1928 ot be under a

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GARETTES

William T. Tilden 2nd

to protect his throat, smokes Luckies

"The voice is essential to stage work and its care one of the actor's greatest worries. During the course of some of my stage appearances, I am called upon at intervals to smoke a cigarette and naturally I have to be careful about my choice. I smoke Lucky Strikes and have yet to feel the slightest effect upon my throat. I understand that toasting frees this cigarette from any throat irritants. They're 100% with me."

William T. Telden Zud

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Tobacco is used for many purposes. There are many kinds and characters of Leaf, but there is only one kind that goes into the brand of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes—that sweet, mellow, mild type that the Farmer calls and properly so, 'The Cream of the Crop.'"

's toas

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.



I consider MELLO-GLO Face Powder a real contribu-tion to cosmetics. Its soft velvery texture gives a youthful bloom that doesn't wear off quickly. Miss Destrée Tabor (Operetta Star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., N.Y.



My friends tell me that my complexion is lovelier since using MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It spreads so smoothly de pore is visible. Miss Mimi Palmer, 345 W. 71st St., N.Y.



Since using MELLO-GLO, I can appear all evening with-out repowdering. It stays on longer yet does not clog the pores or leave the skin dry. Miss Barbara Cartington (well known singer), The Golden Dawn Co., Hammersteein Theatre, N. Y. C.

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Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer's name

delight of knowing I have played the man's

"Perhaps, Don Dermod, you will expect a

"In that event I shall not reveal my expectations. I have told you that no woman may trample on my pride. I shall hope to have the honor of serving you, and when my service is done I shall ride away, nor seek to remind you of it."

"You are a strange gringo, Don Dermod. Sometimes I think I am close to an understanding of you . . . Well, we are prisoners standing of you . . . Well, we are prisone together, it seems. I will pray for our liberty. She waved her gauntleted glove at him and rode up into the heart of the camp.

Presently the messenger from the quarantine guard rode up. Bejabers Harmon strode out

to meet him.

The doctor tells me you fellers want to see

"The doctor tells me you fellers want to see me," he shouted. "Don't be afraid to come close to me. I've had smallpox bad once, and it ain't so ketchin' with me. If I get it I'll get over it. What do you boys want?"

"I'm the alcalde," Bejabers informed him. "Welcome to Happy Camp. She's a mite depressed now, I admit, but ordinarily she's a hummer. You're the guest of Happy Camp from now until I let you go, mister. If none o' the rest of us can go out 'twouldn't be fair to from now until I let you go, mister. If none o' the rest of us can go out, 'twouldn't be fair to make an exception in your favor.

"But I must rejoin my friends, to report to

them the delivery of their ultimatum—"
"Sho, boy. Pull up. You're tryin' to back
out o' the saddle. How do you know the wind ain't blown some smallpox germs on you?
And yet, here you are a-fixin' to carry 'em back
to your friends." He came closer to the pockmarked man. "Git off'n that horse and make yourself to home the best you can, stranger.
I'm goin' to put a guard of our own on that
trail with orders to kill the first man that tries trail with orders to kill the first man that tries to break quarantine. Your people can halt them that's tryin' to git into Happy Camp, but Happy Camp'll 'tend to them as tries to get out. 'Tain't often we git sich a pockmarked visitor," he added with grim irony, "and when we git one, particularly at this season o' the year, we certainly do cherish him. Seems like it's awful hard to git male nurses here lately." here lately."

The stranger laughed. "You win," he re-ied. "Your argument's fair." Each day the Bart threw a rock at their door; when they opened it he gave them news of the progress of his battle. Each day saw from one to five persons stricken; each day a cabin or two became a funeral pyre. The Bart was unshaven, unkempt, unwashed and ragged; his eyes were sunken, ringed with worry, work and sleeplessness; he walked with a laggard step and his old-time cheerfulness was gone. He wanted a drink and he would not take it. He did not spare himself, for he was again a knight—a knight of Hippocrates, faithful to his oath. If he had been a delightful, brilliant waster and prodiced worst for his days. waster and prodigal most of his days, he was atoning for it now.

THE relict of Feather River Henry did not demur at taking up her residence in the D'Arcy cabin. Fortunately, she was of that type of femininity which is never at ease with

women but ever at ease with men. Her hosts stretched a blanket across the end the cabin, thus insuring her a measure of privacy; she slept in Mr. Poppy's bunk and for the first two days of her sojourn remained incommunicado, weeping violently for the late Feather River Henry. On the third day, however, Madge reacted from her grief and commenced taking an interest in life. D'Arcy found her mentally alert, fairly well educated and for a woman, exceedingly democratic and

She had been married, and with her husband had arrived in California late in '48 from Australia. In San Francisco her husband had disappeared, to be discovered a few days later lying in the wash of the surf in Yerba Buena cove, his head crushed in and his pockets turned inside out. Feather River Henry, who

was dealing faro in the Bella Union at the time, had at first been disinterestedly kind to her. He had been careful to explain that he was not a marrying man. Of course there had not been lacking any number of lusty males eager and willing to relieve her of the worries incident to her penniless station, but—as she explained to D'Arcy and his friends—a certain respect for the memory of the deceased Minturn had indicated that she should not marry too precipitately.

Madge cooked for them, mended their clothes, so sadly in need of her womanly attentions, scolded them for their disorder, treated them like so many small boys. It was impossible not to like her—and little by little the thought found haven in Bejabers' brain that Madge really was a lady, provided one did not

draw the lines too fine. D'Arcy observed that when Madge renewed the dressing on Bejabers' inflamed arm a look bordering on beatitude appeared in Mr. Harmon's none too lovely orbs; from which he surmised that the scandalously naked little cherub with the bow and arrow was stalking the alcalde of Happy Camp.

When, at the end of eight days, none of the vaccinated men had developed symptoms of

watchatet men had developed smallpox infection, the Bart came to a decision.

"Ye'll have to help me now," he informed them. "I've done the best I can for ye; now ye'll have to stand shoulder to shoulder with me and do the best ye can by yer fellow man. There are twenty cases up the arroyo, scat-tered over a distance of three miles. I need more nurses; this devilish scourge is getting away from me fast, the miners are in a grand funk and will no longer come near the afflicted. Everybody's staying indoors; like ye lads, they only venture out to get water and fuel."

"Come in, Sir Humphrey. Don't stand out there shouting at us.'

"So I am, so I am. That's how a habit rows on a man." He entered and sat down. "Pay attention to me now, all o' ye. The quarantine on this cabin is lifted and the fight's really begun. Listen to my lecture on the care of smallpox patients and remember what I tell ye."

He lectured to them briefly; then led them to his patients, one by one, assigning a certain number of sick to each. "Jim Toy, the pockmarked man and I are exhausted. We must have a night of complete rest," he reminded them. "Dermod, and ye, Bejabers, will take charge of the patients up the creek. Look for them yerselves. I'm too tired to show ye

In the terrible situation which faced him, the Bart had accomplished miracles. Upon the death of Feather River Henry he had commandeered the entire stock of lumber on hand at the little portable sawmill; then he had organized the men of the camp and proceeded swiftly to the erection of an isolation hospital, in an adjacent canyon, from which the prevailing winds could not blow the germs back upon Happy Camp. He had com-mandeered blankets for the rough board bunks and issued an order that any man feeling ill, and particularly with a mounting fever, a severe headache and pains in the back and legs, was to walk to this isolation camp at once and there remain until given permission to return to his cabin.

In the face of a pitiful scarcity of even the most rudimentary means of combating the epidemic, the Bart had taken the sole means eft to him, that of isolation and the prompt destruction, by fire, of all cabins in which a smallpox case originated. He had had dug a short distance from the isolation camp a long trench, to which he and Jim Toy and the pock-marked man had been carrying the dead and

covering them with eighteen inches of dirt.
"I have one complete layer down the full length of the trench," he informed D'Arcy and company. "We'll start a layer on top of that company. "We'll start a layer on top of that today. I have forty cases now; we've had twenty-seven deaths, and a census of the camp reveals a hundred and eighty-two people not yet affected. A man tried to run the guard n at the time, kind to her. that he was there had not y males eager orries incident she explained ertain respect Minturn had

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Youth and Health are priceless gifts

Protect them now by guarding Danger Line The

TO THE modern woman, youth I and health are priceless gifts. On them depends the vitality, the energy, the "aliveness" that can lift her out of the dull routine of life and fill her days to overflowing with gracious, joyous activity.

Are you one of these women who knows that it is health which must be guarded if youth and beauty are

to be preserved?

Take mouth hygiene, for instance. Doctors and dentists both tell us that premature old age, lack of vitality, tiredness and dangerous diseases also, are developing as the result of decayed teeth and infected gums. But what do we do to guard against this danger? Give our teeth a brushing or two, daily perhaps with some ineffective toothpaste and dismiss the matter.

Brushing is not enough! And here is the reason. Every time you eat, food particles lodge in the pits on your teeth and in the tiny V-shaped crevice around each tooth formed by the meeting of tooth and gum-The Danger Line. These particles ferment. Acids are formed. It is these acids which cause tooth decay and also irritate the gums, causing dangerous infections.

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You cannot brush these acids out of the crevices at The Danger Line. So you must use a dentifrice that can

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Well, I said to Mr. er-er-er what's his name--you know who I mean -- that if we were going to do business with his firm, they ought to act right-er-erregardless of what anyone else said. You get what I mean ?



Stop Groping for Words!

If your words flow easily, if you NEVER have trouble expressing yourself, people see immediate-ly that your thoughts run along smoothly and that you have a sparkling, active mind.

But if you hesitate and stammer, and grope for words, if you say "er" or "what-do-you-call-it" or "you know what I mean" instead of using exactly the right word to express your meaning—you tell every one that your mind is asleep. You publish the fact that your education has been sadly neglected. Your limited vocabulary shows clearly that you are dull and uninteresting. uninteresting

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last night. He got by our men but the down-country guard killed him."
"Who was the man?"
"The Indian vaquero who accompanied
Señorita Guerrero."

"Have you seen Señorita Guerrero lately?
Is she well?"
"She isn't in my isolation camp, Dermod."

I have no time for social diversions "Have there been any cases taken out of the Mansion House?"

"The only cases taken out have been cases of whisky. I've commandeered it all for my patients. Nothing like a drop o' the craythure to keep up the heart action." He turned to Madge. "Ye're chief nurse, lass, and the others will take orders from ye in my absence."

"You're a rare old sport," Madge replied, and kissed him. "We'll not let you down. Go pound your tired old head. My word, that little Chinaman looks like a wraith. Somebody give the poor heatthen a drink."

"And there were men in this camp who "The only cases taken out have been cases

"And there were men in this camp who would have deported him," D'Arcy reflected. He rumpled Jim Toy's black head. "Jim Toy, you heap velly fine boy."
"You heap velly fine boss," Jim Toy replied, and staggered away to the cabin with the Bart. Sometime during the night, as Madge was

sponging a delirious patient with snow-water, the Bart came into the isolation hospital. "Anyone blink out while I was gone, lass?"

The girl pointed to a bunk, and the Bart staggered over and looked down into the horrible, swollen face of the dead man. Judson

"He just died, doc," Judson volunteered.
Sir Humphrey nodded, sat down on a bench and leaned back against the wall. He closed his eyes and appeared to sleep, but at daylight when Judson and McCready carried out to the trench the lact to die he care a wake.

"Madge, alannah"

"Yes, doc. What is it?"

"I've got it, darlin'. For two days I've suspected I had it. The initial rash is coming out now," and he held his hands before her, palms up. "If ye please, I think I—might dare—to take a drink now. I'm a bit wobbly. Ye're a fine brave girl, Madge, me dear. Ye'll do the best ye can by me, I know, but—don't bother too much. There's others that'll be more of a loss to the world than auld me! Give me a long drink of cold water now, Madge, ye poor innocent, and go back to your patients. Keep ther eyes sponged out. Don't let the secretions gather in them, else, should they survive, 'tis blind they may be!"

He drank the tin cup of snow-water she held to his hot lips and lay back against the wall, but he was not cold. Madge spread a pair of clean blankets in the bunk so recently vacated, led him to it and tucked him in.

led him to it and tucked him in.

"What a pity to spoil these fine blankets," he murmured humbly, "when some better man'll soon be needing them."

He slept. When he awakened a woman was leaning over him, wiping his hot brow with a cold towel. The Bart gazed at her a little bewildered, for his fever was very high.

"Ye're not Madge," he charged weakly.
"No, Señor doctor, I am Josepha Guerrero. I am weary of that hotel. It is lonely."

"Ye shouldn't have come here! Ye're not sick, are ye?"

sick, are ye?" "Gracias á dios, no, Señor doctor. But it is not the part of a woman to hide like the rat in his hole while brave men do the woman's work. I have seen from the window Don Dermod D'Arcy and his friends come out from their b'Arcy and his friends come out from them them them to the bigs thing, the brave thing. I must help, too.' Well, I am here, Señor doctor."

The Bart had no answer. He closed his eyes and sighed. Then he commenced to weep.

Perhaps he was thinking of his wasted life.

D'Arcy experiences tense moments of anxiety at Josepha's presence in the pestilence-ridden camp-in the April instalment of Peter B. Kyne's Novel



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cause skin blemishes!

Your skin is safe from tiny dust and germ particles-until you shave!

Then, with even the cleanest of shaves, come invisible nicks of the razor that open the way to infections. Embarrassing skin blemishes result. Soap and water can't prevent them.

That is why particular men use Pinaud's Lilac to finish each shave. Lilac-a real antiseptic-protects even the invisible breaks in the skin. Distressing skin blemishes can't happen!

And nothing feels quite so refreshing, for Lilac first stimulates, then soothes, the skin. The same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever!

Get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store today. Look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.



PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

The Homing Pigeons

(Continued from page 95)

ten dollars and duress had to be used to induce motherly Mrs. Westfall to take five dollars for momenty MIS. Westfall to take five dollars for helping out. It was all so inexpensive that the standing version of our arrivals—that we all came via the yawning aperture in the trunk of a hollow sycamore in Dunham's Grove— was entirely believable.

was entirely believable.

When we consider that the bringing of my father's and mother's twelve children into the world and the four children in my own household totaled altogether less than the cost of safe conduct "out of the nowhere into the here" of the last grandchild, number six, it will be understood why young mothers get to feeling that either they must revise their original prospectus of an ideal family or increase its combined earning capacity.

bind earning capacity.

But being "born in a hospital and educated in a boarding-school" doesn't tell the whole story of a modern daughter marked "absent but accounted for" when the roll is called at

Going away to school means going still further away to intercollegiate games, to the distant homes of college chums, to vacation camps, to five-million-dollar-drives to give the camps, to five-million-dollar-drives to give the alma mater the place it should occupy among the leading colleges of the world. Then when there is a possibility of daughter renewing acquaintance with her family, someone pounces upon her as being just the type of girl that is needed to complete a personally conducted group of college girls to the "Land of the Midnight Sun." If not that, a kidnaping newspaper packs her off in a popularity contest to be a movie star at Hollywood or a Miss America at Atlantic City. at Atlantic City.

Many parents have sent their girls to college only to discover that they have proceeded much further than they were sent through facilities of propulsion provided by car-owning students of the other sex.

Such "university extension" courses have been so much in contravention of home life and of the nurture and admonitions of home life that several schools have banned the motor.

With over 20,000,000 cars in the United States it should be possible to get the entire population out of their homes in ten seconds. It has never been tried in an emergency, but sufficient home-emptying under normal conditions has been done to prove that complete account in the account in the complete control of the control of t evacuation in the space named is easily possible.

And consider the other home-emptiers if you ould know why the shadows of desertion fall athwart American firesides. Vast stadiums, pacious cinemas, garish dance-halls, colorful casinos, colossal resort hotels multiply. What are they for in all their 100,000-seats amplitude and magnificence except to give all, old and young, within the family fold, alluring reasons for being otherwhere?

And the stuffier the flat, the more lonely the duplex, the darker the tenement, the more cramped the cottage, the more irresistible the appeal of the sumptuous substitutes, the eye-

ling competitors of the hearthstone!
Once it was "home is where the heart is."
Ow it is "home is where the hotel is." Every little while I am invited to have a voice in dedicating the new social center—a community dedicating the new social center—a community hotel. The people build it and equip it gorgeously with their own money. Then they invite one of the nation-wide operating companies to run it.

It used to be the boast of the best hotel that its bus met all trains. It would take some botel nowadays to meet all the busses. Once you went to a public inn when you didn't know anybody in town or when you arrived too late to disturb your friends. Now if your friends are anybody you go straight to the hotel upon arrival to join them at the joyous début, the wedding-feast or bridge. And the later you are the mertier.

Step into any popular caravansary at the macheon hour. What is that Babel of voices



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70U WILL ENJOY a youthful zest when walking—you will find added energy in all your activities when you wear Foot Saver Shoes.

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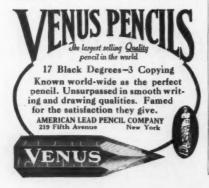
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like the sound of many waters fretting against the rocks? Those are miladies, come to some midday meeting and meal. The homes they have put behind them for the nonce, placed side by side, would make a boulevard around the city

Family festivities are so dependent upon hotels now it is no unusual thing for households to perpetuate their thankfulness by working the names of hostelries that have served them in their linen and engraving the same upon their silverware. But you can carry commemoration too far. A weekend guest created something of a commotion lately when he saluted the hostess at breakfast as "Mrs. Statler."

Having company a quarter of a century ago as a soul-warming scene that has never lost its savor with this home-keeping writer, here invoking the early and full return of hearthside companioning and content.

Kin and friends in cheery converse in the drawing-room; the extra leaves all in the extension dining-room table; the board itself glistening with linen, silver and crystal; a promising stir and pungent aromas from the kitchen.

Hard on the busy hostess, her cheeks flaming with oven heat and happiness? No, not if everything came out all right and someone was good enough to say—just one—"Finest was good enough to say-just one-meal I ever sat down to, my dear!"

This sort of thing having become a movable feast, turned over to up-to-date downtown organization and facilities, there is some compensation in the thought that the home group go down to the hotel together. That is the go down to the hotel together. That is the habit that upholds the home—doing things together. "Useless each without the other." How sadly this homely inseparability has been violated was suggested when the neighbor was explaining the explosion next door that blew the husband and wife through the kitchen window: "And just think—it was the only time they had gone out together since they were married!'

Quite as illuminating was the telephone

conversation between the occasional caller and

Mrs. Van Alan:
"Who is it speaking, please?" asked the polite voice at home.

"Mr. Van Alan! Don't you remember me-your husband, John Van Alan!"
"Yes, yes, to be sure! There was something familiar about the voice. How are you, John?" "So, so, thank you. How are the children?"
"Who?"

"Who?"

"The children—Tommy and Bessie!"

"Oh, the children! Wait till I see . . . The
nurse says they have gone to Europe! Do call
again when you are this way. It is always a
pleasure to hear from you."

Dialogs like unto the foregoing prepare one
for the deduction of the delity newspaper reade

for the deduction of the daily newspaper reader who said when he saw there were 180,868 divorces last year: "This is the land of the free

Then he came upon the statement that 1,202,079 couples went to the altar in 1926, despite a dwindling home life. "It's also the home

of the brave!" he declared.

The brave. Blessings on the brave! None but the brave deserves the fair guerdon of the glorious American rooftree, rented or bought on contract. There is hope in that one million, two hundred thousand couples, braving divorces, distractions, depressions, debts, un-dismayed by the appalling total of love's young

dreams gone to smash!

Let them heed Henry W. Grady, eloquent voice of the New South, marveling at the monumental splendors of the nation's capital, but finding in the sweet hour of the evening meal and the lesson read from the Book by the white-haired grandsire in the farm home of a friend of his boyhood in Maryland, the real

hope of the glory and perpetuity of the republic. "Follow the swallow"? Nothing doing. But consider the homing pigeons, how they get back, ye million, two hundred thousand newly-mated, trying to win where so many have failed in becoming for all time a part of the nation's very foundation.

The Single Standard (Continued from page 55)

man was doing marvelous work. His two new canvases were the talk of the Salon. He won-dered what had happened there. Nobody seemed to know.

Nobody did. That was the one thing which Arden Stuart could not talk about.

The doctor rang his bell with a sigh. Most people were so futile. Arden Stuart—he still thought of her as Arden Stuart in spite of her marriage—always gave him a sense that life at least was worth living.

But he was very much annoyed with her several months later when his secretary came in to tell him that she had called Mrs. Hewlett to find out what hospital she preferred and Mrs. Hewlett had said she didn't prefer any hospital. She intended to stay at home.

He took the telephone in a rage. make me a lot of unnecessary trouble," he said. "And it's dangerous."

Arden's voice came back very sweetly; it was entle, it almost pleaded. "Please, Doctor

gentle, it almost pleaded. "Please, Doctor Whitcomb," she said.
"Oh, all right," said the little doctor. "I don't care. Have your own way. You have all your life." And he hung up in the middle of her loughter. of her laughter.

Arden laughed a great deal during those days. Laughter, which was not her habit, seemed to come easily to her. Her eyes were always aglow with it. This thing of motherhood seemed to have taken her whimsically. All sorts of odd things appealed to her. She went to tennis matches and football games, wrapped in a long fur cape, her little face above it very intent and serious, except for the eyes aglow with laughter. Symphony concerts saw her often, absorbed, as though she were drink-

ing the music into the very depths of her being. In marriage, there are always certain things—big things, little things, poignant things—that are remembered. Things that hold to gether or drive apart, standing out clear and strong against the motley background of every

day.

Tommy Hewlett never forgot the night his son was born. He never forgot that gay, sweet

of Arden's, or her radiant little face

against the pillow.
"I will not take ether," said Arden Stuart. And grinned at the doctor and kept the grin

in spite of everything.
"I shan't give you chloroform," said Doctor Whitcomb testily.

'I don't want any chloroform," said the girl

"I don't want any chloroform," said the guint he bed, mocking him. Actually she was mocking him, even while her eyes were swamped in amazement at the pain.
"What do you want?" said the doctor.
"I want to be here." said Arden, gasping for breath but still defiant. "I'm going to be here. What's the fun of having a baby if you aren't there. I'd like to know!" there, I'd like to know!"

It was one of the doctor's favorite stories ever afterwards. "Said she wanted to be there," he would say.

In the dawn Arden Stuart's son was born. "Godfrey, isn't he ugly!" said Arden, when they laid him on her arm. "What's he got all the best for all was for the laid him on her arm. "What's he got all the best for all was for the looks like a that hair for? And such feet. He looks like a St. Bernard pup."

The efficient nurse, torn between the ad-

miration Arden had awakened during the long night hours and shock at this unorthodox reception of a first-born, said, "He's a marvelous baby, Mrs. Hewlett. I don't think I've ever seen a more perfect child."

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— climate — weather
— temperature — altitude

your car will run best on

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ETHYL GASOLINE IS THE YARDSTICK BY WHICH OTHER GASOLINES ARE MEASURED.

"Do you think he's going to have a sense of umor?" said Arden. "He's got an Irish upper humor? lip all right. I shall call him John—after my

in all right. I shall call him John—after my brother Ding, you know."

"That's a nice name," said the nurse. "John Hewlett. You won't have any trouble with that baby. He's so healthy."

"That's good," said Arden, "and now for goodness' sake give me a cigaret."

"You shouldn't smoke while you're nursing him" said the nurse represedfully.

said the nurse reproachfully.

Arden sighed. "All right," she said, in a resigned voice. "Gosh, you're a lot of trouble," she added, looking down at the small black

But something in her voice made the nurse glance back quickly. To her surprise she saw that John Hewlett's mother was weeping and she knew that it was for joy.

Motherhood was a great experience in Arden's life. And to it she had given all she had. But it would be idiotic to say that it satisfied her. It was a crowning fact and she had borne its pain with joy, which is more than most women can say. There are motherthan most women can say. There are mother-women, there are wife-women, there are mistress-women. Arden was a combination of all three.

Her son she adored. But he did not, could not fill her life. The need for many other things, for contact with people, for exchange of ideas, for emotional reaction, flamed within her as it had always flamed. No child-not even her own-could quench that thirst for life, which in itself was more wonderful than anything life could give her.

The part of her which had sunk into slumber during the early year of her marriage, during the months that she waited for her son, reasserted itself as vividly as an unsheathed

sword.

Once more the glamorous Arden Stuart emerged, only with an added gentleness, a little royal courtesy, that made her charm quite irresistible. You would have said a wise, a tolerant, a newly understanding woman. Not quite so lovely to look upon, perhaps, as she had been when she came back from the All Alone, but with a strange mingling of body and spirit, one expressing the other, a strange oneness between the grace of her mind and the

expressiveness of her face.

But an Arden all for friendship now, and

not for love.

There was no attempt on her part to found a salon. No woman may attempt that and succeed. But there grew up around her something which the idea of a salon most nearly expresses. Naturally men drifted to the light of her genius for friendship, since all men crave

the friendship of women and so seldom find it. So you might find about her this one and that one, all the way from supreme court justices and visiting English novelists, to bronzed and silent captains of the Pacific and hard-boiled sporting editors, with maybe a

pugilistic protégé in tow.

Women she liked, but they did not like her. Or rather, they distrusted profoundly that honesty of hers, that amazing frankness.

So, often enough, there were only men at Arden's during the late afternoon, or in the long quiet evenings. With perhaps Mercedes, shining and beautiful, or old Mrs. Handley, whose admiration for Arden had never faltered, or the tall and stately Monica O'Neal, who was a brilliant newspaper woman and had left her vanity somewhere upon the hard road by which she had achieved that distinction.
"Arden," said Monica to Hi Felton, the city

editor of an afternoon paper and a cold and brutal young man, "is the only woman I know who doesn't obtrude sex into conversation and social intercourse. It's odd, when you consider her reputation."

Hi put down his teacup-he had a wholly incongruous passion for tea and consumed huge quantities of it when he was at Arden's-and looked across the room to where Arden sat curled in a window-seat talking to a dark, ugly little man with a high forehead. The little

man was a well-known labor agitator and Arden openly detested him, but she loved to argue with him and provided a certain kind of old California claret for his special use. "She doesn't obtrude it," said Hi positively,

"because she happens really to know what it is The trouble with most women is they think they should be sexy, and they haven't any more real emotion or passion than a turnip."

ARDEN'S voice came across the big room to them. It was a glowing room. The walls, a solid tapestry of books, picked up the light from the little fire, the fine old rugs picked up the light from the shaded lamps. There were the state of the picked with the shaded lamps. masses of ivory and golden-yellow chrysanthemums, shaggy and graceful, against the dark

"Hi." she said, "come over here and tell me something I need to know about the carpenters

strike. Musso is getting the best of me and I know he's wrong."

"Ah, Madame sends for reenforcements," said the little Italian, and grinned maliciously. "Certainly," said Arden imperturbably. "I need facts. I send for them. No general was ever cashiered, or whatever they do to generals,

for summoning shock troops at the proper time.

They were still hard at it when Tommy came in, and Arden waved to him, inviting him to come and sit beside her in the window-seat. But she did not stop talking. Her eyes were gray and intent. The battle absorbed her. Her slim brown hands moved in quick, effective gestures.

"Could you talk with your hands tied?" Hi Felton had asked her once, but she had only

laughed at him.

When they had gone and quiet had settled upon the big library, Tommy came and stood looking down at her. She looked very tired. There were lavender circles under her eyes and

her mouth was a little open, so that you could see the fine edge of white teeth. "Are you happy, Arden?" he said, wistfully. Her eyes met his steadily, contemplated the question in them. And then she got up, stood on tiptoe and pulled his head down so that she could kiss his forehead. "Yes," she said. "Let's go up and see young Ding. I've a surprise for

The nursery was on the third floor and he followed her light swift flight up the stairs.

"Look," she said, holding the baby against her shoulder. "He's had a hair cut. Doesn't her shoulder. it look swell?"

The little head nestled against hers, the big eyes that were so like her own when her own were gray and steady regarded his father with interest. He was a quiet baby, with a wise round face.

"You're very dashing, young man," said his mother. "I admire your hair cut immensely. I'm sure it's quite the best hair cut in San Francisco. And a hair cut makes all the difference in a man."

John Hewlett-only the mother ever called him Ding—turned and gave her a wide and rippling smile, and then flung both fat arms

around her neck.

You're a good egg, Ding," said Arden. think I'm going to like you very much. Not just because you happen to be mine—because of yourself. I hope you'll be a lawyer when you grow up. There are a lot of things wrong you grow up. There are a lot of things wrong with the law in this country. How would you like that?"

But young Ding had snuggled against her neck and lost all interest in the conversation. He had gone swiftly and peacefully to sleep.

I never saw anything like the way you have with that baby," said the nurse. "Sometimes it takes me the longest time to get him to sleep, but when you're here he goes right off."
"I probably bore him," said Arden.

It was funny, just then, how people were always asking Arden if she were happy.

Her brother Ding asked her that, too, just the day after it had come so wistfully from Tommy Hewlett.

"Am I of such a melancholy countenance," said Arden, "that you have to ask me that?" "You wouldn't be of a melancholy countenance if you weren't happy," said Ding "You've got too much backbone. Only Mercedes thought you were—I don't knownot quite happy." said Ding.

"I'm happy enough," said Arden. In happy enough, said Arden. "Happiness isn't particularly important. I—I am content, Ding. But I am a little afraid of contentment. It is so often stagnation. My horizon has closed in on me. I am doing nothing." nothing.

"Don't be an idiot," said Ding. saved Tommy's life and made a man of him into the bargain. He was just an overgrown boy before. You're a wonderful mother. Mercedes says so. And you're giving counsel and friendship to a lot of men who seem to

But Arden did not answer him. He noticed then the little dark circles under her eyes that Tommy had noticed the night before.

To herself, Arden was saying what she could not say to Tommy, what she would not say to Ding. "I am not alive. I am not living. I am existing. I don't feel anything any more. I have everything in the world that a woman should want but I am just a contented cow in a pasture. There is no danger here, no glory,

no menace, no fight. "I have done all that I can do for Tommy. Perhaps if I really loved him, I could do more. But I do not. He is sweet and kind and fine. But none of those things make a woman love a man. Perhaps they should, but they do not. I cannot deceive myself. I must face facts. Tommy wants peace. He wants nothing but peace. A woman doesn't want content—she wants love, with all its anguish and its brief pleasures and beauties and its long suffering and its terrible hurts. At least that is what I want. Perhaps I should be different. But I am not. I want love.

The word echoed through her deeply, the word she had come back to at last, the word she had not allowed herself to speak for a long

Ding, watching her, saw that her e green and shallow, green and cold, like flat, hard circles of jade, as they had been on that night long ago when she said to him,

think I can ever be true to any man."

None of these things did she say to Ding, but she said some of them to Mercedes later.

She was prowling up and down her own room, prowling like a panther in a cage, and her eyes were glowing like a panther's. The level brows were down, the golden lashes veiled her eyes, but they moved restlessly, seeking. Yet Mercedes was conscious of how seeking. Yet Mercedes was conscious of how elegant she was, of how great a distinction she possessed, in her severe black frock, without

ornament. Arden never wore ornaments.
"They don't become me," she always said, when Tommy suggested them. "They always look like they were hung on outside of me." So she was very severe in her straight black frock,

but very dashing.
"I want," she said, "to go to Arabia. I want to sit on the hot sands. I want to be hot, or cold, or hungry. And instead I am going to luncheon with Mum! The irony of life, Mer-cedes. I am drifting and I have never drifted. promised I would not drift. That I would ive life to the fullest. But my life has become a well-oiled boulevard and I ride down it in a well-oiled car and I think well-oiled thoughts."

"No," said Mercedes, "you don't. You may think you do, but you don't. You are just the same Arden that you always were. Only you are very tired of Tommy. That is the whole trouble."

Arden stopped in her restless prowling. There was anger in the look she shot at Mercedes, but the anger was for herself and not for Mercedes. She loved Mercedes.

"But what right have I to be tired of Tommy?" she said. "And I do love him."
"Yes," said Mercedes, "but it is a half-love. I know, Arden. Half-loves are all most women.

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get out of life and whether they like it or not they have to be satisfied with them. But you will not be satisfied because you cannot." Arden came close to Mercedes; she had gone

Arden came close to Mercedes; she had gone a little white with her thoughts.

"Why is love so close to death, Mercedes?" the said, almost in a whisper. "I have seen so much of death in love. But the worst of all is not death by violence, or by separation, but the slow death of love that will not endure life. Anything is better than that."

And Mercedes knew she was thinking of Packy Cannon. No one but Mercedes knew that Arden still thought of Packy Cannon. And she knew it only because Arden never mentioned him now. It was as though she could not.

"Let us go and lunch then," she said mockingly, "on sweetbreads and champagne. And make Mum happy. Make everybody happy. And we shall, no doubt, have our reward in

Oh, she was in a bitter mood that day.

ND now we come in this tale to the entrance A of a certain man into Arden's life. For her life, after all, can be told only by the men she loved. Not the men who loved her. There were many, but they do not much matter.

This man came in an uneventful way. There was nothing to announce his coming as an event, any more than trumpets pealed glory and disaster when Paris entered the courts of

On a certain morning the telephone bell rang. It was one of those bright fall mornings for which San Francisco is justly famous.

Glasgow answered it.

She said, "Mr. Felton's calling you, Miss

And Arden, into the telephone, said, "Good morning, Hi. How's the latest edition?"

They talked a little of this and that, they

spoke of the glory of the morning; they were very good friends.

And then Hi said, "Arden, can I bring a fellow up this afternoon? I don't think you'll like him, but you might."

ike him, but you might."

"You can bring anybody, Hi," said Arden.
"Who is this chap that I might like and maybe
I mightn't? You are ambiguous, I do think."
"His name is Ian Deming."
"Good heavens," said Arden, "you don't
mean the motion picture actor?"
"Yes, I do," said Hi antagonistically—he
was one of those men who always get antagonistic when you put them on the defense.
"But—" said Arden, and gizgled."

"But—" said Arden, and giggled.
"Well, you don't have to have him if you don't want to," said Hi. "He's up here on location. I thought you women liked hand-"We do," said Arden, "bu-" She went

into another fit of giggling.

There was silence at the other end of the telephone, a pained silence.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Hi," she said swiftly. "Only it did seem funny, you chaperoning a movie star. I don't know why. Has our friendship ome to this, that I must explain to you why I think things are funny? Bring him. I'm going swimming. But I'll be back sometime." She was later than she had expected to be. She always was. That came from a delusion She always was. That came from a delusion about how much she could do in a given space

When she came in her hair was still damp from the water; it lay in flat bronze curls close to her head like the curls of a bronze statue. She had slipped an old rough white sweater of Tommy's over her woolly white sport dress. The light of the open door was behind her for a moment and then from the dark and perfect

ordine emerged those amazing eyes.

"I'm late," she said arrogantly. The old Arden, without that little air of royal courtesy, without the glamor and the distinction, and that may have been from some undercurrent, some psychic premonition such as women often have, or it may have been simply because she had done some exceptional diving that afternron. "I do hope you've had everything.

Hello, Monica. Shall I dash and array myself festively for you, or may I come in as I am? I warn you I am dirty and slightly wet, like a setter pup.

"Come in this moment, child," said Monica O'Neal, "and dry your hair by the fire. How you can go flopping about in cold water on a

day like this is beyond me."
"Somebody give me a dish of Hi's very strongest tea with, if I might suggest it, a very small dash of rum. The water was simply too grand for words but it was cold," said Arden, shaking her curls and grinning mischievously

at the tall woman in the big chair.

And all the time she was conscious of the man standing at Hi Felton's elbow, staring at

man standing at Hi Felton's elbow, staring at her with a little surprised, delighted smile.

"Arden," said Hi, grinning too, for he liked Arden best when she was like this, "this is Mr. Deming. You said I might bring him."

"That's pure subterfuge, Mr. Deming," said Arden, holding out her hand. "Hi would have brought you anyway. Last time he brought a man who tried to blow up the city hall the next day. I've never known whether it was my day. I've never known whether it was my conversation or Hi's gin that inspired him."
"A little of both, perhaps," said young Deming, and smiled straight at her. "I promise to behave better than that."
The crash of the teacup on the floor startled

Mercedes, who was playing the piano very quietly in the corner. It startled everybody except Arden Stuart and Ian Deming, who were looking at each other and perhaps had not heard it.

heard it.

There was only a fraction of a second, a split second, between its fall and the sparkle of Arden's husky laughter. But a century may crowd itself into a split second.

"The perfect hostess," said Arden gaily. "I do that so that if any of my guests drop anything later they won't feel embarrassed. Hi, please drop something so my sacrifice won't have been in vain. Why don't you all stay for dinner? Mercedes, telephone Ding to come here. Tommy's gone off to New York to buy electricity or something and I'm very lone electricity or something and I'm very lone and lorn. Reggie Foster sent me a lot of trout this morning and if you don't stay and eat them I shall have trout every meal for days and eave My cook has an economical soul." days. My cook has an economical soul.

It was very dark in the little garden back of It was very dark in the little garden back of the old Stuart house on Jackson Street. And it is, in its way, an exaggeration to refer to that tiny plot of ground as a garden. Still, there was a wall around it, an old wall, covered with vines that had grown to maturity, and there were trees in the corner, and right in the center a very little pool with a very little statue of a naked bronze baby.

Arden loved her little back hillside garden. And she loved it best at night, for it was much more beautiful in her imagination of it than it was in the realism of broad daylight.

Very still she sat on the one little bench the garden boasted. The wind was making low garden boasted. The wind was making low rustling music in the trees, a sighing, throbbing music that never ceased, that rose and fell in the night but never ceased. She could see the sky through the leaves of the murmuring trees and in some of the patches there were little bright stars.

Her body was so still because it was wrapped in a sweet languor, such as comes from drinking very old yellow chartreuse, chartreuse that has its memories. And her mind was busy plaster-

ing dreams over the figure of a man.

First she contemplated him as she had seen him for the first time that day. Perhaps she knew, somewhere in the cold back of her mind, that such beauty is unfair, that you can never rightly judge a man who looks like that.

But she would not listen now to anything in the cold back of her mind.

And before her in the garden she saw a picture of this young man. Tall, slim, with the shoulders of an athlete and the waist of a Guardsman. The brilliant blue eyes, almost icy-blue, wide-open, wide-set, under strong black brows. The unbelievably straight nose and the other properties of the property and the sulky, carved mouth, the black hair

grown back straight and heavy from the fine brow.

Masculine he was, male as Achilles, but there as about him an extravagance of beauty that must always, in man and woman, control their fate and the fate of those about them. That chiseled face was neither American nor foreign, it was a throwback to some past age of beauty, it was a reincarnation, one of those reincarnations that come in every decade, of men who stir the world through the hearts of women. Lancelot might have looked like that, or Tristan, or Mark Antony, or Cesare Borgia or the Duke of Buckingham.

Arden did not ask herself how a woman may

know what is inside of such a man, what his soul may aspire to, his mind think, his heart feel. She asked herself nothing about him,

which is the great pity, the great danger, created by the gods for women.

Besides, she was very busy creating a god.

She was combining all her dreams of what a man might be, all her knowledge of the strength and fineness of a man's mind, all the lovableness and the sweetness which strong men alone have, with the picture of Ian Deming. It was from this combination that she created a god.

Here was the one man who might have everything.

Something bright and beautiful was singing

Something bright and beautiful was singing in her breast. She was swamped in happiness, she was alive, her blood sang through her.

This one thing she must have. Greedy as she always was. Greedy for this beauty and sweetness, this rich, warm, new life that had flewed back into her in streams of purple and gold and that same melodicie in her see and gold, and that sang melodies in her ears and created visions before her eyes. She did not go to bed. She could not sleep.

But morning found her radiant.

"You look as though somebody had left you a fortune," said Glasgow sharply, when she brought coffee and orange juice out into the

"Maybe they have," said Arden.
She felt that her inexhaustible capacity to love was a fortune rediscovered.

HEY were alone together for the first time. They considered each other. She saw the man she had created in the garden. He saw a woman of promise, a woman of quality, a woman in whom were blended all the charms of flesh and spirit which he had hitherto been compelled to take piecemeal.

compelled to take piecemeal.

They were both very quiet.

Then he said, with that swift sweet smile,
"The one and only Arden!"

Her crooked little smile asked a question.
"Hi always says that of you," he said. "The
one and only Arden. It is quite true. You
know, I just can't believe that you've happened
to me. I try to believe it and I can't. Nothing
so wonderful as you could happen to me." so wonderful as you could happen to me."

But she was quiet in her big chair, staring into the fire, her mouth hot and dry, redly carved in her tanned face. She closed her eyes. But he made her open them. He wanted her to look at him.

The room behind them lay in shadow. There was only the fire and one shaded amber lamp to give light. It was almost as though the night outside had crept in, as though the black

might had crept through the walls right up to the little circle of the fire.
"I think," he said, very low, "that I've wanted friendship and understanding from a woman more than anything else in the world." We are going to be friends, aren't we, Arden?"
"Of course," she said, in that full, veiled

Pavots d'Argent SILVER POPPIES Le Tade Heurs d'Amour ROCER & CALLE NEW YORK could make the darn picture just as well at San Pedro.

They laughed together.

"Sit still," he said, staring at her, his face set, almost angry. "I love to see your head like that against the lamp. Do you know you have the most beautiful head in the world?"

The heating of hear heart was making her.

The beating of her heart was making her helpless. These were the most divine moments,

these moments before the first kiss.
"You're not beautiful, you know," he said harshly. "But your head is divine, and I love your arms, your lovely, soft, brown arms. I'd like to be on the hot sands and have them around me, they look so cool and strong."

His eyes had narrowed. The boyishness had gone from him. His mouth was set in a brutal And then, with an evident effort, he

"I want to talk to you," he said, a little piteously. "I'm not terribly clever. I used to read a lot. I used to think. But I haven't had time. I haven't had anyone to talk to. Holly-wood is so shallow and artificial. You're always on guard there. They think and talk nothing but personalities. I haven't talked to a woman in years. But you-

Never in all her life had Arden seen a smile quite like that one. It was a famous smile. And coming into the tensity, the melancholy of that beautiful face it was like a hand around her heart, taking the heart out of her breast. "You'll let me worship you a little?"

said quietly.

Arden Stuart looked at him then and was dazzled as though she had been a girl in love for the first time. That was one of the strange things about Arden. Love to her was always new, always overwhelming, always complete. Her experience of life, of love, of the world, her wisdom that was so apparent in friendship, went down before the sea of love.

And there was a thing, too, about Arden that no one suspected, not even herself. For her a man must always have a background. She didn't care for money or position. Not even for fame in itself. But she loved men with a background. There had been Beecham-Deever, with his background of death and danger, of grandeur and dissolution—Beecham-Deever, penniless and broken, but the great ace, the reckless hero of the air. And Packy Cannon, the great and picturesque Packy Cannon. Even Brett Carlyle, the perfect thing of his kind, had had a background, had stood forth against it, had seen the world as few men had seen it.

It was, in Arden, not so much hero-worship, as a love of the dramatic—a desire for in-

And now this boy, this modern Lancelot, hung with all the romance of his youthful fame, backgrounded by the idolatry of millions, with all the unexplainable fascination of that screen world wherein have been created more idols than in all the rest of the world put together. All these things she saw as she looked at

him.
"You mustn't worship me," she said. "I'm

"I don't think you know what you are," said Ian Deming, and he had never taken his eyes from hers, he had that trick of looking directly into the eyes of a woman to whom he made love; "you wouldn't. You haven't seen the common run of women like I have—the shallow, cheap, silly, dishonest women of today. The women without mind, without soul, turning this new—liberty, they call it—into an excuse for every petty vice.

"You don't know what it's like to find you,

to find bigness anywhere. It's the most wonder ful thing that's ever happened to me. I think it's going to be a new beginning of life, for me. I've been so discouraged about my work. It hasn't seemed worth doing. I've been convinced lately of the futility of everything. I'm just a bum motion-picture actor, a guy who

puts grease-paint on his face. I——"

His smile was wry, sweet—it didn't occur to her then how perfect was his every gesture, his every expression. Why should it?

"I've hated it so," he said. Arden Stuart believed him. "You mustn't think that," she said. "There isn't much "You mustn't happiness in the world, Ian. Nor much beauty,

nor much romance, nor much glamor. You give that to the world and you can't discount You make their dreams seem true and that's the most beautiful thing in the world-dreams come true."

"You are a dream come true," said Ian

Deming.

They looked at each other, blindly. Their faces were white, set. His eyes had a suffused the mouth was a thin hard line. Belook. His mouth was a thin hard line. Be-neath that look Arden went whiter, the color drained from her face, from her lips. Something was hot and terrible about her heart, but she could not tell whether it was love or pain.

Fear shook her coldly.
"Oh no!" she cried, to that look.
And found herself in his arms.

Ian Deming proves a brand-new variety of man to Arden's ever-searching quest for her ideal in the final instalment of Adela Rogers St. Johns' absorbing novel-Next Month

This is the Life (Continued from page 81)

traffic was too congested. Ineffectually she tried to hurry, but the going was slow, just a matter of ramming and pushing her way through the jostling crowds until the great elec-

tric sign hove in sight. "Sex Appeal Sam."

She was there. It was late. No chance to look at her program. Alone, in the front row, and one of her oldest friends, Lowell Frank, walked across the stage. He had the leading part. It was a funny play. She could not remember when last she laughed so heartily. She was surprised that Billy whose specialties were musical comedies had the good sense to produce such a show.

After the third act she must go backstage

to see Lowell.

When the final curtain was lowered she rushed to the ladies'-room, rearranged her hat, and powdered her nose. As she gazed into the mirror she felt that the beloved reflection had never looked more radiant. After all, country air does do one good. A final glance in the glass oval, and then making her way through the crowd she raced down the narrow alley that led to the stage door. To her surprise, Lowell Frank was just coming out, the make-up still on his face. His greeting puzzled her.

"Well, it's about time you came back to see e. I thought that all his success must have made you Ritzy or something! I'm just running across the street to my pet bootlegger. I'll be back in a moment. Go right inside. He's there."

Marianne frowned. Lowell had not seemed at all surprised to see her, and she had been away for such a long time, too. What did he mean by "he's there" and that success talk? Who could be inside? She quickly walked to the star dressing-room, the door with a "1" the outside. She turned the handle, entered, and faced a familiar figure.

She gasped. "Merl T. Rodgers, where in the world did you come from?"

He grinned sheepishly. "On the train after the control of the control o

you, dear. I thought you would pick this play instead of a dentist chair!"

Marianne had the grace to blush. "But what did you—how——"
"I might as well tell you the whole story, desire for i

Marianne. The author of this hilarious hit is your beloved husband. That was the reason for my many trips to New York. Columbia nothing!...it was Broadway! I wrote the show under an assumed name. That's how it

was kept a secret from you, although I think everyone has guessed that I'm the author. Several papers carried the news, Billy's pub-

Several papers carried the news, Billy's publicity department saw to that, but you refused to look at the theatrical sections. You wanted to cut away from all this, so I tried not to have you find out. I didn't want to disappoint you. You had always longed for the country. You love it, but after my taste of the city, the time I met you, well, you've got to know now—I'm keen on New York and the theater!"

Marianne kissed him. "Darling, so am I."

And at that precise moment Lowell Frank entered, carrying a bottle of champagne.

Later in the evening they attended one of Billy's parties. They stood out on the flower-decked balcony. Marianne's eyes sparkled.

She was happy.

"Darling, Harris wants me to sign for that new play. It'll be o.k., now that we're going to move back to town. And I can buy a lot of new clothes. I didn't tell you before, but that

new comes. I don't ten you before, but that agricultural income could not keep me in stockings! With this hit, and your next one half completed, well, I guess I can get a mink coat! Kiss me, honey, I must run inside. Gershwin promised to play me his latest. Oh boy, this is the life!" And she disappeared through the great French windows.

great French windows.

Merl T. Rodgers looked down on New York

"This is the life . . . Rats!" he murmured.

How he hated the whole business, the loudmouthed professionals, those hams, and now

mouthed professionals, those hams, and now he was to cater to their idiotic whims, join their crowd, be one of them—all because he wanted to bring back the sparkle to the brown eyes of the woman he loved.

And love her he did. She could not deceive him. He knew how miserable she had been in the country. Poor kid! Therefore, "Sex Appeal Sam," a snappy, risque Broadway comedy.

It was better that he should be the one to

It was better that he should be the one to

It was better that he should be the one to suffer. This was the only thing to do. He sighed. No more green farms, no more soil, just epigrams and rehearsals. But he had Marianne, and she was happy . . . He started. A gentleman had stepped out on the balcony and was standing next to him. A dramatic critic, one who loved to pick out prospective stars.

merlaughed. He lighted a cigaret. And the keen-eyed critic never discerned that this pleasant-faced man was a very promising

Hauptmann

(Continued from page 42)

dern Lancelot, youthful fame, millions, with of that screen l put together, she looked at

he said. "I'm

hat you are," ever taken his ick of looking in to whom he u haven't seen e I have—the omen of today. out soul, turnll it-into an

ke to find you, most wondero me. I think of life, for me. my work. It 've been con-erything. I'm or, a guy who didn't occur to

"You mustn't e isn't much much beauty, glamor. You can't discount

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What did he success talk? ndle, entered, ers, where in

oick this play . "But what

whole story,

young actor.

and fairy-tale can grow out of the soil itself, undisturbed by any national aberrations, because for a century, or since Frederick the Great took the country away from Austria and held it through three successful wars, it has known of no racial ambitions. To this people, among which I was born, too, Prussia means no more and no less than Austria, for at bottom it is an isolated queer silent people that profess to live isolated, queer, silent people that prefers to live pensively by itself.

A happy chance made the twenty-seven-year-old Hauptmann renowned through a drama which today, forty years later, can have no interest to anyone. Under foreign in-fluence, and in accordance with what was then the latest fashion, he wrote a naturalistic piece meant to eat forth the curve of heredity. It meant to set forth the curse of heredity. In that play all the landowners were besotted and brutish, like the witches of the fairy-tales, while the peasants were oppressed and noble. It was a play that failed utterly to measure up to the work of Ibsen and Tolstoy, from which



"... the audience would have a fit!"

Make it nobody's business!

ACTOR: "Just listen to the coughs in the audience-interrupting every line of the play. Suppose I should constantly cough between words - the audience would have a fit."

STAGE MANAGER: "Well, it's part of the game, I guesswhat are you going to do about it?"

ACTOR: "Can't do a thing except rely on Life Saver Menthol Cough Drops to prevent my own coughing and hope to high heaven the public gets next to the fact that they certainly do soothe the throat and relieve coughs." -MORAL-

> When you cough at home that's your businessin the theatre it's everybody's business. Make it nobody's business with a packet of Life Saver Menthol Cough Drops always in your pocket or



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it was derived, but which scared the solid citizens by its exaggerations and thus was bound to create a theatrical scandal quite out of proportion to its worth. While a childbirth was supposed to take place behind the stage, a physician rose in the orchestra and held aloft an obstetrical forceps which he happened to have with him. By means of that instrument the fame of Hauptmann was brought into the world

His real reputation, however, was not established until, at thirty, he brought his childhood recollections of the grandfather's misery into connection with serious historic studies of that same period, and then turned the touching story of the Silesian weaver into a drama. Until then the folk play had been nothing but a drawing-room play out of setting, a mere literary masquerade. But now appeared a poet who, out of the narrow but keenly realized surroundings of his childhood, and in native dialect, produced a piece of genuine folk destiny that was Silesian and German, but that also in a wider sense was universally human.

For the first time in three hundred years, one of the most oppressed and poverty-stricken human groups rose in this dramatized history, armed themselves, marched against their masters and exploiters, and were immediately crushed by the military forces of the state.

By making the mob his hero and splitting it up into a number of typical personalities, Hauptmann created an organ-like totality, a sort of choral play, out of which individual voices only occasionally reached the ear. It was a masterpiece, and in the dramatic field he has never reached quite that height again.

The resulting alarm was tremendous. For in a police state of the old Prussian kind those in power are constantly driven by their bad consciences to defend themselves against any spiritual manifestation. They thought they had to do with a revolutionary work. The play was prohibited. Consequently organizations were formed for its private production. The Kaiser canceled his lease of the royal box in the theater concerned. This step made the success of the play complete. After several attempts at prosecution, the prohibition against it was removed. The Kaiser's revenge took the form of a refusal to confirm the bestowal of the Schiller Prize on the play. Whereupon a new prize was established, wholly removed from any control by the court nobility or the church.

If Hauptmann had been at all that way inclined, all this would have forced him into politics. But he remained a poet, seeking in stead—as so many other prominent Germans have done, to the serious injury of the nation—a complete avoidance of everything political swell as an escape from an exposed position that was disturbing to his nature. This he found by heaping scorn on the bureaucratic types that had led the attack against him. His delicious picaresque comedy, "The Beaver Coat," became a satire on the Prussian officials and a tribute to the good-naturedly shrewd people of Berlin. Humor has always kept close company with Hauptmann's emotions, preventing him from turning sentimental and adding to the personal kindliness of his nature a touch of salt that lends proper flavor to the whole dish.

In the case of Hauptmann, any expression of social feeling has always been dictated by his heart. The partisanship of the head and the deliberations of the critical faculty have stayed foreign to his art.

Most happy he is when, in true northern and German fashion, he can apply himself poetically to all sorts of foggy visions. And never were the two principal impulses of his mind—social pity and visionary Christianity—more remarkably combined than in the dream play of "Hannele's Ascent," where, in dreams that are both sensual and raised above all sensuality, the poor beaten daughter of a mason mingles her childish love for her teacher with her love for the Savior, thereby rising to an astonishing degree of ecstasy in her final moments. This half grown, tender figure of a girl, pale with yearning, represents one of Hauptmann's

most beloved and most original female types, which he has introduced on the stage a number of times.

At this time, however, when he was thirty three and in the full flower of his manhood, he began suddenly to develop that masterful element in his nature which had appeared beside the ascetic tendency in the unformed feature of the youth. That sensual mouth demanded of life all that it could offer him. His other emotional hemisphere became turned toward the sunlight of his existence, while the on previously visible disappeared in night.

He had married at the early age of twenty-two, and into an old patrician house at that Three daughters of a rich merchant chose the three Hauptmann brothers for their husband. The youngest brother, Gerhart, had picked the youngest sister whose dark Italian beauty seemed antipodal to his own nature. By when they had been married a dozen years and had three sons, he divorced his first wife and took for the second a romantic violinist who was to become his real life partner.

The soberly Christian family home in tramiddle-class style had grown too close for him Instead, he was attracted by a fantastic, colorful, abundant life, full of beauty and devote to the service of the Muses. As he left the solid old home in the Silesian mountains inherited from his father and built a sort of princely hunting-lodge for himself and his newife a few miles away—as Romanesque hall full of pictures took the place of the comfortable old rooms and furnishings dating back to his grandfather—this totality of changes in his affections and habits, served aptly to symbolize the changes within the poet's own soul.

His head had lost its softness. He had grown leaner and more gnarled. The musical ear and the strong nose had become more emphasized. The more carefully arranged hair had begun to withdraw from his splendid forehead. His pictures as a man of thirty-five, very firmly built and very German, suggested the features of the Apostles. In fact, he looked at that time very much like Dürer's picture of St. John.

At this time, too, he began to seek the South, the Italian lake district, and there he conceived and produced a fairy-tale drama into which he put himself under the guise of a bell-founder who leaves wife and child for a maid of elf-like character, and who climbs from the church for which his bell is destined up to the real temple of the gods. Thanks to its richness in personally experienced struggles and conflicts, thanks to the ever-raging battle between Church and Art; thanks to the delicate imagnation of this wholly German fairy-tale, "The Sunken Bell," and thanks finally to a periect stage production, this new work brought Hauptmann an enormous success—the greatest of his entire life.

The whole nation learned the play by heart. It was turned into an opera. The women strove to appear as elf-like as the heroine. A quite new lashion took its start from that one play. In this work the sensually pagan part of Hauptmann came to the front, gave open battle to Christianity and asceticism, and

celebrated a complete triumph.

And yet the hero succumbed in the end to his conscientious scruples. Somewhat earlier Hauptmann had presented another hero whom the German public then rejected, and who had to wait twenty years to win the applause of that public. Immediately before he started his fairy-tale play, Hauptmann had finished a drama built around the little known German figure of Florian Geyer—a companion to that Götz von Berlichingen under whose banner the young Goethe had set the peasants marbing against princes and prelates. But again this Hauptmannian hero, though a brave German knight, had remained an utterly passive figure, and again a revolution had been shown collapsing for lack of the right kind of power.

During the next decades the characters created by Hauptmann swung back and forth

al female types, stage a number

he was thirty. t masterful ele appeared beside formed features outh demanded turned toward while the one in night.

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My Most Precious Beauty Secret



A GLORIOUS WARM tub! That doesn't sound like much of a beauty secret, does it? You'll probably say, "Why, of course, everybody knows about that—about Cleanliness being next to Godliness—and all that".

But the sort of tub I mean is a heavenly holiday for the nerves that recreates one -spirits away the droop of weariness and gives back the fresh vivid loveliness of a springtime morning. It relaxes every tired muscle, loosens up all the tight kinks in one's worried mind and sends one out, renewed and refreshed, with sparkling eyes and tons of energy.

When I come in off the set, exhausted and nervous after trying scenes, I go at once to my bathroom, fill the tub with hot water, drop in a handful of bath crystals, scented with my favorite perfume, and lie in the tub until I am thoroughly refreshed.

I follow this with a cold shower, and then with a brisk rub of toilet water, top it with dusting powder and I am a rejuvenated person.

In the morning before going out on the set, I always take a cold plunge.

Before going to bed, I take just a hot tub. At least once a week I have a massage with cold cream, preceded by a warm, cleansing bath.

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between the romantic vision and the realistic drama. He dramatized several German legends, especially the one of Heinrich, the crusader who became stricken with leprosy in the Orient and who was saved through the sinless love of a half-grown girl. In between he created the two peasant plays of "Fuhrmann Henschel" and "Rose Bernd," containing some of the most gorgeous characters produced during his entire dramatic career: men and women of the Silesian people, vital, solid, able, sensual, as he had seen them in his childhood; men and women snared in the struggle between passion and duty; externally coarse natures with sensitive nerves; figures that are hardly to be found today outside of the canvases in our museums. One of the themes had come to him when he

with infanticide. And in the resulting play he approached the greatness of Tolstoy's "The Power of Darknesa." served as juror in the case of a woman charged

When his hair turned gray, he did what so many other dramatists have done—he turned away from the drama. As he approaches fifty, an frequently longs to escape from storms a man frequently longs to escape from storms and conflicts with enemies and ideas, from ambition and lust after power, in order to seek the wider plains of peaceful activity. And many are those who follow that impulse. In the same manner the dramatist at that period withdraws from the cyclones of conflict and seeks in the epic form a wider scope of human conditions, a greater fulness of timely coloring.

Hauptmann proves the wealth of his talent by the fact that the epic poetry of his later period decidedly surpasses his dramas in value from a purely artistic point of view, and for this reason, of course, the former has never be-come equally popular with the public. First of all he wrote a big novel, "Emanuel Quint," in which he let a vagrant prophet play the part of Jesus. Then came another splendid work describing a journey through Greece, which re-ceived its chief illumination from the increasingly Greek character of his own spirit; for like a true poet, he went to Greece because he already had an inner comprehension of it, and not because he needed it to understand the Greeks.

The works, however, in which his feelings during this period found their most charming expression were a long short-story and a brief novel. "The Heretic of Soana" is a young priest who, in the marvelous Ticinian landcape, on the shores of those northern Italian lakes, slowly wins his way out of asceticism into a full love-life, guided by his contemplation of art and of the human beauty displayed by the young peasant girls of the neighborhood.

His description of how an artificially checked current of virility finally breaks all dams, and of the manner in which the landscape, the atmosphere of the South and the women combine to turn a shackled Christian into a pagan, is a piece of autobiography. And because he has succeeded in transposing it into a key different from that of his own personality, it has become a precious piece of art-perhaps the one that will survive longest.

The same witchery is present in his novel, "The Island of the Great Mother," with which Americans have also become familiar. It tells about a shipwreck out of which only a number

of women and a single boy are saved. That boy becomes the father of a new generation. The older he grows the more richly blossoms Hauptmann's faculty of epic creation. He has almost ceased to be a dramatist. And politically, too, he turns with advancing age from his former position of exalted non-partisanship, which caused him to be denounced equally by all the parties. Shortly before the war he ventured to use a marionette play to expose the disgraceful attitude of the German princes toward Napoleon. Because this was an attack on the dynastic interpretation of history and a plea for historic veracity, he was abused and blackguarded by the nationalistic elements, which caused him to withdraw still further into the imaginary realms of the poet.

Now he has declared his unequivocal adher-

ence to the republic. Never having sought the company of the rulers, who, in their tun avoided him because in his youth he wrote he a socialist, he suffered during the war only the momentary saddening which is made ex-plicable by an outburst of mutual hatred. The collapse purged his disturbed spirit for ne effort, and he embodied his feelings and thoughts in a magnificent epic poem that u fortunately is composed in hexameters, so the it is hard reading for Germans and doub hard to translate. In this poem he makes in hero of an old German folk legend, Till Eule spiegel, come back to earth after the war in the guise of an officer in the German nying. This man, full of patriotism, but disillus In man, run or patriousn, but distinusumes by war and revolution, and turned into a frethinker, half-sage and half-clown, is made to travel through the country with a Gipsy carvan. And out of a wealth of private and metional adventures rises gradually a picture of the new, torn and fermenting Germany.

Simultaneously he is now at work on two new poetic products, both still unfinished and unpublished but made known in part to his friends. One of these, "The Book of Passions" serves evidently for the symbolization of his own erratic progress. The other one promise to become his masterpiece. Its form is already an illumination, showing his definite tun toward southern models. For in this poem is uses the terza-rima of Dante. And on Dante also modeled the basic action which carries poet through a number of German and foreign incidents in modern as well as olden times.

Life and destiny, nationalism and destiny, struggle, Germany and Europe, history and contemporary existence are here revealed in series of impressive visions, first to the poet an then to the reader. In this work, which is tole named "The Great Dream," he returns in certain sense to the Byronic beginnings of he eighteenth year. It looks almost as if the period of his greatest fame and success—that middle dramatic period which kept him working breathlessly for five and twenty yearshad been nothing but a gigantic interlude. And yet it was a great deal more. It was the school

out of which grew the epic poet.

The art of the stage, the dramatic sense, the skill in shaping characters—all of these he acquired in the theater and developed through the creation of an endless series of figures. And because he has mastered them, he today can apply them with light hand to the broads forms of the epic.

The interplay of Christian and pagan feeling appears very remarkable in this connection. Hauptmann confined himself exclusively to the drama during his Christian period. His first epic works were not produced until he was past forty. With advancing age his like has gained more and more in richness. More and more he has developed into a friend of the Greeks and the Greek gods. More and more his passion for the sun, the South, and the vine has grown with every passing decade.

And only now can he use the epic forms to express fully all that stirs within him.

Whoever today should see him enter a room with his city for years could health give

with his sixty-five years could hardly give credence to those portraits from his middle period. What still remained undecided in the pictures of the youth, yet in preparation within his senses, that has now become fully developed in his age. His huge body full of health and his large, completely modeled head furnish the tent to the music of his many poetic works.

The face of this man as well as his words re veal that in him the faith in life, the joy of living, the grateful acceptance of what the gods give have only slowly found a home and an expression. His pity for the creatures around him has not vanished. It lives in the more ment of his hand, in the friendly look of his eye whenever it falls on a child or an anin But this feeling has ceased to tyrannize over him. It no longer has the power to suppress his own will to live. The wish to rule him is gone from it.

Within this German, the Christian has been

defeated by the pagan.

Making the Grade

arch, 1928

aving sought the in their tun, ith he wrote like the war only that

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(Continued from page 41)

good set of ground rules. Hence the abrupt question by Herbie.

"I am merely jotting down here some things I want you to do," explained Lettie. "You say, without any if's, and's or but's, that any property on short on eight on this course, all the same and the same one can shoot an eighty on this course, deliver the high-school commencement address, take lunch with the Coolidges, catch a tarpon, assist Mrs. Frothingham in making out her lists, and be president of the chamber of commerce. I can't be mistaken in assuming that you have a contempt for these silly little stunts. You insist that anyone could do all of these things, if he set himself to it. Well, if anyone could do them they should be very easy for a Bachelor of Arts who has traveled around the world, is in perfect physical condition and doesn't know what to do with his time and money."
"You don't expect me—"
"I certainly do. You have honored me with one can shoot an eighty on this course, deliver

"You don't expect me—"
"I certainly do. You have honored me with some thirty or forty proposals of marriage. I have hung back, as coyly as possible, as I didn't wish to be rushed to the altar—a mere saip, only twenty-two years old. You have rashly suggested, on several occasions, that you would do anything for me if I would consent to climb the stairs and sit on the throne with you. I now have some triffing but yeary. with you. I now have some trifling but very

definite suggestions as to what I want you to do.
"Today is September the eighteenth. We will meet on this spot one year from today and then you will report to me that you have shot your eighty, addressed the high-school graduates, lunched with Calvin and Mrs. Coolidge, landed a tarpon, helped Mrs. Frothingham on the Charity Ball list and, incidentally, have been elected president of the chamber of commerce."

"You have been attending the movies. The college girl says to the substitute half-back, Win the final game for dear old Atwater and I will be waiting for you in front of the sorority

I will be waiting for you in front to the solutions. I will be waiting for you in front to the solutions. "Exactly so. You have the plot. And you may remember that in the seventh reel the manly young fellow does run sixty yards for a touch-down. But I doubt if you recall any spoken title in which the hero, before the game, tells the beautiful girl that anybody can run sixty yards for a touch-down. He does the impossible thing. I am simply asking you to do what any normal person can do by getting on the iob and exercising a second-rate cleveron the job and exercising a second-rate clever

mess and a certain degree of patience.
"You have put yourself on record. You have pooh-hooed our brightest boys and boasted that anyone could step out and duplicate their star performances. All right, Herbie, you do it. I'm giving you one whole year."

"This is all tommy-rot. Surely you're not

"I will give you some reminders, to guide ou. The card is merely a memorandum of what I suppose one might as well call our pact.

Pact' is a very good word."

She handed him the score-card and he read

the following brief but dismal notations:

hoot an 80. Deliver high-school address. Lunch with Coolidges. Catch tarpon. Help Mrs. Frothingham. President of the chamber of commerce.

He gave her the look which had cowed many a head waiter, but it never touched her.

"Don't you see, Herbie?" she explained.

"I want to be proud of you. I want to stop all this talk about you being lazy and lacking ambition and depending on your money to carry you through. I want to meet you here one year from today, and lift you out of your chair and fold you in my arms and say, 'He did all these things for me—for me.'"

"If I remember correctly, Hercules had twelve



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We predict after the two weeks' test you will find that Post's Bran Flakes has acted as a natural regulator, and you will notice a difference in how you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat it every morning.

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labors assigned to him," said Herbie, very grimly, "and one was to clean the Augean stables. Also, he had to kill a bull. I thank you for not asking me to do anything messy."

"Why mention Hercules? He was an old-

fashioned ancient and you are a snappy modern. Did Hercules say that anybody could tidy up the stables?"

That peculiar emphasis on the word 'anybody' is beginning to get on my nerves. "You started it, my dear."

"Of course, I accept the challenge."

At this point we flash the subtitle, ONE YEAR LATER, and discover Herbie and Lettie once more seated on the roomy veranda of the Opoochee Country Club. The man has aged. There are new lines on his face. He is sitting upright at the tea-table with the fatal score-card clutched in his left hand. The woman is in the sloping chair, with a cushion behind her. She seems younger and more desirable than ever before.

"This will be a verbal and not a written report," said Herbie, in a voice which was trying not to be hollow and sepulchral. "I have a feeling that you are familiar with the subject-

feeling that you are familiar with the subject-matter about to be presented."
"Just the same, I want to hear it. From where I have been sitting in the bleachers, I may have missed some of the details."
"All right—here goes. I still insist that any player of moderate ability can shoot this course in eighty, if he gets the breaks. I have made eighty-one four times. Only yesterday I came up to the final tee with a total of seventy-four. On my spoon shot I hit a bird." seventy-four. On my spoon shot I hit a bird."
"What kind of a bird?"

"That has nothing to do with the fact that I took a seven. The traps had not been raked and I got into a heel mark. I could not use the club which Hagen told me would always get fair distance out of a bunker."

"So you consulted Hagen, did you?"
"Hagen and Sarazen and Espinosa."

"Egbert got a seventy-eight last week and he never met any of the parties you mention.' Well, I have not shot an eighty and I sup-

pose that settles the whole matter. "Not at all. I want the entire report. After hitting a bird and getting into a heel track, I think eighty-one was marvelous. You will find me sympathetic. I did one hundred and eighteen last Friday.

Herbie consulted his card.

"In regard to the address to the high-school graduates. I had no difficulty in being selected as speaker. I told the superintendent that the school was named in honor of my father and I thought I had a message for the young people. I shall never forget the look he gave me. Of course, I am not used to public speaking."

"You said that anybody—"
"We will proceed with the report. What I had written down to read to those keen-eyed ruffians and white-faced flappers—"
"You didn't read it, did you?"
"Who do you think I am—Dudley Field Malone?"

"You said that anybody

"My remarks were all right, if I do say it myself. Of course, I had a feeling all of the time that I was telling them something they had known for years, but I'd have got through had known for years, but I'd have got through all right if that microphone hadn't been hang-ing in front of me. When I realized that possibly hundreds of people were sitting in their front rooms waiting for my voice to come out of a box, I choked up. I supplied my own static. That was a bright idea—broadcasting a speech to a graduating class."

"I arranged it. You see, I was afraid that if you saw me out in front you might be flustered.

you saw me out in front you might be flustered, but I did want to share in your triumph. There's no reason why you should have been nervous. The station carries only about eight miles and that evening everybody, except me,

"Well, anyway, I did make a speech at the commencement exercises, didn't I?"
"I'm very broad-minded and if you say it was a speech we'll let it go at that. Proceed."

"The next marking on the card, as I read it in front of me, has to do with taking lunched with President and Mrs. Coolidge, at the White House, Washington, D. C. Before I begin telling you, I will admit saying the anybody can fix it to get into the dining-room at the White House."

"I understand Mrs. Coolidge is charming! "I have never seen her, but she has a h band who is the world's greatest listener. It was easy enough—getting in to see him. Our congressman talked to the private secretary and said I was keenly interested in tax reduction, flood control and agricultural relief and that I had traveled a long distance just to see Mr. Coolidge. As a matter of fact, I was on my way to New York to buy my light tacke You may recall that I was supposed to catch

"I'm just wondering. Had Mr. Coolide

ever heard of you?"

"I don't know. He didn't say. "What led you to believe that he might be come infatuated with you and invite you to luncheon?"

luncheon?"
"Well, I told him I had a lot of things I wanted to talk over with him but I didn't like to take up his time during business hours."
"Very subtle. What was his reply?"
"He didn't reply at all. He just kept looking out of the window. I'll say this for him—he's very courteous! He never interrupted me once. When I had absolutely run down he said he'd be glad to see me any time I was in Washington."
"Didn't you make another attempt?"

"Didn't you make another attempt?" "What could I do? One is not expected to crawl through the window while our First Family is partaking of food and say 'Here I

"It has been done—in Washington."
"While I was in New York, buying the tackle and getting some presents for Mrs. Frothingham, a college friend of mine took me over to the Lambs' Club and I met Will Rogers. I told him I was going back to Washington in a few days and I boxed to have ington in a few days and I hoped to have s chance to take luncheon with the Coolidges. By this time I had no shame whatever. I was hoping that Rogers would volunteer to wie the White House and fix it for me. All he said was, 'They're awful nice folks, but you'll get just as good a meal over at the Mayflower Hotel.' I don't think he caught what I was driving at.

"Maybe he did-who knows?" "We will put a zero mark after the Coolidges and take up the subject of tarpons. Did you and take up the subject of tarpoins. Daily sknow that the tarpon can be captured only in certain months, at the remote end of Florida?"

"It have never seen any in the local market."

"It is not a food fish. It is caught merely to

provide a topic for conversation. Catching a tarpon does not require skill, intelligence of Catching a moral stamina. I went all the way to Star Key and I had the right tackle and was actuated by as a sincere desire to comply with your wishes, however unreasonable they might seem. Would you consider a forty-pound amber-jack and a silver medal as a fair substitute for a

"As I remember it, our pact had nothing to

do with amber-jacks."
"To illustrate what I mean about fool luck I met at Star Key a very nice young Englishman. He had promised his uncle, or someone, that before settling down he would get at least one of each of the standard trophies, to be shown in the main hall of the manor-house or ancestral castle or whatever you call it. He had bagged a tiger in India, an elephant and a lion in Africa, and a moose and a Rocky Mountain goat in Canada. All he needed to round out his life-work, was a tarpoa. "When I arrived he had been on the job for about a month. He had been trolling day and night with the best fishermen on the coastand he had 't had a strike. When he found out

and he hadn't had a strike. When he found out that I, too, had promised to catch a tarpon, we became friendly and went out together in a very restless motor-boat called 'Ida' that cost us twenty-five dollars a day.

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arch, 1928

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Mr. Coolidge

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out fool luck oung Englishe, or someone, ild get at least rophies, to be nanor-house of u call it. elephant and and a Rocky ll he needed, on the job for olling day and n the coast-n he found out h a tarpon, we together in a Ida' that cost

"After we had been working like dogs for about three weeks, a bunch of Chicago fellows stopped over on their way to Cuba. They went out and fished one afternoon. A man named Wallie Feron, who didn't want to go fishing at all and was dragged into the boat, they out a line long before they came to the fishing at all and was dragged into the boat, threw out a line long before they came to the regular fishing grounds and brought in the largest tarpon of the season. He landed him without any help, although he didn't pretend to know anything about fishing. The Englishman and I stayed until the hotel closed. My arred was one amber, jack which I am having record was one amber-jack which I am having stuffed and sent to you as proof that I did catch

something."
"I don't know the difference between a tar-pon and an amber-jack, so you had better go on with the report."

"I am very proud of my headway with Mrs. Frothingham," said Herbie. "I inquired as to the movements in which she was interested and went right up to her house and had several long talks with her, before signing any checks. On my third call I asked her about the Charity Ball and suggested that I would be glad to have the Night Hawks come on from Chicago and play for it and I hoped it would be a great and play for it and I hoped it would be a great success, but I knew the success would depend largely on the kind of matrons selected to manage the affair. She said she wanted me to help supervise the list, and there you are!"

"I congratulate you," said Lettie, without

"I congratulate you," said Lettle, without any rampant enthusiasm.

"We are great friends now. I like her very much. She is a remarkable old woman—and clever."

"Any woman who can manage a troupe of trained cats for as many years as she has handled all of the fussy females in this town has to be clever. What else was it you promised to do?"

"I told you that I could be elected president of the chamber of commerce—and I put it over."

There was a ring in his voice and he was beginning to bristle.

"Just how did you manage Mr. Clay-

"Why, I went to him and told him I had not "Why, I went to him and told him I had not been doing enough for the old home town. I told him I thought my father was looking down on me and hoping that I would be a useful citizen, here in Kingsville. He told me of some of their plans for the Coliseum and the new park, and I said I would be glad to donate liberally if I could direct the expenditures. Then he said to me, 'Why don't you take the presidency of the chamber?' And I said, 'Fine!'—and it was all settled. So, you see, I did some of the things that I promised to do, although I admit that I have what the baseball players would call a batting average of about players would call a batting average of about five hundred."

Lettie looked at him with compassion and

then opened up.
"You have done very well here at home, where you could bribe people with your money and browbeat them because your name is Dodsworth. The methods you employed in dealing with the superintendent of schools and Mrs. Frothingham and the chamber of commerce were not so sure-fire, it appears, when you went East and tried them on Mr. Coolidge. I take it, also, that the tarpon off the coast of Florida had never heard about your grand-father owning so much real estate. What is when you tried to shoot that eighty you probably learned that the university degree didn't change the score. The report is interesting but I wouldn't say that you have made sational success

"Well, I thought I'd be game and come and tell you everything, even if you do refuse to

can you everything, even if you do refuse to marry me. As I remember, you said you would marry me if I did all these crazy things."

"I said nothing of the kind. I kept my fingers crossed all the time I was talking with you, so that I wouldn't commit myself. What I didn't say was that you had to do all these stunts or else I would scorn you forever. You had told me that you would do anything for me, and I asked you to do certain things."



"How gorgeous she is," Olin thought, as they sped across town in his high-powered roadster.

All through the evening he seemed unusually taken with her.

Dancing in his arms after the theatre, Cynthia caught in his eyes a look and in his voice a longing which strangely kindled her as with fire; and in the tremble of awakening happiness which surged through her, she knew that Destire had come and what her answer. tiny had come, and what her answer must be. . . .

Preparing for sleep after their parting, Cynthia reviewed the events of the evening, and the happy ending.

Until tonight, Olin had given no indication that he held her so high. But tonight, she thought, from their first moment together he had seemed changed—somehow more interested, more alive to het presence. to her presence.

She recalled that during the evening he had many times breathed deeply and de-

-that each time seemed to leave him with quickened pulse. Could it be, she wondered suddenly . . .

Turning to her dressing table, Cynthia picked up a dainty sphere of sparkling glass and impulsively pressed it to her lips. "None but the good Fairies," she murmured in her bliss, "will ever know how much I owe this night to the magic bestowed on me from this precious bottle."

The Spell It Weaves

Imprisoned in that dainty bottle to which Cynthia spoke her glad thanks was the enchanting rapture of Orange Blossom Fragrancia—a witching per-fume which weaves its spell on all who breathe of it.

Until recently this enthralling perfume was known only to a fashionable few— and in all the world there was only one place where those few could obtain it.

So that others also may each delight in its entrancement and with it each enhance her charms, it is now being sup-plied to stores—both in perfume and companion toiletries.





Don't Endure Colds -stop them when they start

To most of us, colds seem unavoidable in winter. Yet we don't have to endure colds—we can stop them.

Strong medical authority asserts that common colds are the result of acidosis (too much acid). Hence the first step in curing colds is to correct this excess acid condition

Physicians recommend treating acidosis by moderate exercise, proper bathing, a diet of vegetables, fruit and milk, and, especially important, by neutralizing the excess acid with the aid of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, which is Bicarbonate of Soda whose purity exceeds the U.S. P. standards.

At the first symptom of a cold, take one teaspoonful of Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) in a glass of cool water morning and evening, continuing until all symptoms disappear. Supplement this with Baking Soda baths: dissolve one pound of Baking Soda in a tub of hot water and bathe in this just before retiring.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, a standby in the kitchen for three generations, is a household necessity, helpful every day— get a package today at your grocer's.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc. 80 Maiden Lane

Cow Brand Baking Soda and Arm & Hammer Brand are identical - both are Bicarbonate of Soda in its purest form.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is also an ideal dentifrice, a first aid for burns and insect bites, it bas 68 uses.

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Please send me valuable Free Boo Soda as a Household Remedy—als the children a Free Set of Thirty B ored Bird Cards.	so send me for
Name	
Street	

"I'm sorry I didn't make good," said Herbie. 'I did my best.

"Of course you did, and I'm delighted to "Of course you did, and I'm delighted to learn that you are not another Hercules. If you had put over all of those performances I'm quite sure you would have overshadowed the whole Middle West. I couldn't imagine anything more terrible than living in the same house with a man who could play golf in the seventies, and spout oratory, and who was on friendly terms with the truly great, had conquered the largest fish that swim the sea, and was the Ward McAllister of the smart set, and the ringmaster of all local enterprises. Such a the ringmaster of all local enterprises. Such a man would be a superman and his poor wife

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, why did you ask me to devote one year to chasing after rainbows?"

"I think it was because you kept using that 'anybody.' You said anybody could do this and anybody could do that, and you jeered at all of our little tin gods and I became intensely You have had an interesting experience for about a year, haven't you?"
"Yes, the only trouble is, I am now embar-

rassed by my popularity here at home. Since I talked to the school children and whooped it up for the Coliseum and shelled out for everything in sight, I have acquired a sudden reputation as a booster. When I walk along the street, people want to give three cheers for

"It may interest you to know that just a year ago you were the most unpopular man in this whole town."

Was it as bad as that?"

"Worse. And now you are not only a hero to the public but also you have won the favor of Kingsville's fairest daughter. A year ago today I couldn't bear the sight of you and now when I see you there, chastened and humble and almost human, I simply can't resist you," The veranda of the Opoochee Country Club

is one of the most open and exposed spots in the known world, so they moved through the club-house and out to an open area and climbed into a roadster.

Why Do We Thrill at Beauty? (Cont. from page 44)

desire nothing originally because it is beautiful, but we consider it beautiful because we desire it. Anything that meets a fundamental need of our natures has in it certain esthetic possibilities. A plateful of food must be as beautiful to a starving man as une femme de trente ans to a well-fed sophomore. Let the sophomore be starved, and his esthetic sense will be dulled even to the loveliest nymph; he will consider

her only as something good to eat. (Something of that primordial appetite remains in all our love.) The beautiful, then, is in its lowest stages the sensory aspect of that which satisfies a strong desire. At bottom it differs from the a strong desire. At bottom it differs frouseful only in the intensity of our desire.

The beautiful and the ugly, says Nietzsche, are biological; whatever has proved racially harmful seems ugly. We do not eat sugar because it is sweet, but we consider it sweet because we are accustomed to find in it one main source of our energy. All useful things become, after a time, pleasing; Eastern Asiatics like putrid fish, because it is the only nitrog-enous food they can secure. "The sky," says Sutherland, "never became blue to please our eyes, but our eyes have grown adapted to find pleasure in the blue of the skies. All forms and colors give a natural delight in proportion to their frequency in the experience of the race." Green grass and the blue sky are beautiful, but habit could as well have made us take pleasure

in a green sky and blue grass.
Obviously beauty, as distinguished from use, is bound up with a certain keenness of satisfaction that reflects the intensity of desire. So money is rather beautiful than useful to the Anything takes on beauty if it stimulates and invigorates the organism. Hence the beauty of light, and rhythm, and a gentle touch. Ugliness lowers our vitality, and disturbs our digestion and our nerves; it may produce nausea, or set the teeth on edge, or make poets call for a revolution. Beauty, says Santayana, is pleasure objectified. Or, as Stendhal phrased it for all time, "beauty is a promise of pleasure."

As art usually appears in a nation only after the accumulation of an economic surplus and growth of a leisure class, so in the individual, when hunger is no longer worried or intense, erotic sensitivity increases and overflows into the sense of beauty. Our suscepti-bility to the beautiful tends to rise and fall with the curve of generative potency. Love creates beauty at least as much as beauty creates love; every Quixote therefore believes his Dulcinea to be the sweetest of the fair. "Ask a toad what is beauty," says De Gour-mont, "and he will answer that it is his female, with two great round eyes coming out of her little head, her large flat mouth, her yellow belly and brown back."

Woman becomes the fount and norm of

beauty because raan's love for her is stronger, though briefer, than her love for him; and the intensity of his desire creates her greater beauty. Woman accepts man's judgment in considering herself more beautiful than man; for since she loves to be desired rather than to possess, she learns to value in herself those charms which intensify desire. For the rest, woman does not look for beauty in the male, and need not imagine it in the man she loves; it is strength which she craves in him, ability to protect her and her children, and to bring to her feet as much as possible of the treasures of the world.

It is an illuminating sign of beauty's genera-tion by desire, that when the desired object is securely won, the sense of its beauty languishes; few men are philosophers enough to desire what they have; and fewer still can find beauty in what no longer stirs desire. Thereby hang most tales. However, let death snatch our mates from us, or some gay corsair of hearts cast alienating glances upon our property, and desire will flame again and brighten the embers of departing beauty.

Love, then, is the source of beauty, and not its child; it is the sole origin of that primary beauty which is of persons and not of things. But how shall we account for the myriad objects which seem beautiful to us and yet have no apparent connection with love? How shall we explain the endless beauty of the external

As so many words in our lexicons have secondary and acquired, as well as primary and ondary and acquired, as well as primary and original, meanings, so every instinct has primary as well as secondary objectives and satisfactions. The instinct to get food becomes the general instinct of acquisition, eager for anything of value. The instinct to fight for food or mates spreads into a general instinct of pugnacity, in which fighting is its own reward. So the esthetic emotion (part of that "tender emotion" which accompanies the instinct of love) may overflow from the person desired love) may overflow from the person desired to the objects attached to her, to her attitudes and forms, to her manners of action and speech, and to anything that is hers by possession or resemblance. All the world comes to partake of the fair one's loveliness.

We are flung here upon the crux of the es-thetic problem: are curved lines, symmetrical proportions and organic unity the cause or the effect of personal beauty? Are they primary, or derived? Do we love woman be-cause she embodies symmetry, unity, and every luring contour; or do these forms attract us, in whatever realm we find them, because they recall, or once recalled, the perfection of woman? We say, "She has a neck like a swan," and so make the swan the norm of grace; but perhaps, originally, one felt, "The ch, 1928 wen't you?"

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Art seems to have its origin in the deliberate imitation, by animal or man, of the colors which nature develops on bird and beast in the mating season, and flaunts before the eyes of the selecting mate. The bird ornaments its nest with bright objects, as we have seen; and man, as we shall see, adorns his body with vivid colors that fan desire. When clothing came, the colors passed from the body to the raiment, but with the same purpose, of attracting the eye; and red was kept as the color that most stirred the blood. So song and dance, music and poetry, and many forms of sculpture flower out of love. Architecture alone seems to be independent; but only because the secret of its power lies not in the beautiful but in the sublime.

It is in the appreciation of landscapes that beauty wanders farthest from its source in love. Much of the joy which natural scenery gives us is due to masculine sublimity; but much of it comes from a result of beauty akin to the warm repose which every fair bosom promises. Here is a Corot: green waving fields, shade-giving oaks, and brooks that ramble leisurely between overhanging boughs: where does woman's beauty lurk in this natural delight? Cherches la femme.

We need not be too anxious to stretch a formula to embrace the world; nature resents.

We need not be too anxious to stretch a formula to embrace the world; nature resents generalizations that ignore her infinite variety and will fling a thousand exceptions into the face of our universal principles. Let us be content to say that a feeling originally sexual may overflow to objects unconnected with love at all: the ever-growing strength of sex may spend its surplus in scenic admiration, just as it may water the roots of religion, friendship, social idealism and art.

Yet even here there are subtle bonds. A child is for the most part insensitive to the beauty of the earth and sky; only by imitation and instruction does it thrill to them. But let love lay its warmth and passion on the soul, and suddenly every natural thing seems beautiful: and the lover pours out upon trees and streams and bright cool dawns the overflow of his affection and his happiness.

Flowers are fair above everything else that nature gives us; and yet those flowers too are symbols and media of generation, and the tokens, among men, of tenderness and devotion. When the years dull us with repetition, and love's passion dies away, the appreciation of nature ebbs; and the very old, like the young, are not moved by the charm and fragrance of the woods, or the gay splendor of the stars. Across earth and sky Eros has left his trail. This overflow of love, which spreads from persons to things, and beautifies the very soil we tread, rises at last to the creative fury of art: having once known beauty, man carries

This overflow of love, which spreads from persons to things, and beautifies the very soil we tread, rises at last to the creative fury of art: having once known beauty, man carries its picture in his memory, and weaves from many fair things seen an ideal beauty that binds into one vision the partial perfections of them all.

Biologically, art arises in the attempt of intelligent animals to imitate and enhance that efflorescence of color and form with which nature marks the season of love. When the bower-bird built the first bower for his pleased and fluttering mate art was born.

Historically, art arises in the decorative painting, clothing, or mutilation of the body among savage tribes. The Australian native, according to Groos, always carries in his sack a provision of white, red and yellow paint. On ordinary days he is content with a few spots of color in his cheeks; but in time of war he daubs his flesh with bizarre designs calculated to discourage the enemy; and on festive and amorous occasions he illuminates his entire body with paint to catch the eyes of the girls. For both of these games—war and love—red is the favorite color; some tribes so value it that they undertake great expeditions lasting several weeks to renew their supply. The men paint more than the women; and in some localitites unmarried women are sternly forbidden to paint their necks.



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Always look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.



Unlock the hidden beauty in your skin

Fust beneath your skin_ yes, however imperfect it may be__is a hidden perfection only waiting to be released

BELOW those unsightly blemishes, deep down where patchwork remedies fail even

to reach, natural forces in your skin are fighting day and night to counteract the harsh conditions of daily life.

Unaided, these forces fight a losing battle, and imperfections appear. A little help on your part, and the balance swings toward the clear, clean complexion you have perhaps always envied in others

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To cleanse the pores, to restore the pulsing of the tiny capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts-thousands of women have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap. Often in a few days, blackheads, blemishes, and even infections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment.

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The soothing, healing properties of Resinol Ointment have for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema-often itching, unpleassant and embarrassing-will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

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The first use of clothing, apparently, was tistic rather than utilitarian. When Darwin, The first use of clothing, apparently, was artistic rather than utilitarian. When Darwin, in pity for a freezing Fuegian, gave him a red cloth to wrap about his body, the native joyfully tore the bright garment into strips, and distributed them among his fellows, who bound them round their limbs as ornaments. From this delightful sacrifice of utility to beauty there is but a step to the woman who wears furs in summer and bares her neck fear-lessly to the winter wind.

lessly to the winter wind.

Religion, though not the source of beauty, has contributed only less than love to the de-velopment of the arts. Sculpture arose, as far as we can tell, from rude pillars placed to mark a grave; as artistry improved, the top of the pillar was carved into some semblance of a head; later the whole pillar was cut roughly into the shape of a man (the Herms of primi-tive Greek art); then care increased, and the sculptor sought to give some refinement to his work, and make it perpetuate the features of the god or the ancestor whom he strove to com-memorate. Only in the higher forms does sculpture take cognizance of love; Phidias comes always before Praxiteles. Architecture began with tombs that housed

the dead; the most majestic architectural mon-uments in the world—the Pyramids—are tombs. Churches began as shrines to the

Drama seems to have come from religious ritual and festal processions; even to the days of the skeptical Euripides it remained a sacred thing at Athens; and modern drama, the most secular of contemporary arts, began in the Mass and in the pious parades which pictured for the medieval mind the life and death of Christ. Sculpture found a new splendor in the adornment of the cathedrals; and painting reached its zenith under the inspiration of Christianity.

But even in the service of religion art showed its secret bondage to love. A pagan element of splendid flesh intruded into the holiest or spiendid liesh intruded into the hollest pictures of the Renaissance. The Madonnas became plump Venuses, the St. Johns were tender Adonises, and the St. Sebastians were candid studies in the nude. When the Renais-sance passed from Rome to Venice the pagan element triumphed, and sacred yielded to pro-

As even religious art drinks at the fount of Eros to sustain itself, so with every other element that enters into the creation of beauty. Rhythm enters, but at once associates itself with love to generate the song, the dance, and the control of t Imitation enters, and helps to beget sculpture and painting; but very soon it is love (filial or sexual) that determines the object which imitation makes. Combine rhythm and imitation with the love motif and you have nine-tenths of literature; even the divine song of Dante, designed as an allegory of hu-man life, becomes in the end a lyric of love. It is this subterranean river of erotic energy

that feeds the creative passion of the artist. In some the relationship takes the form of a rapid development of sex and art at once; and rapid development of sex and art at once; and from this union the romantic type of genius comes. Sappho, Alexander and Lucretius; Byron, Shelley, Keats and Swinburne; Hugo, Rousseau and Verlaine; Petrarch, Bruno and Correggio; Schiller, Heine and Poe; Schumann, Schubert and Chopin; Strindberg, Artzybashev and Tschaikovsky: these are of the type in which imagination dominates intellect, and sex and art, drawing riotously from the same source, consume the artist and leave him physispane. source, consume the artist and leave him physically or spiritually dead before his youth is ended. Because desire is a torrent in them, they are sensitive, emotional, forever suffering, and imaginative beyond restraint; the extreme, the exotic and the strange lure them everywhere. It is they who create the poetry, the painting, the music and the philosophy of love; and every lover cherishes them.

But in other artists the flood of sex is dammed and channeled almost wholly into creation.

Love loses its power, emotion is controlled, reason flourishes, and intellect dominates everything. Out of this immense sublimation comes the classic genius: Socrates, Sophocles, Aristotle; Archimedes, Cæsar, Galileo; Giotto, Leonardo, Titian; Bacon, Milton, Newton, Hobbes; Bach, Kant, Goethe, Hegel; Turgenef, Flaubert, Renan, Anatole France. These are calm men, who have mastered desire and lifted their cheep into densing etc. their chaos into a dancing star. They work slowly with resolution and patience, rather than with "inspiration" and passion; they speak and act with measure and restraint; they develop slowly, create better after thirty than before, achieve a tardy fame, and live for the most part to a great old age.

They do not excel the romantic type in that fund of superior energy which is the common denominator and source of all genius; but from that fund they draw little for sex and nearly all for art. Goethe merely seems to be an exception; even in his loves the privy councilor was a calm Olympian. Beethoven and Naroe. was a calm Olympian. Beethoven and Napo-leon were supreme, because in them both

"A man's genius," said Nietzsche, "is a vampire." It burns him up in its flame. But so does love; and if both consume a man at once he will speak passionately and brilliantly, but his voice will soon be stilled. All genius, like all beauty and all art, derives its power ultimately from that same reservoir of creative energy which renews the race perpetually, and achieves the immortality of life.

And now, among the many questions left unanswered, one in particular has rights upon us. Is beauty an objective thing, or only a personal and subjective prejudice?

Ellis, whose judgment compels respect be-cause it is based upon the most ecumenical learning of our time, believes that beauty is independent of the observer; and rests his case upon what seems to him the substantial similarity of esthetic preferences in most of the races of the world. One would not judge so from Chinese music or Zulu mutilations. Beauty, like morals, tends to vary with geography.

geography.

Even among Europeans the ideal of beauty varies from people to people and from time to time. It was once fashionable to be stout; observe the overflowing ladies of Rubens, and the buxom lasses of Rembrandt; even Raphael's Madonnas are physically prosperous. But the belles of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney are more modestly designed; and the women of Whistler are slender and cushioless. women of Whistler are slender and cushionless. Within our own lifetime, feminine architecture has changed from a Doric rotundity to a Corinthian delicacy; and fashions in bodies take on some of the variability and inviolability of fashions in dress.

Apparently, then, there is a large subjective element, racial and personal, in the esthetic judgment. One objective element remains; and that is the almost universal preference of normal men for women whose form gives promise of robust maternity. Primarily it is the perfection of natural function that pleases the healthy taste; first in woman, then in anything; any task well done, any life well lived, any family well reared, any tool well made for its work, compels us to say, "It is beautiful."

If we were quite sane, we should consider the healthy woman nursing her healthy babe as the summit of beauty in this world. Here the Middle Ages and Renaissance, with their Madonnas and Child, were finer and sounder and that is the almost universal preference of

Madonnas and Child, were finer and sounder in their taste than we; misled by a degenerate art we hanker destructively for thin and wasp-like women who cannot reproduce half so well as they can sting.

If our instincts were not deceived by cosmetics, or perverted by finance, our sense of beauty would be biologically right, and love would be the best eugenics. Beauty would be again, as nature wished it to be, the flower and herald of health, and the guarantor of perfect children; it would make once more for the good of the race and not for its enfeeblement; ethics and esthetics would coincide, and we should arrive at Plato's conclusion, that "the principle of goodness reduces itself to the law of beauty."

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A Chevalier of the Cumberland

(Continued from page 75)

appraised his condition at a glance: "Quick, Rachel!" she cried. "Send Eben here to me! Tell Jason to fetch the doctor and you and Sally get the bed ready in the big south room. We'll want the warming-pan and plenty of hot

For five days the sick man spoke only to curse the enemies that haunted his delirium. The two women tended him tirelessly, taking turns for the night-watch. Poulticed and dosed, he was finally freed of the fever and, pitifully weak, smiled at them one morning and demanded to know how long he had been there. His second demand was for news of the result

His second demand was for news of the result of Colonel Hays' mission to Kentucky.

"Don't worry about that," said Mrs. Donelson briskly. "It's a long time since you had a good rest and you're going to have it now."

Her kindly scolding and Rachel's persuasions and cajoleries served to prolong the period of his convalescence. He scoffed at the idea that he had been seriously ill, though the doctor said that no other man in his condition could have survived the journey from Jonesboro.

"Here's a copy of the decree," said Hays when the matter could no longer be postponed. "It's all perfectly regular; there's no question about it now."

about it now."

Jackson read the document carefully and swore with a vigor that was reassuring as to his return to health. The record recited in formal phraseology that the case of Lewis Robards against Rachel Robards had been tried before a jury, which found that the defendant had deserted her husband and had thereafter lived in adultery with another man. The court therefore ordered that the marriage between the parties be dissolved.

"It's a damnable lie!" cried Jackson. "The scoundrel wrote that word adultery into the records out of sheer spite! If we needed any proof that he's a damned coward we have it nere! I'll go to Harrodsburgh and have the case reopened! I'll not have that insult to the

record! I'll show up the beast for what he is!"

Fowler, arriving during this deliverance, lent his aid in the difficult business of quieting the sick man.

"Let the thing lie as it is," he advised. "The mischief's done but you're sure of the decree and in the long run that's all you want. No one will think the less of you and no one questions your entire good faith."

"By the Eternal! I'd like to hear any man question it! I've got two pistols that'll answer

question it! I've got two pistols that'll answer any man who dares to question my honor!"
"The best answer will be a repetition of the marriage ceremony," said Fowler. "And you'll be happier when that's done."
Rachel appeared at this juncture with a bowl of broth and they left her to woo him to a better frame of mind. Peace was the first word and the last in her simple philosophy. She sought to tranquilize him by making light of the whole matter. They would not allow the wrong done them to spoil their lives.
"You're a free man now, dear. Maybe you don't want to marry me," she suggested teasingly.

don't want to marry me," sne suggesteu teasingly.
"Not marry you!" he gasped. "Do you mean you're done with me?"
"Well—I thought you seemed more interested in starting a quarrel with the court than in marrying me," she replied.
"We'll fix the day now and here! There's got to be another ceremony,—and the sooner the better."
"Inst as soon as you're able to go home." she

"Just as soon as you're able to go home," she said. "We will want to go back to the Hill— " she our dear home—as soon as we really belong to

each other."
"As if we hadn't always belonged to each

Mrs. Donelson was appealed to and agreed



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Note: Fractically every dog bas worms. Keep yours on the safe side of bealth. Give Glover's Worm Capsules or Glover's Vermifuge regularly-monthly to puppies and four times a year to older dogs.



that in three days he could safely travel. A minister should perform the ceremony—this was Rachel's wish—that they might have God's blessing upon their union. And the matter was so arranged.

"This doesn't make you any more my own, dear love," she whispered, when he took her in his arms after they were again pronounced

man and wife.

With his usual candor he gave wide publicity to the fact that there had been an error as to the divorce, which was now corrected by the formality of a second marriage. Their neighbors should know the truth about it, he said

His enemies were quiet just now, and if they muttered about the divorce it was with discretion, perhaps in the belief that the thing would keep and be all the more effective if rewould keep and be all the more effective if re-vived after it had faded somewhat in local memory. The devotion of the Jacksons to each other was already laying the foundation for a maxim expressing the highest standard of married bliss-as perfect a pair as the Andrew Tacksons.

Without effort Jackson became a leader among the young men of the Cumberland. If he swaggered a little it was only Jackson's if he was arrogant, blustered, swore, they liked it. Twenty-seven and not another man of his years between the Smokies and the Cumberland with anything approaching success or popularity! A trustworthy fellow, whose word was as good as cash; and thoroughly human for all his toploftiness. Did he not fight cocks, race horses, take his glass of whisky just as if he were not the government solicitor and a man of property whose opinions on all subjects received respectful attention at tavern firesides? He had ideas, that Jackson!

The contentment of the Jacksons touched new altitudes through the spring and summer. Jackson set hard tasks for himself; there were still enforced absences, compelled by the pros cutorship; his private practise was growing and the prosperous course of the plantation gave him increasing delight. He was the busiest man in the valley; and if there were matters which he necessarily neglected at Hunter's Hill they were cared for with fine intelligence by Rachel.

Her perfect understanding of his varying moods and temper was no small item of her qualifications for sharing his fortunes. In her In her eyes he was always right and always invincible. If only he were not so ready to fight! But fighting was a pardonable sin on the Cumber-

Twice the four seasons took their orderly course through the valley, but light and cheer held unbroken dominion on the Cumberland. It was always spring, Fowler said, at Hunter's Hill! That loval friend declared that the

Jacksons' romance began anew every morning. In Jackson's absences Rachel bravely fought her loneliness; but at such times she was haunted by a prescient sense that doors of undreamed opportunity would open to him. Not for any imaginable gift would she have thwarted his hopes or ambitions; but the sweet-ness of their life was so precious that she watched with dread the inevitable course of events that thrust him forward more and more as a man of importance in the community. What was to be would be; this dictum was a part of her religious faith and she could not scape from it.

It was now the year 1796 and the steady in-flow of settlers had increased the population of the territory to a point where the dignity of statehood was attainable and a call was issued for a constitutional convention.

for a constitutional convention.

"The meeting's at Knoxville; and I hope you'll go with me," said Jackson to Rachel in announcing that he had been chosen a delegate. "You stick so close to the plantation that the change will do you good. We'll make a little celebration of it and you'll enjoy seeing your old friends over yonder. It's a hard journey in the winter, but I'll make it as easy for you as I can."

"Oh, I've made harder journeys than that?" she replied, pleased that he wanted her to go. "But I might be in your way."

"You couldn't be in the way! I'll need you around to pull on the reins if anything riles

"But you mustn't lose your temper in an im-ortant meeting like that!" she retorted, though in her perfect loyalty she usually thought his passionate outbursts were justified a necessary outlet for his tempestuous spirit.

Even now he was pacing the floor, his mind concentrated upon the labors of the convention. By the tense look in his face she knew that he was dramatizing possible conflicts, assailing invisible adversaries.

assailing invisible adversaries.

There were half a dozen other women in the party they joined for the journey to Knoxville. Rachel, mounted on the best horse in the Hunter's Hill stables, bore cheerfully the hardships of the journey. On two bitter nights when no station offered shelter they slept by camp-fires at the roadside. The indomitable pioneer spirit was fortified by their sense of the important duty that lay before them. the lifting important duty that lay before them, the lifting to statehood of this broad domain whose bounds were hardly yet defined. Arriving at Knoxville, they found comfort-

able quarters and Jackson took counsel of his associates as to the work to be done. Rachel needed no introduction to the towneople. She not only was Mrs. Andrew Jackson, the wife of a delegate from Davidson County, but was entitled to additional consideration as a daughter of John Donelson. She renewed acquaintance with General Sevier, the hero of hundred battles, who had known her from

"Well, Rachel," said the General, "so you've married Andrew Jackson. He's a fine young man—but he's a little too cock-sure of himself.

You'll have to put a curb on his temper."

"He's as gentle as a lamb, General. He wouldn't hurt anyone for the world!"
"Let's hope you are right," the General re-

plied a little tartly.

No pillared forum was required for the gathering of the fifty-five delegates. The deliberations were at the edge of town in a building that had been used as a storehouse for military supplies. It had been prepared for the convention at a cost of \$12.62! linsey-woolsey or leather hunting-shirts con-ferred as simply as if they were only farmers talking of their crops at a corn-husking.

Rachel now saw her young lord in a new aspect. Watching the proceedings on several days she was struck by the judicial air he assumed; he even showed himself capable of patience! Even more she was pleased to note that his associates gave careful heed when he rose to speak—always with a few words, uttered in his direct, incisive fashion. He was appointed a member of the committee designated to do the actual drafting of the constitu-tion—no small honor for the young gentleman from Waxhaw Creek who had turned his face

westward with so little schooling to his credit!
He voiced the general concern of the territory
as to matters of defense. The Spaniards to the
south must go! The settlers knew that the
British had never relinquished their military posts at Oswego, Niagara, Mackinac and De-troit and they did not relish the idea of living on a frontier that was clamped between two foreign powers. The wave of emotion that swept across the Atlantic from the French Revolution and shook the American seaboard was well spent before it crossed the mountains. If one faction at Philadelphia threw kisses to France while the other flirted with England, the men in the hunting-shirts were not deeply interested so long as Europe kept her troubles at home.

Whatever touched her husband's life was of interest to Rachel. At the end of every day he

gave her an account of the proceedings.
"We need a name for the state," he remarked one evening. "Some of the delegates want to call it Washington and others are for Franklia. But these names are going to be stuck on "Some of the delegates want to , 1928 an that!" ner to go.

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counties and townships all over the nation.
We ought to get something that sounds like

this country."
"Why not Sevier? No man has done more for this territory than the General. It would be a great honor to pay the hero of King's Mountain."

"Not with my vote! The old man's got the swell head now, and besides it would be a mistake to take the name of a living man."
"But," said Rachel mildly, "Washington is still living and they're using his name everywhere"

where."
"Bah! There's considerable difference be-

tween George Washington and John Sevier!"
"Why do you feel that way about the Gen-

why do you reet that way about the General? I'm sure he wants to be friends with you."
"Maybe he does!" Jackson assented dryly.
"Try some other name."
"Cumberland?"

"No! We're not going to name this state for an English duke."
"Why not Tennessee? There's no such objec-

tion to that.'

"Good!" Jackson exclaimed, striking his hands together. "It's a good long word and there's music in it." He seized quill and paper "Good!" and printed the name, holding it off for her contemplation. "Overton says my spelling's worse than sin, but there's not much chance to go wrong on Tennessee if you put in n's and s's enough. It looks well and has a good sound. I don't believe we could do better."

She was present in the convention hall the next day when the question of a name arose. The subject was discussed listlessly for a time; sentiment seemed favorable to the choice of Washington; but before the presiding officer put the question, Jackson rose.

put the question, Jackson rose.

"I think, sir, we should have a name identified with the history of our territory. Our state's going to be the finest in the Union and we ought to have a name that carries the idea of the broad sweep of it between the mountains and the greatest of American rivers. The name Mississippi is already taken, but there's another stream, already associated with our territory—a beautiful river whose waters touch many miles of our soil. I think we would make no mistake in giving its name to the state. I therefore move that we name our state Tennessee." state. I thereforestate Tennessee.

"Good!" cried a dozen delegates and the resolution was adopted without a dissenting

"I ought to have told them it was your idea," said Jackson as he walked with Rachel to the tavern through the starry twilight of

to the tavern through the starry twilight of the January evening.

"There was no reason why you should," Rachel replied. "It was the way you proposed it that made them accept it so quickly."

"No; it was the best idea and it was yours. You named your state and I don't know of anybody who had a better right."

His effection for the based was not starting.

His affection for the broad sweep of territory between the Smokies and the Mississippi was, Rachel knew, akin to his love for her. Few understood, as she did, how greatly he was twented by action of the control of th swayed by sentiment, or his passionate loyalty where his affections were engaged.

"Tennessee!" he exclaimed, pausing at the tavern door. "The land of beautiful rivers and green valleys. May she live forever! As steady as one of the stars up yonder—and as bright!"

With the constitution written—twenty-seven days sufficed for the task—the Jacksons found it necessary to remain a week to satisfy the social demands of new friends and old. Jackson, his thoughts reverting to his planta-tion, bought two field hands, a supply of seed corn, and ordered a farm wagon to be con-structed after ideas of his own. He supervised the building of the wagon in the blacksmith structed after ideas of his own. He supervised the building of the wagon in the blacksmith shop, which served as a club, where in the grateful warmth of the forge with the anvils clanging, the talk ranged from the mysteries of the forget and hosk carging.

the farrier's art to politics—and back again.

They were at Hunter's Hill again as spring moved northward across the Cumberland. Jackson's primary passion was the farm; the law



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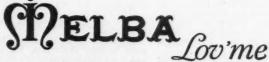
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just now was a nuisance. It was his ambition to produce on the plantation as far as practicable everything he needed. Rachel, too, had the pioneer woman's pride in the sufficiency of her own acres, and in her skill in the domestic arts derived from her Virginia mother. evenings were given to planning for the future in the spirit of buoyant youth.

In July the news reached Nashville that Tennessee had been admitted as the sixteenth state of the American Union. That fact was accomplished; he had done his part in creating a commonwealth and he sat with Rachel on the veranda in the summer dusk and surveyed

the growing corn contentedly.

But their peace was not to last. He came home one day wearing a troubled look. It was never her way to question him and she waited

patiently until at the supper-table he remarked:
"They're talking of sending me as representative to the congress at Philadelphia care nothing about it. And I don't think I ought to spare the time from the plantation."

E was quick to see the dismay in her face at the suggestion that he might have to leave her. Hunter's Hill was a sufficient world leave her. for her and she was appalled by the thought of a break in their companionship. She knew from the narrowing of his eyes and the tightening of his lips that the temptation to go was grea tand she steeled herself for his question.

'I suppose I'd better tell 'em I can't do it?" "Why, of course you must go, dear," she replied in her habitual gentle tone. "It's another honor for you and you deserve it."

"It's not a question of being an honor," he replied, his frown deepening. "They want somebody to go who can collect our claims against the government for what we've spent "They defending ourselves and-

"And," she caught him up, "the people know you're the best man to do it! You'll be "the people sure to get their money for them!"

She smiled bravely, happy in the thought that she was making his acceptance easier.

"But it's a long way to Philadelphia," he grumbled. "And those fellows down there frumoled. And those fellows down there don't intend to pay. They don't care a hang for the folks on the frontier. Somebody's got to go who will talk straight to those fellows."

She was secretly amused at his flaming

belligerency at the prospect of a fight. If there was battle to wage with the powers of govern-ment, the chains were not forged that could keep Andrew Jackson on the Cumberland. With all his forthrightness and swiftness of decision as to ordinary things, she knew that it was only in matters that touched her happiness that he ever showed indecision—and she loved him the more for it.

"There's no question but you must go, ear," she said with finality.

He kept close to the plantation while the

election was pending, making no speeches and soliciting no votes. A messenger from Knox-ville, where the returns were tabulated, brought him word of his election and found him in the barn lot breaking a colt. Rachel, honestly elated and anxious that he might have no qualms at leaving her, pronounced his success a great triumph.

"I suppose there's no getting out of it now," he said that night as they sat before the fire; but she brushed the hair from his forehead, patted his cheek and told him that of course there was no evading the duty.

The chill of autumn was in the air and he dropped a fresh log on the fire and brushed the hearth carefully with a broom of twigs knelt beside him, clasping his hands.

"You'll be starting pretty soon and you must look your best when you go to Philadelphia. I knew you'd be elected so I've been getting things ready for you. I've made some new shirts and underclothes. And I went to the And I went to the tailor last week and told him to make you a new suit in the best style."

Yes; he dragged me in to try on the coat today! We'd be in a nice fix if I'd been de-feated!" He bent down and kissed her on the forehead. "Just riding over the fields this

evening made me homesick before I started! I'd like to stay right here with you till I die watching things grow, breeding horses and cattle; not caring a hang about the rest of the world! All I ask is to live here in peace with you, my dearest."

"Peace!" she repeated in her gentle voice.
"Why, my dear love, you're a born fighter!
No man ever loved a fight as you do. You remind me of those knights in the story books who were at war all the time. You would have been a great knight in the olden times; always at war-

war-but always at war for the right!"
"Am I like that?" he demanded, gazing down at her with knit brows. "It's strange to hear you calling me a fighter. I swear I don't like fighting! I wouldn't hurt anybody unless it was somebody that needed

hurting!"

He smiled grimly as she laughed at the characteristic reservation with which he ended. Hers was a merry laugh, spontaneous and musical; no one else dared laugh at him or taunt him. He might be profane, arrogant, belligerent elsewhere, but not at home with Rachel! A hound rose from the broad hearthstone, stretched himself and invited attention. She slipped his silken ears between her fingers and scolded him for his laziness.

"Bullet and I know who's the head of things on this plantation!" said Jackson, bending over to pat the dog. "It's a queer thing," he went on as he filled a cob pipe from tobacco carried loose in his hunting-coat pocket, "a mighty queer thing that when I'm here I'm as meek as that hound. I wish I didn't have that spark inside of me that blazes up sometimes and makes me want to fight—to fight—to fight and win the fight!" He was not often like this and she watched him wonderingly. "What is it about me?—tell me that!" he demanded.

"It's your sense of the right," she replied slowly. "It's because you've got that in you that I love you, my dearest. It goes with your loyalty and courage. A man with your high principles has got to be ready to fight. That's

why the people love and trust you."
"Yes; and some of them hate me—they hate me like the devil!"

From his tone one might have thought that he was proud of being hated like the devil.

"So far your enemies have been a credit to you. I pray God every day you may always be true to the right, my husband!"

HEY were up with the dawn on the day of his departure and Rachel prepared his breakfast with her own hands. She insisted on riding with him for the first five miles of his journey. The sun crept out of the November mists as they started, and this Rachel interpreted as a favorable omen. As they rode side by side they exchanged last words as to the work of the The slaves were trustworthy and plantation. devoted to their mistress. Mrs. Hays would visit her for a time-Jackson had arranged this and he urged her to go to her mother's whenever she was threatened with loneliness. He had thought of everything that touched her comfort and peace of mind.

At a high point in the road they dismounted and lingered—two lovers, summoning their courage for the moment of parting. She tried to be gay, telling him never to have a fear for her safety; repeated her injunctions as to his care of himself—like a mother bidding good-by to a child; teasingly bade him beware of his temper in the Quaker capital; he must not indulge his weakness for fighting! He must note particularly what Washington and all the rest of the great men looked like and not neglect to bring news of what the women were wearing!

"I shall see no women!" he protested. "The only woman in the world is here on the Cumberland!"

The mounting sun urged haste if he would make the most of the day. She gave a last look at his effects strapped to a led-horse. "My dearest love, you must go now," she

said—lightly, as if it were not so important a matter after all.

Her arms went around him; they clung to each other, their cheeks together.

"The world is calling you away from mebut you will come back "Soon! Never fear but I shall make all haste, my dearest!"

He ran after her, crying: "Let me see you smile again!"

"God bless you, dear husband!"

She smiled through her tears and for a moment her hand rested on his bare head as she murmured a prayer for his safety.

The world seemed a different place to the young gentleman from the Cumberland as he traveled toward the seat of government. The settlers' cabins had a new significance as he viewed them now with the eyes of a repre sentative of Tennessee in the Congress of the United States. Poverty! The one-room cabins with their meager furnishings, the coarse fare, the ill-clad children, called insistently upon his sympathies. On the Waxhaw he too had known pinching poverty and his heart was wrung with pity for these earnest, hopeful, uncomplaining people. Often, rather than trouble the owner of a cabin home, he would choose a camping-place, cook his supper and sleep under the winter stars.

He rode through Cumberland Gap with

a feeling that he was crossing into hostile territory. What did they know or care. those people in the rich seaport cities, about the poor settlers west of the mountains with only a little com between them and starvation? Taverns now more frequently offered shelter and the discus sions at their firesides opened new vistas to his

imagination.

He was irritated to find American affairs subordinated to the disturbed condition of Europe; as if the protection of that thin line of frontier cabins that stretched from the mountains westward wasn't sufficient to command the attention of American citizens!

But Jackson listened. With the caution of a wilderness hunter venturing into new territory he was silent, wary, watchful. On the Cum-berland men talked of France and Spain only as those powers incited the Indians and men-aced the territory toward the Gulf. Here men talked of London, Paris and Madrid—but chiefly of affairs in France, where three years earlier King Louis' muddled head had rolled into the basket. That incident hadn't seemed important at Hunter's Hill—only a silly king the less!—now it appeared to be an event of world-shaking significance. At Nashville they would hardly have known their representa-tive if they had seen him lending ear to these discussions of international affairs without breaking in furiously with his own opinions.

In his hunter's shirt and fur cap he rode into

Philadelphia heralded only by a snow-storm. Erect in his saddle he rode slowly through the streets with his hunter's eyes viewing the substantial red brick houses, the well-dressed pedestrians, the heavy coaches rolling over the cobblestones. He had inquired of travelers on the last stages of his journey as to the inns of the city and having inspected several of these he chose the City Tavern as offering comfortable lodging.

Before he had finished unpacking he was miserably homesick, but no hint of this crept into the long account of his journey he wrote to

Rachel.

While he waited for the Congress to assemble he explored the city, finding its varied activities bewildering in contrast with the indolence of the Charleston of his youthful adventures He went alone to view the bareback riding tight-rope walking at the Pantheon and Rickett's Ampitheater; and in O'Eller's Hotel adjoining he heard great names mentioned familiarly and breathed for the first time the atmosphere of national politics.

He observed with contempt the gentlemen eating oysters and sipping wine—dandified fellows with powered hair, brilliant waistcoats and silver buckles on their shoes. Even their oaths struck him as feeble blasphemies. they would venture into the southwestern valleys they would hear cursing with a bite to it

from the mouths of settlers whose kindred were shot down by savages because the federal power failed to protect them. These smug wine-guzzlers didn't know that the best of America lay out yonder beyond the hills!

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Ranging the inns he smoked many pipes, sitting alone with Indian stolidity; catching through the smoke scraps of conversation in a through the smoke scraps of conversation in a vocabulary more sophisticated than he was accustomed to, with foreign tongues adding to the general confusion. In the streets he saw for the first time the outward flourish of luxury—women in rich attire riding in their coaches attended by gallants in festal raiment.

On the day the House convened the gentle-man from Tennessee, uncertain as to the procedure, was standing awkwardly at the rear of the chamber when a young man who had been eying him with curious, friendly eyes accosted him.

"May I introduce myself?" he asked leasantly. "I am Edward Livingston of New pleasantly. "I am Edward Livingston of New York. I take it you are a new member?" "Jackson—of Tennessee. I filed my creden-

tials when I arrived but I don't know what else

"I've seen the list and your credentials are accepted. All you have to do is to present yourself at the bar of the House when your name is called and take the oath. It will give

me pleasure to present you."
"I thank you, sir. It's all a new business to me and I have no colleague—I'm the first and only member from my state."

When the voice of the clerk sonorously calling the roll reached his name, Jackson advanced with the gentleman from New York attending. Jackson, a long way from Waxhaw Creek, stood by the side of Livingston to take the oath—Livingston a child of the colonial aristocracy, born in a mansion on the Hudson, graduate of Princeton already at this try we distinguished Princeton, already at thirty-two distinguished by his brilliant attainments; a man habituated to the ways of drawing-rooms; by nature a diplomat, tactful, shrewd, a dangerous adversary in any test of wits. Jackson a child of the people, his social background the wilderness, introduced as a representative in the Congress of the United States by a man who had enjoyed the most coveted advantages of his time.

There were other gentlemen of the Congress clad in homespun, but none challenged the eye quite as imperatively as the member from the Cumberland. The Nashville coat hung loosely on his attenuated figure. His reddish hair stood aggressively above his forehead and was tied at the nape of the neck with a twine of eelskin. His long face, faintly marked by the smallpox suffered in the Camden prison pen, would have passed as commonplace but for the firm jaw and the alert blue eyes. There was some-thing arresting in his carriage, too, the light, definite step, the straight, narrow shoulders, the head carried high in a way that warned the discerning that here was a man it might be well not to judge by superficial appearances

Calling at the war department to verify his data as to the Tennessee military claims, Jack-

data as to the Tennessee military claims, Jackson ran into Colonel Norton.

"A great pleasure!" the officer exclaimed cordially. "Twe been away on a tour of inspection and just got home. I read of your election and was going to look you up this very day. I'm detailed here for the present and beg you to let me be of service to you in any way possible. I'll introduce you to the man in charge of the archives and you'll have no trouble getting what you want. If you're free, let us dine what you want. If you're free, let us dine together and have a talk. I haven't forgotten the generous hospitality of Hunter's Hill. As I'm a bachelor living in lodgings we'll go to the Golden Cock where the ale's the best in town.

Jackson surmised from the number of gentlen who saluted Norton in the street and at the Golden Cock that Norton was a man of considerable distinction. When they were seated and the landlord had personally taken the colonel's order, Norton recurred again to his wife the colonel's order, Norton recurred again to his wife the Norton recurred again to his

visit two years earlier to Nashville, "That remains the one bright spot in that journey, thanks to you and your charming wife.

We passed through the hostile Indians safely but along the Gulf I found things unsatisfactory. There's too much Spanish spoken down that way! There's no question but Spain incites the savages to warfare on our people. And at New Orleans I learned much that is disturbing as to the future. The dogs of war are barking all over Europe and there's no telling when they may yelp on our shores."
"We should be prepared, sir! The south-

west feels keenly the indifference of the government to our danger. Jay's treaty was a blunder—a weak yielding to the British power. Having licked the British once, we've got to

be ready to do it again!"

That's probably true, but not a pleasant spect. General Washington is finding the prospect. Presidency no bed of roses. Even among the Federalists there are bitter jealousies. Jefferson's followers claim the Republicans are the only real democrats. I take it that your sympathies are with the Jeffersonians. If there must be partisanship, it's well that men of the character of Hamilton and Jefferson are the leaders."

"My sympathies, sir, are with the people first and with any party that speaks for them," Jackson replied. "General Hamilton would have made a monarchy of this country.

Jackson recurred again to the danger of foreign encroachment.

"Oh, our government isn't asleep," said orton. "While I apparently have a routine job at the war department, that's only a cover and my real business is to pick up information as to any foreign plotting that may be going on here. I don't like it, but it's a penalty I pay for having a wide acquaintance. I am even admitted to Mrs. Bingham's!"

"Bingham?" said Jackson and frowned in his ignorance of the importance of Mrs. Bingham in the affairs of the national capital.

"We may alway suite a part in public offairs"

"Women play quite a part in public affairs," said Norton, "and Mrs Bingham is the reigning social queen. You'll meet her, of course and Mrs. Jackson will be, I know, interested to hear of the great lady.

Jackson mumbled something that might have been interpreted as expressing his lack of interest in Mrs. Bingham and her drawing-

"Well," said Norton, laughing, "there's another interesting lady—a person of impor-tance and but lately come to our shores— Lady Melderode!"
"Melderode," Jackson repeated, for the

instant failing to recall where he had heard the name before.

"Yes; I told you, didn't I, when I was at your house, the story about the missing lord?"

your wife. It's a good fireside story. course I got no clue anywhere and so reported when I got back here. I'd forgotten the whole thing when here comes milady his wife over the seas! The department referred her to me as the one who had made search for her husband and we're now on very friendly terms. Perhaps you'd like to meet her?

"I don't know that it would serve any pur-Jackson replied indifferently. probably looking for her lost husband. I sup pose he's as likely to be in Philadelphia as anywhere

"I hardly think so. She talks quite freely about her search, giving the impression that she's heart-broken over the loss of her lord. Suppose we pay her ladyship a brief call and then go on to the theater?"

"I haven't got clothes for drawing-rooms,"

Jackson protested.

"Oh, you're all right—she's probably tired of satin waistcoats and powdered heads anyway. We won't let the thing become tedious—I'm only interested in seeing who's there."
Feeling that it would be ungracious to refuse

and not without his curiosity as to the woman who had sent his friend Fowler into exile, Jackson assented.

"Her ladyship is well domiciled and evidently

suffers no hardship by reason of her husband's departure into parts unknown," said Norton as they set off. "Perhaps Spain pays the bills! She has a house in a good quarter of High Street with some people of note for neighbors—including the Spanish minister."

Norton sounded the knocker on the white

door of a three-story brick house in the middle of the block and they were admitted at once by a liveried servant, who spoke the

colonel's name.

"Mr. Representative Jackson is with me," Norton explained as the man took their coats. The sound of laughter reached them as the

servant opened the drawing-room door.
"Colonel Norton; the Honorable Representative Jackson," he announced.

The long room, lighted by candles in a crystal chandelier, supplemented by others on the walls, gave at once a sense of luxurious ease. A tall young woman came toward them over the crimson carpet. To Jackson's unsophisticated eyes she was only a radiant, smiling fourtening the the did not know that he sow. figure in white. He did not know that her gown, austerely simple as it seemed, expressed the latest fashions of Paris, where the Directory had lent its name to a new mode in woman's apparel. A fillet of pearls bound her golden hair and she carried a tiny fan.
"Ah, Colonel Norton!" Smilingly she extended her hand. "It is long since you honored

me. It's well that you brought a protector with you! Mr. Representative Jackson, I am de-lighted to see you on your own account; Colonel Norton's introduction is unnecessary

to assure your welcome."

"Always snubbing me!" exclaimed the colonel ith mock despair. "This is most embarrasswith mock despair. "This is most embarrassing! I had told Mr. Jackson you were the kindest lady in the capital."

"But Mr. Jackson would never serve me as shabbily as you have. At Mrs. Bingham's only three days ago you didn't speak to me! I know Mr. Jackson would not approve of that.

"I'm sure, Madam, there was some mistake," Jackson replied. "I have always found Colonel Norton most courteous.

"I'm glad the colonel has one friend! I congratulate you, colonel!"

DURING this colloquy she was walking between them down the room. Jackson a little bewilderedly perceived that the Lady Melderode was only pretending to have a grievance against the colonel and that his defense of his against the colonel and that he byplay. He friend had rather spoiled their byplay. He pretense and sham were to be expected. On the Cumberland people said what they thought and meant what they said even to the point of supporting their arguments by physical violence. But banter and equivocation might also serve a purpose; he must be on guard against his prejudices! Rachel would tell him to make the most of his opportunity to note the ways and manners of the world of fashion.

"I'm not quite desolate, you see," Lady Melderode remarked in her unhurried way, and introduced Jackson to three young gentlemen, attachés of foreign legations, who had been attaches of foreign legations, who had been standing during the reception of the new-comers. Norton already knew them and greeted them familiarly. They saluted Jackson formally, inspecting him with polite curiosity. The good manners required by their profession hardly concealed the fact that they were not greatly pleased to be interrupted by the Americans.

When they were all seated, with Lady Melderode enthroned in a fragile gilt chair somewhat apart from her callers, she addressed Jackson directly:

"You are the member from Tennessee, Mr. Jackson? Such lovely names are being added to your American geography! Tennessee is a to your American geography! Tennessee is a new word to me. What is it like?" She bent her head for a moment and then with a graceful gesture—"Like rippling water—in the moon-light—I can see it! Do you not all see it?"
"That's very pretty, Madam," said Jackson,
"but it's from an Indian word—Ten-asse— meaning a curved spoon. The Indians put the

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gentlemen -dandified waistcoats Even their hemies. If uthwesten a bite toit



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accent on the first syllable but I think it's

prettier as you say it."
"I thank you, sir!" she said half-mockingly. "I thank you, sir!" she said half-mockingly.
"I will leave it to all you gentlemen if it isn't necessary to speak all the syllables evenly, as I do, to get the ripple." She lifted the fan to her lips for an instant's meditation and then added, As if, as if-you were playing on the pipes of Pan!

She smilingly demanded their approval and admiration.

Jackson, unfamiliar with classical lore, caught up the word.

"You mean a pan to go with the spoon?"
"How very droll! You have a very pretty
wit, Mr. Representative Jackson!"

The young diplomats, uncertain whether the The young diplomats, uncertain whether the strange gentleman was consciously punning, gave him the benefit of the doubt and laughed. Lady Melderode suspected that his joke had been unintentional and tactfully turned the talk away from ancient fables into the real world across the mountains which, she remarked, they must all wish to know.

"I suppose Tennessee is vast, like all your other provinces-states, or whatever you call

"It would make a mighty kingdom, Madam, if we indulged in such things," Jackson replied.

"Indulge," murmured Lady Melderode. "How adorably you use that word—as if kings were a luxury one took off or put on at pleasure! In dear France how rudely they disposed of Louis! They made him quite ridiculous by removing his head! Pardon me, Citizen Remiremont"—she turned to the dapper attaché of the French legation-"but

I sometimes suspect you are not altogether happy over the loss of your king?"
"Your ladyship is wholly mistaken," the young man retorted. "I think we manage very well without his Majesty. My only soris that the American government seems so afraid to be friendly with the representatives of France. I have been snubbed, Colonel

"Are you holding me personally responsible for the snubbing?" demanded Norton goodnaturedly. "The antics of Citizen Genet made your position difficult. He was far too indis-creet for diplomatic life. It's one thing to love France but quite another to prove it by fighting her enemies. But we're getting on dan-gerous ground. Let us be discreet. It's not for a mere American soldier to offer opinions on affairs abroad."

"Discretion! That dreadful word!" sighed

Lady Melderode.
"But Lady Melderode's house is extraterritorial," remarked the British attaché.
"At Mrs. Bingham's one must have a care!

But it's an excellent place to listen!"
"In your Tennessee, Mr. Jackson, I hope it is not necessary to be discreet," said Lady Meldenot necessary to be discreet, said Lady Melderode. "I wish I might live where one's remarks would not be picked up and passed on with unfortunate and mischievous interpretations. What would you talk about, Mr. Jackson, in a little friendly company like this in Tennessee?"

"Crops, horses, Indian massacres! We have no interest in Europe, except where Europe know how to shoot!"

This utterance, delivered bluntly was hardly diplomatic in view of the fact that represeniy diplomatic in view of the fact that represen-tatives of three foreign powers were among the auditors. Norton bit his lips to restrain a smile; the diplomatists blinked and pre-tended not to have heard. Lady Melderode laughed gaily.

That's the most sensible remark I've heard in Philadelphia! All America wants is to be let alone. There you have it, gentlemen, from a representative in the national Congress!"

The British secretary now proved his fitness for diplomatic life by referring to the circus, to which it appeared he had accompanied Lady Melderode the previous night. The deft change of subject left Jackson at sea for a moment, but his education was proceeding as to the conversational method in diplomatic circles. Wars and rumors of war were not mat-ters for careless speech. Rickett's circus offered apparently a subject for peaceful discussion, in which diplomats and a member of the American Congress might participate with

perfect safety.
"The bareback riders—how amusing and

"The bareback riders—how amusing and how daring! I could never see enough of them!" exclaimed Lady Melderode.
"But you're bound to pity the horses," Jackson interposed. "You can see they've been whipped into doing their tricks."
"I can see you have a tender heart, Mr. Jackson," said Lady Melderode, instantly responsive. "How few of us think of the whippings they must endure before they're ready for pings they must endure before they're ready for the arena.

"A horse of mettle would never submit," Jackson continued. "Those horses at Rickett's are tame, worn-out animals. I watched them carefully and there's not a sound beast among them. Horses were not created for play-things."

The foreign gentlemen feebly defended the training of animals for the circus; but the gentleman from Tennessee was evidently deeply learned in equine lore. He talked of horses with a commanding eloquence. Horses as a subject of conversation in a drawing-room clearly displeased the diplomats. Lady Melde rode was amused at their displeasure, and encouraged Jackson to go on. The young gentlemen became restless and seized the first opportunity to take their leave.

Their retirement was effected with considerable ceremony in which Norton and Jackson assisted by rising and inclining their bodies deferentially during the kissing of Lady Melde-

rode's hand.

"You gentlemen wouldn't be so cruel as to

leave me alone!"
With a graceful sweeping gesture Lady
Melderode indicated her wish that Jackson and Norton should remain. She pulled a cord to summon the butler and directed that wine be served—she craved the gentlemen's opinion of her Madeira. Don Carlos had pronounced it the best in any Philadelphia cellar.

Norton explained that the gentleman whose judgment her ladyship valued so highly was Don Carlos Martinez, Marquis de Yrujo, the

Spanish minister.

"I wouldn't set my opinion against that of a man with a name like that!" said Jackson, who felt more at ease now that the young gentle-men from the legations had gone. "I know men from the legations had gone. nothing of wine. If you have it, Madam, I would prefer whisky.

"How fortunate that I have it! Peebles, bring that ugly jug from the cellar. It is queer which my grocer said was made of the Indian corn from Pennsylvania province. He insisted that no larder is complete without it. I took one sip and was ill for three days. Really, gentlemen, I thought I was poisoned!"
"It's probably some of the spirits that caused

the Whisky Rebellion two years ago," said Norton. "You have no feeling against liquor that has dodged the excise, have you, Jackson?"

"Not the slightest, colonel," Jackson replied eartily. "I think it improves the flavor."

heartily. "I think it improves the flavor."

Lady Melderode now wished instructions in the ways of the Indians and her visitors undertook to enlighten her. Indians she had seen in the Philadelphia streets, blanketed and feathered, and had been fascinated-yes; there was no other word! One day she hoped to see the red men in their homes.

Jackson's thoughts flew back to the Cumberland and the miniature Fowler carried over his heart. There was no question of the woman's identity. Her hair was dressed as in the portrait and gleamed golden in the candlelight; here were the same roguish eyes. He was startled when she said, in the indifferent indolent tone that appeared to be her habitual

manner of speech:

"Colonel Norton may have told you of my sorrow—my husband's long absence—so unaccountable! It is really to find him that I am

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here. Some aberration caused him to leave our home in England—and we were so happy! We were the most contented married pair in the kingdom. I have thought that he may have come to America—he had so many democratic notions—and gone to your frontier."
"Yes; I mentioned the matter to Mr. Jack

son when I visited him on the Cumberland," said Norton. "Your ladyship is aware that I made inquiries everywhere. I deeply regret

that I was unable to find the slightest clue."
"I quite despair," she replied with a sigh.
"It seems like a hopeless quest. You will par-"It seems like a hopeless quest. You will pardon me for mentioning the matter but it is constantly in my mind. But you can understand, Mr. Jackson, my feelings. A woman's sorrow is—her sorrow! And the humiliation! That is crushing. You do understand?" "Certainly, Madam," Jackson replied.

Unskilled in dissimulation, he was uncomferable but early lingering fears that Norton

Unskilled in dissimulation, he was uncomfortable, but any lingering fears that Norton might have suspected the identity of Fowler were set at rest. Evidently it had never occurred to the officer that he had sat at the table with the exile at Hunter's Hill. That whole scene in the law office at Nashville, where Fowler had told his story, came between the Tennesseean's eyes and the woman before him. Yet this fair young creature did not look like a woman who would debase herself and ruin a good man's life. Fowler might have been wrong! It was necessary for him have been wrong! It was necessary for him to say something and it was the part of wis-dom to divert her attention from the west.

"It is difficult for a stranger in our country to realize the great distances," he said. "It would be quite easy for a man to disappear in America. There are men of all kinds on the frontier and no one questions them as long as they behave themselves. As I remember Colonel Norton's description, your husband was hardly a man to seek refuge in a rough country like ours. He'd be much likelier to establish himself in older parts of the country where he'd find the companionship he had been

used to."
"But the eastern cities have been searched," replied Lady Melderode. "And kind Colonel Burr has himself made careful inquiries in New York.

To Jackson's relief the arrival of another caller ended speculation as to the whereabouts of Lord Melderode.

The street door closed and the butler walked the length of the room to announce another caller.

"Colonel Burr, your ladyship."
"Certainly. Show him in, Peebles."
Norton noted that Colonel Burr's arrival had been announced less formally than was the habit of the house. Lady Melderode received him carted—another deporture from her habit him seated—another departure from her habit. Jackson had seen Burr in the Senate and once had heard him speak. He was a person of distinction, a veteran of the Revolution as well as a statesman, and constantly in the public Jackson, who inspected a man with the same minute scrutiny he gave a horse, was already taking the New York senator's points as he advanced quickly toward Lady Melderde. He was dressed with care to the verge of foppishness. Short of stature, he bore himself erectly with something of a soldierly air. A broad high forehead, a long thin nose, thick lips—these items Jackson had noted before the colonel reached Lady Melderode.

"How relieved I am to find you at home!" "How relieved I am to find you at home!"
he exclaimed, bending low over her hand.
"You're so gay—so many demands upon your
time! You'll understand the depth of my
devotion when I tell you that even now I
should be at a committee meeting! And
instead—I am here! Ah, Norton—I always
meet you in pleasant places!"

Lady Melderode presented Representative
Jackson, to whom Colonel Burr gave his hand
graciously.

graciously.

"Is it possible that you gentlemen have not met?" asked Lady Melderode.

"It's a pleasure to meet Mr. Jackson here," said Burr, whose hazel eyes brightened pleasantly as he swept Jackson with a careless



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friendly glance. The atmosphere of the room seemed vivified by his presence. At ease in a drawing-room, he would have borne himself with equal assurance and composure in the most trying circumstances imaginable. Such was Aaron Burr as Jackson saw him.

"You are not wholly a stranger to me, Mr. Jackson," Burr continued, "for the senators from your state have spoken of you in the warmest terms. And my good friend Livingston mentioned you the other day in a way that would give you pleasure. Ned is an old friend, and a man of genius—nothing less. Your southwest is developing very fast and will play a most important part in the future of the

"I thank you, sir," Jackson returned. "We Tennesseeans are grateful to you for supporting our admission to the Union. But for you, Senator Burr, we might still be standing on the nation's door-step.

"You do me too much honor. The admission of Tennessee was inevitable. I find that

we may always count on the opposition of a certain element to the expansion of the country.

That region calls to me strongly.
"When I make my grand tour, Mr. Jackson,
I want to be free of public cares so that I may enjoy myself thoroughly. Toward the setting sun lies the land of romance! What other country ever had men like George Rogers Clark or Rome the wights. Winnerd!" Clark or Boone, the mighty Nimrod!'

"Mr. Jackson can show you just such characters on the Cumberland," said Norton. "You and Mr. Jackson are well met; at his fireside in Tennessee I felt the nation stretching clear to the Pacific."

"Why not to Cape Horn!" Burr demanded with his engaging smile. "There is room for many empires. My friend General Hamilton has a weakness for kings, but I'm sure, Mr. Jackson, a king looking for a throne would fare rather badly in your state?"

"We'd know how to receive him, sir," Jack-

son replied sternly. "Our Tennesseeans are the best riflemen in the world!" "I dare say they are," Burr agreed. "Certainly at King's Mountain they proved it!"
"It would be very droll," Lady Melderode

remarked. "A king being shot in the wilderness -like a bear!'

In the laugh that followed Jackson and Norton took their leave.

When they were in the street Norton exclaimed:

"A clever woman, Lady Melderode, with all her lazy airs!'

Yes; she appears to be," said Jackson in a tone that dismissed Lady Melderode. It was not his way to discuss a woman—any woman—and his thoughts were playing upon Burr, as his companion was quick to see.

"You liked the little senator? The man has women may be his undoing."

"He's not married?" Jackson asked.

"A widower—of several years' standing. He's devoted to his daughter, Theodosia, who is now about eleven and very precocious. He's the most puzzling of all the conspicuous men here. He has his eye on the Presidency and is likely to make it. He's the man Hamilton and the Federalists fear most."

"I liked Burr's ideas about the future of this country," said Jackson. "I tell you America isn't going to stop at the Mississippi! She's going to outgrow these Federalists and their little ideas and offer homes and freedom to folks who never knew what the words meant! These Federalists! As far as they're concerned America ends at the mountains!

Norton had introduced the representative from Tennessee to Lady Melderode in the inno-cent belief that the frontiersman would manifest rather more than a casual interest in a titled woman. But Jackson evidently had in nowise been impressed by her ladyship. To Andrew Jackson of Hunter's Hill the exquisite creature with all her blandishments was only another woman, whom he was probably

comparing unfavorably with his dark-eyed

Rachel had warned him to keep his temper, but the member from Tennessee chafed at the tedious dilatory methods of the House. He had been sent there to collect a claim of the Tennessee militiamen for their expenditures in suppressing an uprising of the Cherokees. That was the whole thing in a nutshell. He was infuriated by the contention of the government that the frontier militia shouldn't have been mobilized without authority from a secretary of war who was a thousand miles away from the scene! Attempts to postpone and refer to committees increased his ire. The routine of the House was a weariness to his spiritthey were so long about everything!

the gossip and the play of petty politics.
"Patience!" Livingston smilingly advised
one day when he found Jackson gloomily
smoking his pipe in the corridor while a debate

smoking his pipe in the corridor while a depate was in progress over the sending of ships to punish the Mediterranean pirates.

"The fools waste time!" fumed Jackson.

"Instead of paying blackmail to those infamous scoundrels, we ought to send ships to blow them to hell!"

"Certainly," Livingston assented, "but the vuestion," we set out fifting these frigates for

question's up as to outfitting three frigates for that very service. There's the roll-call-let's

go in and vote.'

Fretting at the delays encountered in his efforts to push forward the claims, Jackson seized an opportunity to express his contempt for the Federalists. President Washington ap-peared before the Congress to read his last ad-dress. The irrepressible boy in Jackson thrilled to the near presence of the First Citizen of the Republic, but in the battle over the resolutions approving the address he joined zestfully with the hostile Jeffersonians. Hard blows were struck in the prolonged debate and this was much to Jackson's taste. Party lines were stiffening; the young western member knew himself now as the foe of all Federalistic pretensions. Washington's address was only an excuse for a demonstration; the brick was really aimed at Colonel Hamilton and the whole brood of aristocrats.

Livingston was in the thick of the fray, supporting motions designed to save Washington's personal dignity while withholding praise of his administration. When a vote was taken the New Yorker and the Tennesseean were among the twelve representatives who voted no.

Accepting defeat in good part, they walked with their fellows to present the resolutions to Washington at his house in High Street. Washington, a stately figure in black velvet, received the visitors in his drawing-room and listened to the reading of the resolutions with an imperturbable countenance, his thoughts already centering upon the peace of Mount Vernon. He looked tired and ill and Jackson

was touched with pity for him.

Invigorated by his taste of partisan bitterness, the gentleman from Tennessee now gave strict attention to the business of collecting his state's claims. When the matter came up, a yawning Federalist moved to refer the bill to a committee. Boiling with indignation, Mr. Jackson strode down the aisle to protest against further trifling. The claims had been carefully audited; the secretary of war conceded their accuracy. The drowsy gentleman who wished accuracy. The drowsy gentleman who wished to bury the bill in a committee awoke to find a pair of resolute blue eyes fixed upon him. A singular-looking person, with his reddish hair, lean face and queer clothes, but evidently

dangerous when aroused.
"Tennessee is not begging! Tennessee
demands justice!" So spake the Cumberland, personified by the tall, trapper-like member whose voice quivered with emotion as he described the heroic struggles of the settlers.

Livingston supported the claims, and Mr. James Madison of Virginia, without solicitation, contributed his weighty influence. The bill james Madison of Virginia, without solicitation, contributed his weighty influence. The bill passed—\$23,000 for the Tennessee claimants; but Mr. Jackson was not elated. They were such fools to make necessary so much

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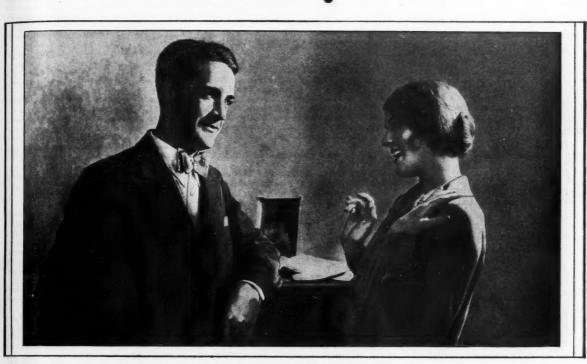
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She enjoys the smooth smart fit of her dresses worn right next to her underarm, and the absence of extra bulk to overheat and cause additional odor.

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There are now two kinds of Odorono. The ruby colored, full strength, which checks moisture and odor used once or twice a week, the last thing at night. And Odorono No. 5, colorless, milder, lasts only a day or two, but can be used night or morning and on sensitive skins. Odorono, Odorono No. 5 and the new Odorono Cream Depilatory are on sale at toilet goods





Women of breeding use over three million bot-tles of this medically ap-proved occlusive very year. Odorono has no drying or other in-jurious effect on the perspiration glands

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discussion and maneuvering. He would have gone home at once but Livingston dissuaded him, urging him to wait for the inauguration

While he waited, the member from the Cumberland availed himself of another chance to express his dislike of the Federalists by vot ing against an appropriation of \$14,000 to furnish and decorate the Presidential mansion under construction at Washington. A palace for the President! Unless they were watched, Hamilton's monarchists would yet set up a king. There was hardly fourteen thousand dollars' worth of furniture in all the homes in his district!

Jackson allayed his persistent homesickness from time to time by buying gifts for Rachel. In a jeweler's shop inspecting brooches, he one day encountered Lady Melderode.

"You are caught, sir!" she exclaimed. "Do

not let me embarrass you in the slightest! Is it some exquisite bauble for a beauty out there in Tennessee? An Indian princess, perhaps?"

"I'm buying a brooch for my wife!" Jackson

answered bluntly.

"Not so stern! How should I know you're a benedict? From your friendship with Colonel Norton I assumed you were a bachelor—like Norton I assumed you were a bachelor—like that most agreeable gentleman himself. Your wife—we shall see her here—some day? These are very pretty trinkets"—she glanced at the stock laid out for Jackson's inspection—"but are they not too plain? Perhaps you prefer a severe simplicity in such things?"

"I prefer the best my purse can pay for," he replied stolidly.

replied stolidly.

"Tra, la, la! I had expected you to ask my advice as to a choice! But you're not like other men. Sentiment! Yes; I see you have the sentiment that comes from the contemplation of your glorious hills and streams. you to permit another woman to assist in buy-ing a gift for your wife!"

She smiled at her own perspicacity. son, holding his hat—he had discarded his coonskin cap in deference to the ways of city folk—was wholly courteous, but his ill-con-cealed impatience amused Lady Melderode. She saw in him a new species; and—possibly—

he might be of use

"Everyone will be going to the coronation—inauguration, should I say?—of the new Presiinauguration, should I say?—of the new President," she went on, "and I judge that it will be a spectacle—something not to be missed! I had been hoping that someone—one of my young friends of the legations, or the dear Colonel Norton, would—possibly—."

She broke off, assumed a look of perplexity and with a little shrug seemed to dismiss the matter. Iackson unlearned in social sophistry.

matter. Jackson, unlearned in social sophistry, nevertheless knew what was wanted and met situation.

"Would you like me to take you?" he demanded She laughed and her roguish look as of a

a child caught in some misdemeanor reminded him vividly of the face in Fowler's miniature. "Now you hate me!" she exclaimed, her eyes and lips combining in an effulgent smile. "It's hardly fair to take advantage of anyone

"It's not a matter of kindness. You wish to see the ceremony and I'll do my best to provide you with a seat.

"But I prefer to see a kindness in it. If I were equally kind—and merciful—I would now refuse the offer I dragged out of you; but I really wish to go and I shall be proud of your escort."

You needn't be proud of it-I would do

"You needn't be proud of it—I would do
the same for any other man or woman if I had
the opportunity."

"Incorrigible! No one else ever made me
feel so humble! When you were at my house I
realized that you were an original—and I
worship originality! Those young gentlemen
you met there are so insipid in comparison.
Even Colonel Norton conforms—yes! and I
find him flavorless. But you, sir! you carry
the great woodlands with you and I find you

most refreshing! You are the first American I have met, Mr. Representative Jackson!" "I am a farmer from Tennessee," he retorted:

but he was pleased in spite of himself. She motioned to the shopkeeper, who had withdrawn while the elegantly attired young woman and the tall man in the rough greatcoat finished their talk. Lady Melderode dis-patched her business in a few words—it had reference to the replacing of a catch in a chain

But before she left she turned again to Jackson.
"If you repent I shall understand," she said "Otherwise you will call for mischievously.

"At eleven, Madam. And I suggest that you be prompt.

"You give orders like a general! I shall be waiting, sir—and we will drive in my own coach!"

She made him a curtsy and with her leisurely step left the place, the shopkeeper running into the street to open the door of her coach Jackson, returning to the matter of his pur-chase, remembered what she had said about the simplicity of the brooches he had been inspecting and doubled the amount he had expected to spend.

Rachel, at Hunter's Hill, should not be the recipient of a gift which had been looked upon with disdain by Lady Melderode!

On the day appointed he performed the office of escort to her ladyship quite as if she were some woman of the frontier whom he had undertaken to guard on a journey through the wilderness. When she fluttered into the drawing-room where he stood with his greatcoat buttoned about his austere figure, she

aughed outright.
"Undaunted! You're going through with it! O man of the wilderness—I never doubted you would come!"

With a change of manner she brought herself close to him, touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"You fear nothing! Neither devil nor woman! That is written, sir, in your blue eyes. In Scotland I have seen men like youstubborn, relentless—yet I'll swear you had an Irish mother! The signs are unmistakable cruel where you hate—but—tender and true where you love."

"I believe, Madam," said Jackson with a sweep of his arm toward the door, "I believe that you wish to see the President take the oath?"

He chose to sit with her rather than with his fellow representatives and had asked the sergeant-at-arms to hold seats for him.

"You see! The show is worth while, after all," murmured Lady Melderode as the com-pany assembled. And Jackson, too, was not without his youthful interest in the successive tableaux as they were disclosed.

"The dear don! How imposing!" her lady-ship exclaimed as the Spanish minister arrived in brilliant raiment. A squat figure of a man carrying jauntily a hat adorned with a white plume and wearing a sword with a jeweled hilt.

The chief actors appeared at intervals as if to add by effective entrances to the suspensive interest of the drama. Shouts of the multitude in the street announced the distinguished arrivals. Washington walked down the aisle quickly and at his appearance the assemblage arose. Jefferson followed a few minutes later, straight as a pine in his blue coat, and took his place on the rostrum.

Less impressive than the two Virginians John Adams arrived, his bald pate glowing. In a plum-colored coat with its high collar reaching far up his short neck, he gave an impression of having been stuffed into his raiment. But he was the man of the hour and not without his sense of the ceremonial demands of the sense of the ceremonial demands of the coccasion. He read his address with impressive deliberation. When he referred to Washington he bowed to the grave chieftain while all the assemblage stood. When he concluded he took the oath from Ellsworth, the black-robed chief justice, and the page turned to a new chapter in American history. first American ee," he retorted; himself.

eeper, who had rough greatcon Melderode dis words—it had catch in a chain. gain to Jackson, stand," she said ou will call for

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wo Virginians, te glowing. In gh collar reache an impression raiment. But not without his mands of the with impressive to Washington n while all the acluded he took ne black-robed "Poor, dear General Washington," said Lady Melderode, touching her handkerchief to her eyes as the retiring President left the chamber.

The member from Tennessee, who had followed the ceremony with grave attention, was thinking that on the frontier people were going about their tasks confident that the passing of one leader and the elevation of another to power meant no interruption to the orderly

one reacts and cinterruption to the orderly processes of government. Far through the future a succession of men would reach the highest place, serve the people and step down into private life as Washington had done.

"And now we must say President Adams," remarked Lady Melderode as they drove through the streets. "You seem rather triste, Monsieur Jackson." Seeing that he did not understand she repeated: "You seem unhappy. It will be the way of your people to shuffle your great men about. It seems very cruel. The king is dead! Long live the king!" "The king," Jackson replied, "is the People and lives forever!"

When they reached the house he refused her invitation to remain for dinner.

invitation to remain for dinner.
"But you will linger for one of your American toddies?" she suggested on the door-step. "My jug of fire-water is for you alone. No? In what way can I repay you, sir, for your courtesy?"

"Where there is no debt, no payment is necessary. It has been a pleasure, Madam, to serve you."

"And you have done it most graciously. One day you may be President—is it not possible for all Americans?"
"My ambitions do not reach so high," he said with a laugh, and refusing her tender of the

waiting coach, set off for town.

The door had opened to her knock but she stepped out of the entry and for a moment watched him as he stalked up the street with his long determined stride.

Problems and enemies beset Andrew Jackson, and born fighter that he is he finds his political career altogether distasteful and financial ruin threatening him-in the April Instalment of "A Chevalier of the Cumberland"

What Every Mother Should Know

(Continued from page 43)

to woman-for the hand that rocks the cradle was fitted by nature to rule the world.

But note that while motherhood is a valu-

able concept in studying the laws of human development, nature knows nothing of mother-hood for the simple reason that it does not exist in nature. Mothers do exist; and nature

recognizes them and works through them.

They are real—they have objective existence and subjective feelings. But as no two mothers are quite alike, and as every mother is a unique personality and has her own individual prob-lems, her problems are also unique.

lems, her problems are also unique.

I cannot solve these problems. No one can.

I speak as a biologist and not as gynecologist, obstetrician, nurse, family physician, health officer, social reformer, moralist, or soothsayer. In other words, I shall neither prescribe nor proscribe; I shall merely talk about the most responsible institution in the world of human affairs, and shall address myself specifically to mothers who may care to know how they may turn their responsibility into power. into power.

The woman is the more responsible party because she, and she alone, incubates the egg—two hundred and eighty days' time out for that; during that time she, and she alone, furnishes the supplies which enable the egg to develop into a normal infant. She, and she alone, nourishes that child through infancy. As the infant knows nothing at high she is

As the infant knows nothing at birth, she is



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I began to believe I was looking for the impossible, that I had an ideal too high ever to be realized-when I discovered Glazo Manicure.

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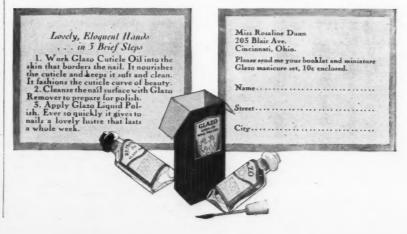
Every quality that I have sought, it has in abundance. It is lasting. Its tint is that of beautiful, healthy nails And from one appointment to the next, it holds its soft patina, its perfect lustre.

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naturally its first teacher. What she teaches it becomes the foundation of its individuality, its personality, its character. Which is to say: the child will owe half its physical inheritance to its mother; nine months of life; normally and naturally, three years more of life; and normally and naturally, the fundamentals of its education.

Biologic responsibility begins after conception. That fertilized ovum in two hundred and eighty days will increase its weight five million times; a spark of life no larger than the period at the end of this sentence will become a baby of thousands of specialized parts and billions of specialized cells, individually and collectively careable of performance. vidually and collectively capable of performing many and varied tricks.

What does nature expect of the mother during these two hundred and eighty days? Nothing out of the normal. All she does, all she can do, may be summed up in two words:

protection, nourishment. The nourishment part is not obvious be-The nourishment part is not obvious because we deal with a large mystery. That growth capacity I just spoke of is inherent in the one-celled embryo—it divides and becomes two, two divide and become four, four eight, et cetera, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of cells: an eight-pound infant of bones, hair, nails, skin, lungs, heart, nerves, brain, blood-vessels, glands, sense organs, and blood. What does the mother contribute? Nothing but the raw materials—they are in her blood. The fetus needs, and for normal growth must have, access to normal human blood. In

must have, access to normal human blood.

that blood it finds the materials to produce chemical substances so complex as yet to baffle analysis, to carry on physiological proc-esses so complicated as yet to baffle understanding.

Therein lies the mystery—which is nothing less than that of life itself. Not necessarily insoluble, but as yet a mystery. The mystery stops short when, for example, an expectant mother eats nothing from which her alimen-tary canal can get calcium salts for her blood to give to the growing fetus to make bone and teeth with: in such case the new-born babe will have defective bones and defective tooth germs.

The fetus is a chemical laboratory, so to speak, and it develops its own chemical laboratories, but for two hundred and eighty days it can get its chemicals only from its mother. It is in a sense a parasite; its mother is the host.

Against that background we can quickly examine some popular beliefs, Perhaps I should not say "beliefs." My mother does not be-lieve that a fetus cannot be "marked"—she heve that a tetus cannot be marked—she knows that it can, and only today cited several cases as "proofs." "Florence So-and-so—" (I know her well; she has a large red splotch on one side of her face—a sad disfigurement.) "Well, her father came in one day from butch ering and threw a calf's head at her mother's and she threw her hand up to her face!"

Q.E.D. For my mother, but not for me.

I can see no possible connection between that calf's head and that marked face. I can see how faulty diet can register itself in fetal development. I can see how high fever or even the chemical content of the mother's blood might make for abnormal development. I can see how physical factors could so disrupt the embryo in its early stages that identi-cal twins or any of the freakish forms of twins, such as Siamese, might result from one ovum. But I can see no possible causal connection otherwise.

For example, I can see no possible connection between anything the mother thinks, reads, says, or dreams, and the unborn babe. I can see no possible connection between what she does or what is said to her or thrown at her, and that unborn babe

I can see how the father can become a hobo, a drunkard, a criminal, or a lunatic; but I can see no way by which such traits can become registered in the offspring. Those "traits" are not transmissible, they are not inherited from either parent. Or, at any rate, I do not see how they can be.

I can see how an alcoholic mother could

influence fetal development through the alcohol in her blood. I can see how a father or a mother might have such defective brain structure as to make quite hostilities impossible, and how such defect might be transmitted. But insanity as that term is usual maderatood is not a heritable trait—nor is criminality, drunkenness, or unsocial behavior.

I can see no way whereby a mother can bring any influence whatsoever to bear on the mental development, character, or emotional disposition of her unborn child. I can see how any mother can so condition her child that it will likely become a moron, a criminal, or insane, a principal moron. Believing that or an insane criminal moron. Believing that, I need not make heredity a catch-all for my ignorance as to why, for instance, a particular party is now in jail.

I believe that all human behavior higher than that of a low monkey is made and not born. In other words, the difference between the mother's influence over her child before and after birth is not the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee but is the difference between a vacuum and a cyclone, between an idiot and a Charles Darwin, between a flying lemur and a Charles Lindbergh, between

The mother's responsibility to her prenatal child is simply to be natural. In these days of artificial foods, if she is in doubt as to whether she is putting into her blood all that the child requires, she can easily obtain light the child requires, she can easily obtain light. This simple rule may guide her: As her own milk will be the most perfect food her child will ever have, so a quart of cow's milk a day will make almost a perfect food for her, especially if the currell perfect food for her. cially if it be supplemented with leafy vege-

Corsets and such are of course unknown to nature. So also are midwives, obstetricians, and deadly pain. This does not mean that any woman should be denied anything that science can do to relieve her suffering or make

science can do to relieve her suffering or make her lot safer and happier.

Reproduction in higher animals is a normal function and should be painless. The evidence seems to show that this is the case among so-called primitive people. The woman stops work or drops out of the line of march for a couple of hours, and resumes her work or the couple of hours, and resumes her work or the line of march with a baby in her arms or on her

This does not prove that labor is painless, but all we know of natural processes seems to justify the inference that it should be. It is so far from that among civilized people that it does not seem possible it ever was the normal condition.

Few women today live the kind of life our ancestors lived, and for which their bodies were evolved in due course of time. As a result their muscles are weak, flabby, undeveloped. Childbirth puts an enormous strain on these muscles which have had no previous training; neither the muscles themselves nor the ligaments are in healthy tone. This is especially true among so-called society women—less true today, of course, than a few

years ago, but too true even yet.

I know personally two young women who went through their first childbirth without great pain or distress. Both had led active lives since childhood, were accustomed to long walks and to such exercise as comes from tennis and golf. Both continued to lead active lives up to the time of delivery; in fact, one went from a dance to the hospital, and in a few days

was as normal as she naturally should be.
Equally significant is the evidence that
among so-called savage peoples woman is not the weaker but the stronger, more vigorous sex. She lives longer and can endure more. More boys are born than girls, yet an adult census shows more women than men. This holds good, so far as is known, throughout the human race.

We deliberately coddle women and make it practically impossible for them to be as rugged as boys; they actually become the weaker sex; and then we call them the weaker sex. But gh the alcohol father or a ective brain mal behavior ct might be t term is usu-le trait—nor unsocial he

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and make it be as rugged e weaker sex; ker sex. But nothing that we can find in higher animals or in the human race gives us grounds for infering that the female is naturally weaker or inferior. On the contrary, the fact that nature put the larger burden on her is evidence that nature fitted her to bear it.

No woman not normally physically fit can confidently look forward to normal childbirth. Such fitness means more than just average good health; it means a body so tuned up that all the physiological processes are in apple-pie order. Being in order, they should be able to do their work without greatly interfering with the routine life of the mother.

Much work in recent years has been devoted to discovering just how physical features are inherited. A few solid facts have come to light, but there is still much speculation and much that is not yet known.

It is not yet known, for example, just how far stature is predetermined by heredity, or how far it depends on the proper functioning of the glands of internal secretion and on food and physical environment in general. Many factors are at work; where one stops and others begin is not yet known.

Children of short parents are likely to exceed their parents' stature if reared in a more favorable environment than their parents had. Children of normal parents can be stunted in their growth by disease, faulty or insufficient

their growth by disease, faulty or insufficient diet, and by glandular disturbance.

Even the shape of the head is possibly altered by postnatal influences. It is often deliberately altered by artificial pressure to conform to tribal ideas of beauty. But there is no evidence that such alteration has the slightest effect on the efficiency of the brain. Nor has it ever yet been proved that character, intelligence, or capacity in general to behave like a human being, is in any way innately associated with long heads or round heads.

Physically the child will naturally be more or less of a replica of its parents, in certain respects more like one than the other. Why shouldn't it? It is a chip off two old blocks. We should expect it to look like them. Usually it does. But that does not mean that it will

But that does not mean that it will behave like them.

"Yes, that's all right," said a positive mother to me one day, "but how"—with great emphasis on the how—"are you going to explain to me why it was that my son at the age of six began to spit like his father, who died become a suppose the said of fore my son was born and it was a peculiar habit of his?"

I could only reply that I was not at all certain I could explain such a prodigy, but that I suspected, if the boy were otherwise normal and not too rigorously scrutinized, he had tried out all the fifty-seven varieties of spitting known to boys; when he happened to strike his father's particular variety he was promptly rewarded by his mother with a smile; and that particular form thereafter became his pet

way of spitting.
She might also have exclaimed: "Isn't that just like his father!" and the boy had already learned that that meant real commendation. If that father's memory had not been revered, I can conceive how the first time the boy spat that way it would have been the last time-at any rate, in his mother's sight.

In that little story I think we have the mechanism whereby you and I as children may have learned to reproduce the mannerisms have learned to reproduce the mannersms of one or other or both our parents. We see these mannerisms, or they come within the range of ways of doing things or saying things that we are trying out; their exhibition on our part calls forth some commendatory remark from a parent or other member of the family.

Tust as the child's father was not naturally

Just as the child's father was not naturally a hobo, drunkard, criminal, or insane, but took to such abnormal behavior as an easy way out to such abnormal behavior as an easy way out of difficulty, so it is possible that a household with such a father might duplicate the conditions under which he grew up; the child as grown-up would resort to similar unsocial ways. A mother who has suffered the experience of a drunken husband would, of course, attempt to surround her con with influences which

to surround her son with influences which

she used this dentifrice and now her SMILE is

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AS a child, that radiant smile, revealing two rows of beautiful white clean teeth, brought her admirers, invitations, friends.

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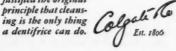
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Vermouth (Italian or Extra Dry) and one tablespoon
powdered sugar. Chill on
fee. Seallop shell of orange
around and fill. Decorate
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ermouth

would keep him from becoming a drunkard. She may not succeed, but why she does or does not succeed are factors of the social environment in that household rather than irremediable or unalterable factors of inheritance.

So we come to a sharp line, as it were, the line which divides what the mother should do for the child before birth if it is to become a normal new-born, and what she can do to the child after birth that it may develop normally and this involves the whole process of edu-

cation. This new-born may have brought into the world bents or predispositions which will cause it to "take" to one occupation, profession, or line of endeavor, more naturally than to another. I say may, but I do not see how it can, and I do not see why it should. All that I know of the nature of human beings leads me to the conviction that within reasonable bounds any normal child can be taught any-

thing.

At any rate, it seems to me that every mother should take this point of view. Therein lies her great responsibility. Because of the artificial life we lead these days it becomes increasingly difficult for mothers to give the time, energy, and patience that the child should have to train it to become an active

should have to train it to be and valuable member of society.

Within the week I have closely observed with their mothers. One is a girl of seven. She is more of a tyrant than Nero ever dreamed of being. She rules one father, one mother, one grandmother, one aunt, and three servants. She really rules; her whim

Then, too, she has been so pampered and coddled physically that the first winter wind blows her over. For two years she has been in the dentist's hands, but all his ingenuity and skill will never be able to make up for jaws which have had no opportunity to develop or for teeth which have had nothing harder to work on than an all-day-sucker.

The boy is of the same age. He is even worse off than the girl, because the world at large will less readily put up with his whims and pettiness than hers. There is no reason why the world should, but the world does. This the world should, but the world does. This boy also is a tyrant. He is quite devoid of what we call manners. He has been so pampered, indulged, fondled, and spoiled that the natural manhood we expect to find in a boy of seven has had no chance to develop.

These two youngsters are typical of why thousands and thousands of young men and young women, and middle-aged men and women, and old men and women, fail: they cannot stand on their feet against a gale because they never learned to stand on their feet in

You know what the Apostle Paul said about putting away childish things, but did he? The plain fact is that we do not put away childish things. The mother who recognizes the significance of that fact can prepare her boy or girl for the hard knocks of life. The hard knocks do not always or necessarily come, but the point is that if and when they come to children such as I have just mentioned, they have no adequate comeback.

There are thousands of men who literally never learned to get along away from the mother's apron-strings. Their mothers may be dead, but in every crisis they revert to childish ways, and if it is a real crisis childish ways do not get them ribbons. The results are upsets in business, countless upsets in marriage, and pitiable upsets ending in

Biologically, the mother is responsible for so bringing up her child that when adolescence comes that child can fly from the nest and start one of its own—and start it on its own economic, social, moral, and physical resources. But the mother who would assume this re-

sout the mother who would assume this responsibility wisely must realize that the child learns to walk alone only by walking alone!

This is not an easy thing for the average mother to teach. Her babe is not only all that nature intended it to be; it is all that

human society has invented to wrap a baby bunting in.

The mother becomes so emotionally wrought up over her child that it is not easy for her to see it with the naked eye or give it the chance The consequence is that mothers it needs. can, and often literally do, make use of their children to gratify their own whims, vanities.

conceits, prejudices, and passions.

Neither mother of the two children I spoke of realizes what she is doing for her child. I suspect that both would be grossly insulted if told that they are spoiling their children because they were not and are not willing to

take a stand.

The boy in one case and the girl in the other have become the grand passion of the mother nothing may come between her and that grand passion. Both mothers are no doubt annoyed and at times much distressed, but when it is a question of retraining these children it comes down to "Mother's precious darling," and Mother's precious darling knows how to get

his or her way.

The ways a baby can learn in six months to get what it wants are nothing short of incredible. The capacity of a year-old boy or girl to rule an entire household is an astounding tribute to the marvelous ingenuity of nature in producing a perfectly dumb animal that can easily learn more wisdom than there is in a bag of snakes or can be found in the entire order of

Reptilia.

Those mothers are fairly typical; but they are victims of the high cost of keeping up with the Joneses. They command servants' room and a garage, but no nursery; neither boy no girl has any room, lot, or spot where he or she can manipulate things to the joy of fingers and the delight of eyes.

Both children are hard pushed for natural outlets for the surplus steam which children generate so easily. Each creates artificial out lets for that surplus—does something Mother does not like and thereby gets attention. It seems ridiculous, but it is literally true that many a child of six finds it easiest to get Mother's attention by doing something which calls for a "Don't!"

The boy especially is "don'ted" fifty time a day—and enjoys it hugely. Left alone in a shed with some soft pine, a saw, hammer, and some nails, he might saw off a finger, but nine fingers would carry him farther on the road to a happy and useful life than the "don'ts" and "Mama's pets" that are now showered on him

all day long The punishment should fit the crime and must follow immediately—it then becomes emotionally tied in. A little rap over the knuckles at the proper time will do more to corect deportment than all of Father's ragings or

Mother's tears hours after.

The difference between teaching by order, rote, formula, or advice, and teaching by the child's doing it, is fundamental. Any mother can see that her child learns to bang a rattle over the crib by banging the rattle over the

At first it could only grasp the rattle and rattle it around at random, aimlessly; by and by it learns to whack the rattle on Papa's nose. The child learns control over all its muscles in the same way.

By and by it becomes clever with hands and feet and body in general; it can make learned responses to stimuli which strike its eyes, ears, nose, et cetera. It learns these complicated movements by repeated tryings out; by and by they work like habits, they are habits. Any mother can see how this takes place and

can realize how valuable it is to the child to become skilled in the use of motor muscles and voice organ, but she often fails to see that her child's emotional nature likewise gets set ner child's emotional nature likewise gets set in its ways by repetition and that after enough repetition it can get so set that a surgical operation will not remove it. Any normal infair will cry when in pain or when hungry, but suppose the mother, every time she picks it up to look for the pin or nurse it, pets it, and make a fuss over it. That infant has learned the

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takes place and to the child to motor muscles kewise gets set at after enough a surgical opernungry, but sup-ne picks it up to ts it, and makes has learned the

value of crying, nor will it require much brain to learn to cry for the fondling there is in it.

The two youngsters of my illustration are demanding attention all the time. When they enter a room everybody present must know it. If slamming the door does not suffice, their cookies or a whistle or a storn of feet. is a cackle or a whistle or a stamp of feet. So it is that middle-aged men and women,

old men and women, demand attention at old men and women, demand attention at every little upset; they must be rocked to sleep, somebody must hold their hands, rub their brows, or feed them the kind of "pap" they learned to depend on to get out of trouble. The tragedy comes, of course, when a husband or a wife says: "I'm tired of living with a baby; "I'm off!" or when the head of the firm says: "This job needs a man; you're fired!"

It is easier for the average mother to give in the child than to correct it, easier for her to

to the child than to correct it, easier for her to work her fingers off and become the child's slave than to thwart it or see it cry. She does not realize that she has taught it to cry, she does not realize that she has literally made herdoes not realize that she has interary made her-self the child's slave. She speaks sconfully of nagging mothers, but the difference between a nagging and a coddling mother is the difference between two ways of spoiling a child.

Many a child's chance for a happy life is sacrificed on the altar of a selfish mother or

father who will have her or his way even though the heavens themselves fall on the child's head. A mother often victimizes her child by using A mother often victimizes her climb by using fear as a weapon. Harassed by household duties, afternoon tea, or her bridge or language lesson, she has little time to guide the child's activities. She finds fear a mother's friend.

I do not refer to the mother who is afraid of everything, and so rears a child equally timid; I refer to the use of fear as a weapon of control, as a labor- and time-saving device to keep the child out, keep it off, keep it still. She also tells stories to illustrate what happens to bad children and who gets them when they "don't watch out."

The child grows up in an atmosphere of goblins, ghosts, bad men, and devils. And the mother thinks she has done her duty with a comforting caress and a "There, there; Mother won't let the bad man get her Little Precious!"

The sex education of the child is enormously invented and is gravelly used to the set of the child is enormously invented and is gravelly used to the child is enormously invented and is gravelly used to the child is enormously invented to

important and is generally avoided as though it were the plague. This is not the place for details, but the mother who lies about or evades details, but the mother who lies about or evades such matters, or leaves such education to servants or to the street, endangers the child's future. Frankness does not mean forcing matters on the child's attention; it does mean never letting the child's natural curiosity become morbid, shamefaced, or prudish.

Curiosity is matural; the child without curiosity is unatural—or has learned to keep still

osity is unnatural—or has learned to keep still to parents about certain matters and look elsewhere to satisfy its curiosity. It soon learns what meets with approval, and governs itself accordingly. If plain or fancy lying buys approval, or wards off wrath, the child readily learns pain or fancy lying or both

learns plain or fancy lying or both. The mother may not know her letters, she may be intellectually flat-footed, but she can may be intellectually flat-footed, but she can so train her child that it will be an eternal joy to her and will command a capital it can draw against till death. But she cannot lay the foundation of that kind of character by deceiving the child, lying to it, or by making a pet or a nuisance of it. No man worth the powder to blow him up ever had that kind of mother. mother.

Mothers do not need rights, they need only use their power: power to educate men to be less brutal, less selfish, less vain; power to educate women to be more valiant, more selfreliant, more independent, more natural. Through their children they can rule their world. Conceivably, if the mothers of the world were to conspire to rear their sons for the profession of more and deserve fair play and profession of peace and decency, fair play and give-and-take, war on earth would become as

extinct as dinosaurs.

Suppose women intelligently assumed the responsibility and used all the power nature has put into their hands—what a world this might be.



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What's All the Shootin' About?

(Continued from page 31)

enduring for a few months longer anyhow To be sure, the national conventions still present colorful imitations of the ancient hullabaloos done according to the old mechanical formulæ. For more than thirty years no convention of either of the major parties has been stampeded off its feet either by oratory or by sentiment, but the faithful old-school practitioners of a dead art still crave to spout and whoop and embark on a jamboree. Should the delegates for Tweedledee cheer for forty-five minutes—with the kindly assistance of the crowd in the galleries—at the mention of his deathless name, why then, in such case, the delegates for the inspired and imperishable Tweedledum must cheer forty-eight minutes or else return as disgraced men to their home constituencies.

It would seem that your professional politi-cian is like a man whose wife is being talked about-he's the last fellow in the town to hear the news. So the professional politician still nourishes the belief—which events have not justified for upwards of a third of a century that a miracle may be vouchsafed and his candidate seize the nomination provided only the lung power of his claqueurs holds out Accordingly at some period of every convention, the merry coryphées are expected to snatch up the state standards and fall in behind the band and swarm up one aisle and down the next one and carry on regardless.

Personally I cannot recall that a brass band ever yet made a President for these United States or even a vice-President, and if I've seen one snatching-up of the state standards in my time I've seen twenty; but I never heard of a single instructed vote being switched as a result thereof.

Beyond doubt, there will be some sportive displays of standard-snatching at this year's conventions—outbreaks that will be about as spontaneous as though Belasco had stagemanaged the scenes and Ned Wayburn had taught the class its dance steps and Ziegfeld had drilled the chorus—but not even the performers, let alone the voters, will be deceived. While the nation pauses to read the newspaper accounts and hear the radio accounts of the antics—or the proceedings, if you favor the parliamentary term—there may be a slight and a very temporary interruption in the nation's -day affairs, but immediately business will catch step again and push forward in its ordinary courses. And election day will be a bump in the road, but no detour. So what's all the shouting about, anyway?

To account for the current frame of mind along political lines you may take your choice of explanations. Some will say woman suffrage is responsible and some, on the other hand, will proclaim that Prohibition has produced a rationalizing and a stabilizing influence upon our Presidential years. But I don't know. I favored universal suffrage when that matter was an issue, but sometimes it seems to me we made a mistake to give the vote to the women when what they really craved was a reliable weight reducer.

politics notably has been purified or uplifted or even soothed down by the entrance of the lady into the arena as an active participant, the fact has escaped the attention of this humble observer, and it may or may not be a significant circumstance that the magazines catering to women have kept right on printing twenty pages of fashions for every page which they devote to public affairs.

Moreover, under the Volstead Act, it strikes me that the main effect of Prohibition has been to transfer the burden of drunkenness from the competent shoulders of a lot of seasoned and earnest and sincere drinkers to the shoulders of some rank amateurs who do not carry their

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there? The liquor we used to drink might knock you down, but it didn't drag you into an alley and beat you up the way this bootleg stuff I can't see that the Eighteenth Amendment has done much more to bring peace and sobriety into our elections than the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments did to bring the colored teenth Amendments dud to bring the Cotored brother of the Cotton Belt into a pleasant en-joyment of the privilege of the suffrage, which is to say, practically nothing at all. You may call the Constitution a shield and a buckler, but to me it more nearly resembles a patent flour-sifter. I'm prepared to believe that the real under-I'm prepare to believe that the test underly the property toward taking our politics sanely lies in the great basic fact that politics no longer is our principal source of amusement and entertainment. We read more magazines and more newspapers

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read more magazines and more newspapers than formerly we did and by the same token harken to less eloquence on the huskings. Instead of the stump speaker we have the movie to furnish us our thrills. We have the motorcar to ride about in, the radio to hold us by the fireside in the long evenings. Then, too, political figures do not bulk so large in the public eye as once they did.

Always excusing a few conspicuous exceptions which prove the rule, men of outstanding consequence, men of striking personality, men of power, go these times into business or the ofessions or the arts or the crafts rather than into politics, whereas their approximate proto-types of a previous generation naturally gravi-tated into the political field. WHEN or if your favorite

It grows increasingly difficult vitally to interest the whales in the affairs of the minnows and more especially since the minnows—the poor fish!—decline to give to political cam-paigning the same measures of intelligence and common sense which go into the preliminary direction and the subsequent conduct of nearly every other sort of national endeavor.

Finally, and summing up, we are confronted by the incontrovertible and melancholy reflection—that is, from the standpoint of a good Democrat, melancholy, and from any stand-point whatsoever, incontrovertible—that on a fair, square, out-and-out count, there are several millions more of Republicans in the United States than there are of Democrats.

Given two orthodox and regulation tickets and for either ticket one of those commonplace interchangeable platforms, and the Republicans will win by a whacking plurality. If the Democrats are to have a chance for victory there must be a tremendous vote-winning personality at the head of their ticket or there must be a split in the majority or there must be a really vital issue which will throw a decisive number of pivotal but ordinarily Republican states over into the Democratic column. There must be in favor of the Democrats one or two or all three of these contingencies pro-vided. Otherwise the result is, as the boys who follow prize-fighting say, already in the bag.

follow prize-fighting say, already in the bag. A foregone conclusion may be agreeable to a great many persons, but it is not calculated to quicken the pulse or upset trade.

Democrats are mighty curious creatures. They are like quail in New England. In the spring you hear them whistling and through the summer you see them scuttling about in large coveys, but when you go to look for them in November they aren't there. Whereas, the Republicans put me in mind of the Oregon salmon. No matter how much bad luck the spawns apparently may be having in the meanspawns apparently may be having in the mean-time, you can count on them every fourth year to come schooling back in vast hordes. I wonder that it never occurred to the Republican Fathers to choose the sockeye salmon as their

Patiers to choose the sockey and the specific with a specific





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Democratic inefficiency and Democratic errors. If, however, the depression occurs during a Republican administration, the experts point out that it has befallen as a heritage from the latest Democratic administration—a retarded Democratic harvest, so to speak—and such explanation appears to satisfy the country at large.

For example, consider how admirably the breaks favored the Harding administration. A cabinet which contained a Daugherty and a Fall and a Denby would have made a load too heavy for any Democratic President to carry without inevitably plunging his party into a terrific defeat at the next national election, but Harding, when picking these three, likewise picks for other posts in his official household, a Hughes, a Mellon, a Hoover and a Hays, and you have a counterbalance which wins the popular indorsement at the polls in 1924.

And then we Democrats have such superior qualifications for making fools of ourselves at critical moments. There's not a heady act in a barrel of us. The older I get the more convinced I become that most of the smart crooks naturally gravitate into the Republican ranks and that most of the honest idiots naturally gravitate into the Democratic fold where they enjoy the benefits of a fine protective coloration.

The popular verdicts show that, other things being equal, the people would rather trust the destinies of the nation to the party which harbors the competent sharpers than to the party which offers a congenial refuge for so many of the well-meaning but blundering idiots. Their machine clicks smoothly and ours grinds its gears and loses its spare parts and breaks down on us in the middle of the traffic. We should travel the political highway with a wrecking-crew in constant attendance.

For myself, I have figured out yet one more reason, and a very important one, I think, why the organization so often gets itself all gummed up. The trouble with our crowd is that so many of us are Irish. I have reached this conclusion only after prayerful consideration and I'm sure I'm right, but even so I should hesitate to broadcast the opinion were I not mostly Irish myself—some Scotch blood in me and a little heliotropish fleck of Welsh interspersed here and there, but mostly Irish. And this magazine may lose some subscriptions for daring to circulate the accompanying statement, but losing subscribers is a chance every editor has to take.

You see, it's like this: The Irish are a breed of potential generals. The willingness to be a private does not abide in the Irish bosom. Every Irishman is at heart a leader. He may not be actually leading but he is sure he could lead as well as the fellow who happens to be at the head of the line—as well or even better—and he craves for opportunity to demonstrate his fitness as the leader. The only way to insure a St. Patrick's Day parade free from jealousies and internal dissensions would be to find a street wide enough for 50,000 Irishmen to march through it all abreast.

But the German vote is mostly Republican. Now, the German-American has conclusively demonstrated that in peace he makes a good citizen and that in war he is a stout and willing fighter, even though he may be called upon to fight against the armies of the land from whence his forbears came, but he has a genius for regularity, an instinct for taking orders and a racial readiness for obeying them. He doesn't always insist on being a leader; he's frequently willing to follow another's leadership. If we could swap off a million of our temperamental Irish voters for a million dependable and docile German voters, the Democratic Party might lose in picturesqueness but it would gain in solidarity. I guess, though, it's too late in the year to be suggesting that, but we might think about it seriously for 1932. On second thought, let the matter drop. The Germans might listen to reason but the Irish, as a matter of principle, would be sure to make trouble.

It is here and now predicted that the

Republican convention will be a more skilfully managed and a smoother-running affair that the Democratic convention. It always is Before the footlights out yonder at Kansa City under the ardent rays of the summer sumer which in Kansas City can be very ardent indeed when it puts its mind to it—the boys may indulge in their customary sports, frolia and pastimes, such as championship standard-snatching, endurance cheering matches, putting the fourteen-pound bunk, plantation glees and roundelays, et cetera.

But back behind the scenes a handful of wie heads, including Messrs. Smoot, Hays, et al, will be adequately in charge of the actual operations. They'll be on the job twenty-four hour a day, or if necessary even twenty-five or twenty-six hours a day. They'll be right the sifting out the wheat from the chaff, framing a platform couched in such language as will avoid bringing a blush to the cheek of the most action of the decent of the colored brethren from the Cotton States; parceling in advance the patronage, and so on and so forth, not by any means forgetting the essential task of choosing a campaign chairman who in due season can induce the larger campaign contributors as of yore to give down the goodness.

For one, I do not look for such close harmony when the Democrats foregather. Because, may what you will, Democrats will be Democrats. Our total vote may be smaller than the other fellows' but among ourselves we excel in fattering up the casualty lists.

Be these things as they may or may not be, the situation resolves itself into this: Shortly the two conventions will be held. There will be considerable straddling on the subject of fam relief; considerable backing and filling on the subject of taxation; considerable tight-upe walking on the subject of Prohibition. From the confusion two tickets will be projected forth; by that time Wall Street, to judge by past performances, will be practically in a state of total collapse.

Then will come Election Day and some slackers will stay at home or go hunting o, if the weather suits, go golfing, and the rest of will stroll around to the garage or the barber shop or wherever the sacred temple of freedom has been erected, wearing upon our faces the somewhat sheepish and embarrassed look which most men and most women do wear when being examined for jury service or when trying to dance one of those new dances or when going to vote. We shall vote, and that night unless the result is very, very close, we'll know who the winners are, and in any event we'll know by next morning at breakfast time who they are. As good Americans we'll accept the result and that substantially will be all there is to it or all there should be to it, except that early in March of next year Calvin Coolidge will return to Massachusetts carrying the greater.

As good Americans we'll accept the result and that substantially will be all there is to it or all there should be to it, except that early in March of next year Calvin Coolidge will return to Massachusetts carrying the greater part of the salary he has drawn down during these past few years in one of those burglar-proof pocketbooks with a double clasp on it and, in all probability, a new Republican First Lady of the Land or, conceivably but not probably, a new Democratic First Lady of the Land will move into the White House and spend the ensuing first few weeks in wondering how in the world the Coolidges ever put up with that furniture and those decorations.

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con

For a woman is always a woman, eventhough she be a First Lady of the Land.

No matter who wins, our domestic affairs will doubtlessly continue to wag along about a usual and our international relations and policies—loud cries of "What are our international relations, anyhow?" and "What d'emean, policies?"—will not seriously be affected. In other words, a business-minded people will go right on attending to their business. The why, in the intervening and the now imminent campaign, should we permit the politicians to throw us entirely out of our stride?

My guess is that, for this once, maybe won't.

more skilfully ing affair than It always is der at Kansas he summer sun oe very ardent sports, frolics ship standard matches, put nk, plantation

handful of wise t, Hays, et al, ne actual open-enty-four hours twenty-five or l be right there chaff, framing a eek of the most nevitable small s among the on States; purage, and so on s forgetting the paign chairman the larger can-give down their

close harmony Because, say be Democrats. than the other

or may not be, o this: Shortly . There will be subject of farm d filling on the able tight-rope nibition. From l be projected et, to judge by ractically in a Day and some

hunting or, il d the rest of us e or the barber nple of freedom our faces the ssed look which ear when being when trying to r when going to night unless the know who the we'll know by who they are cept the result ill there is to it cept that early Coolidge will ing the greater those burglarble clasp on it epublican First vably but not rst Lady of the ite House and es ever put up ecorations.

woman, even he Land. omestic affairs along about as relations and are our intend "What d'ye ded people will usiness. Then now imminent the politicians nce, maybe

Fumble

(Continued from page 61)

took a feminine poet to luncheon and found her unpoetic but quite nice. Once he accompanied the firm's star salesman on a trip through the Middle West, listening and learning, and lug-

ging the sample case.

His salary to start was sixty dollars a week. At the end of six months it was sixty dollars a week. At the end of a year it still was.

a week. At the end of a year it still was.

He was doing well, he deserved more, and his uncle was aware that he did. But Peter Lambert had got everything he had by asking for it, not by keeping quiet and waiting for it. He believed in demand—provided, of course, there was justice to back it up. Jeffry had not approached him on the subject of a

"And," vowed Jeffry's uncle to himself, "he won't get one till he does."

This as a matter of discipline, a lesson. Lambert did not guess that to Jeffry it was simply another proof of his hopeless inefficiency. A whole year—and he was worth no more than when he started! Not seen worth. ciency. A whole year—and he was more than when he started! Not even worth

Had you encountered him about this time, you would have seen a serious, unsmiling big fellow, young except for his eyes, athletic save for the slight, beaten droop of his splendid shoulders. Had you met him, shaken his hand, you would have found him politie, but

want, you would have iound him ponte, but unresponsive; either preoccupied, or—or what? You wouldn't have known. You would have dismissed him. But, oddly, not forgotten him. Weeks later, passing him on the street, you would have bowed and called him by name, suddenly and surprisedly conscious that we had been thinking of him in the interior. you had been thinking of him in the interim.

Then he fell in love.

Then he fell in love.

It happened without preamble, without warning; and that was the worst of it. Afterward Jeffry told himself that if he had only he could have headed it off seen it coming, he could have headed it off— and would have. But he didn't see it. On a morning in September he was called

on the telephone by a half-forgotten classmate named Caruthers, who, it appeared, had writ-ten a book. Caruthers was on from his home ten a book. Carthers was on from his home town, which Jeffry's mind dimly identified as Johnstown, or possibly Williamsburg, for the purpose of placing his book with a New York publishing house; and he wanted to know whether, if he submitted the manuscript to Jeffry's uncle's firm, Jeffry would personally mayarantee that somehody was

personally guarantee that somebody—preferably his uncle, but failing that, "somebody who means something"—read it.

"All I ask," Caruthers said, "is a reading. That's all. Just a reading. You see, I know this publishing racket. If I simply send it in without a word it won't be read. They never are. Don't tell me!"

Leffry recomined that "Climing Vine" has

Jeffry promised that "Clinging Vines" by Rodney H. Caruthers should be read, thoroughly and discerningly; and he also agreed, abett without undue enthusiasm, to be taken to luncheon that day by the grateful author.

They met in the lobby of the Cherokee, where Caruthers (having heard that it was literary) was staying, and exchanged the fever-ish "Well—well—wells" of two who never knew one another well at all, but are striving looverlook the feat to overlook the fact.

Caruthers was long and thin, with a pear-shaped head of which his brown string neck-tie was the stem. He wore spectacles, and talked stentoriously. Everybody in the Cherokee restaurant knew within two minutes of his entrance that he had achieved not merely a novel but the Creat American novela novel, but the Great American novel-though it must be acknowledged that they concealed the excitement they no doubt felt

about this, perfectly.

Toward the end of a meal which seemed to Jeffry doomed to endlessness, Caruthers interrupted himself long enough to inquire what his old classmate was going to do that evening.

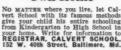


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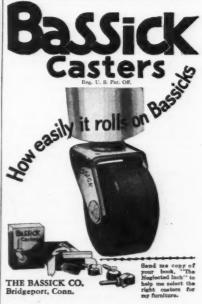


If I were a motorist

I'd be primed for changing tires along dark country roads, ready to pick out road-signs at dark intersections, ready for all those jobs that come to the man who drives a car at night.

Not only ready, but Eveready, if you get me, with a good flashlight. And I'd keep that flashlight hitting on all cylinders by using genuine Eveready Batteries - the kind that lasts and lasts and lasts.

Get the flashlight habit. That's my tip to motorists, and no foolin'.



NAME	
TREET & CITY	
DEALER'S NAME	

Jeffry said, after only a tiny pause, "Why-nothing." He heard himself saying it with astonishment. It of course committed him to the further society of this merciless egotist; he could have fibbed out of it with ease and he was at loss to understand why he had not.

The truth was that Caruthers was flattering Jeffry. He felt that Jeffry was important to him, and he treated him with deference and respect. Jeffry in his sore heart wanted more of this-much more, at whatever cost.

"I know a little girl," observed Caruthers now (and Jeffry had a quick, bleak picture of the kind of little girl Caruthers would know), "from my home town. Barbara Kincaid, her Awfully nice kid. She has an apartment down in Greenwich Village—she's here designing, or something. I'm going to take her to dinner tonight. Like to have you join us.

"Thanks," said Jeffry. "I-I'd like to."

Fig. apartment was the first shock. Huge studio room, rough-walled, high-ceilinged, tasteful and beautiful. Lamps under odd-shaped parchment shades, diffusing low soft gold. Dark things, velvet things to sit on and lie on, and sudden flaming gorgeous splashes of color. Books in long cases unglassed of color. Books in long cases, unglassed. Her voice was the second shock. Soft and

laughing-cool, and just a trifle breathless, as if she feared she might be interrupted before the end of each sentence. "Hello, ol' Rod Caruthers!" she said. And then, "Oh! How nice. You've brought someone-

The third shock was dizzying. Not the studio, the setting, not even the voice had prepared him properly. Blonde she was, slim, wrapped tight with cloth-of-silver, tinted like a gay bouquet in which an artist-florist had blended yellow, scarlet, pink and gray, ex-quisitely. A glamorous person. At first glance a light and frivolous person, belonging to the world of shine and bubbles and string bands. Then you saw her eyes. And her peaked firm chin. And the eyebrows, dark and straight and rather heavy. And the hands. Restless, pale. Hands with Intelligent. temperament.

She said to Jeffry, "I am very glad you came," and Jeffry knew that she was genuinely glad. His mind, ever ready with explanations of things complimentary to himself, explained this at once. Caruthers bored Miss Barbara Kincaid, naturally; though she was sweet to him, it was not hard to guess that only duti-fully, through a feeling that she ought, had she accorded this evening to this former ac-quaintance; and she would have been glad to see almost anyone who would relieve her of a tête-à-tête with him. Nevertheless, Jeffry was pleased. To be so welcome to such a girl, no matter what her reason, was a pleasant, an exhilarating thing.

They had cocktails at the studio before they left, cocktails mixed by Barbara, cunningly, and shaken up with all his might by Jeffry. Pink cocktails, foamy, frosted, two apiece. Caruthers talked about his book. He sat holding his glass, waving it, threatening at any instant to drop it or spatter the walls with its contents, talking and talking about his book. He said, "Jeff is going to see to it that it gets a fair reading," and both he and Barbara looked gravely at Jeffry, and Jeffry felt warm, expansive, big. A man who could see to things . . .

"I should think," observed Barbara at the first break in Caruthers' monolog, "that the publishing business would be awfully inter-esting. Isn't it?"

"It certainly is," Jeffry said.
"Tell me about it."

Again they were looking at him. Expectanteyed. Caruthers, whose mouth had opened to continue, closed it again. The girl leaned forward, propped her chin on her hand.

"What would you like to know?" Jeffry asked her.

"Oh—everything. You see," she said simply, with a little indicative flick of white fingers, "I'm mad about books. I buy them

when I can't afford cream for my coffee or— gin for my grenadine! Tell me what I buy? Just exactly what went into the making of this?" She touched a book that lay on the table beside her.
"Toil," sight

"Toil," sighed Caruthers dramatically.
"The toil and the tears and the dreams of some poor wretch like me.

"Yes," said Barbara, still looking at Jeffry, "but after that?"

He told her. He described, he explained, he gesticulated. Encouraged and drawn out of himself by Barbara's eyes, her intentness, her questions, he talked glibly and well, without diffidence

You really ought to see for yourself," he and up. "You ought to let me take you wound up. through our plant, and show you."
"Would you?" she said, with either eager-

ness or a most perfect counterfeit.

This early success at conversation carried him into the evening. He found he could talk of other things to those listening gray eyes; not only of books, but of plays and places—anything that came up. He could places—anything that came up. He could talk! He could even make her laugh now and He wasn't so bad. At least he knew that nothing he said was as idiotic as anything and everything said by Caruthers.

During dinner he was reminded, by a chance remark of Barbara's about her shop, that Caruthers had told him she did designing. This suddenly became exceedingly important Just what did she do? What sort of designing? Where was the shop? How long had she had it?

He put down his fork and regarded her solemnly, wide-eyed. Such a little soft young thing. Making her living? Good Lord!
"The shop," replied Barbara, "is on Madi-

"The shop," replied Barbara, "is on Madi-son Avenue, between Fifty-second and Fiftythird. It's the very littlest shop in New York, and the cutest, if I do say so as shouldn't. The had it three years, and it's called Bal Masque, and we make fancy-dress costumes. Let's see—what else did you ask me?"

"Who's we?"
"I am we," Barbara said. "Then I've three girls who sew. I design, and they manu-

"Fancy-dress costumes," mused Jeffry aloud.
Barbara nodded. "And original ones. I
have never in my life," she added, buttering
a roll, "turned out a Pierrette, and so help me,
I never shall."

"Not a Pierrot either?" Jeffry queried.
"No men's costumes," Barbara said.

E FELT strangely relieved. No men, eh? None of the sideburned romantic-looking birds who attended fancy-dress balls came to her shop. Later on, recalling this relief and its cause, he thought he should have known then and there what was happening to him. But that was later.

They went from dinner to a play, and from the theater to a supper club, and from that supper club to another like it, and thence to a third. This was known as "giving Rod a third." whirl," and was done by Barbara and Jeffry with the customary relentlessness of New Yorkers entertaining out-of-towners.

Caruthers reacted in the customary way. He became a little drunk. He became quite drunk. At the second supper club he quarreled with a waiter, clinching the argument with a shouted, "Know who I am? Well, I'm Rodney H. Caruthers!" At the third supper club he thrust out a roguish foot and almost, not quite, floored a cabaret girl in the throes of a buck-and-wing. In the taxicab leaving the third supper club he wept, and then slept. They drove him to his hotel and gave him to the

doorman.
"And," sighed Barbara, leaning thankfully back on her seat, "that's settled! Whew! What an evening!"

Through the half gloom of the foot or two of space between them she glanced at Jeffry sideways, upward, and smiled. His hand lay on his knee and she touched it lightly. "Thank heaven for you," she said. "It would have been deadly with just Rod . . . Does this taxical driver know where he's going, Jeff? Or is he just going?"
"He knows. I gave him your address."

"You remembered it?"
"Sure." He repeated

"You remembered it?"
"Sure." He repeated it.
"Amazing!" said Barbara, shaking her head.
"Remarkable mind!"
"See here!" Jeffry exclaimed, sitting bolt upright excitedly, turning to her, "maybe you don't have to go home yet, hmm?"
"Oh ves. I—"

"Oh yes, I-"We can go to another night club," Jeffry pursued, his eagerness soaring. Incredible that this had not occurred to him before "Oh, come on, Barbara," he said. "It isn't late. We'll have a couple more dances, and something to eat. You're hungry, aren't you' Why, you must be! You haven't had a thing

Why, you must be! You haven't nad a tang to eat since dinner, and now it's—"
"Four A.M.," Barbara laughed. "I'd love to, Jeff. But—ask me again. I'm a busines woman, you know. With an alarm-clock."
It was plain that she was not to be persuaded. But Jeffry could not drop the subject. He had elimpsed Paradise, and now

ject. He had glimpsed Paradise, and now he fought for it doggedly, frantically. It wasn't four A.M. Impossible. And anyway, what if it was? She could make up sleep to morrow night. Thus he pleaded. And thus he tarnished the memorable shine of his golden wasning. For hy forcing Parker to a golden. evening. For by forcing Barbara to repeat he refusal twice, thrice, more and more firmly, he reminded himself that she probably didn't like him, really; he had been merely the lesser of two evils, after all.

He relapsed into moody silence.

There was a moment at the door of her apartment house when he thought he might have been mistaken. Her lifted gray eye were so seemingly sincere, her voice when she said, "I'll see you soon, Jeff?" sounded so as il she wanted to, that his breath came short, his

pulses pounded, and he hoped again.

He seized her hands. "Don't go in, Barban
Please. Don't end it yet. Let's drive back uptown and have just a sandwich or something.

Oh, Jeff, don't be silly! There are other

"But tonight's tonight!" he cried desperately.
"How do I know I'll ever——" He broke of. Stared at her. Flung down her hands. He picked up his hat from the parquet floor where it had fallen, and rammed it on. "I'm sorry you were bored," he said bitterly, and strott to his cab and slammed himself in.

An abund partenance."

An absurd performance. Two seconds afterward he knew that it had been; and sham boiled in him, and he writhed. What must she think of him now? Oh, fool! Fathead Simpleton!

Half-way home he halted his cab and tele-phoned her from a drug store, poured halting

stammered apologies into the transmitter. He heard her soft laugh.

"Of course," she said, "you're forgiven." She laughed again. "Child . . . Who spoiled you so?"

He did not sleep at all well, and in the late morning, when he arose and dressed and want to work, he felt quite ill, and physically bent with the load of his depression. He spent the greater part of the forenoon in scowling out of windows, picking things up and putting them down, starting when people spoke to him, querying, "What did you say?"

During his luncheon hour he walked up Madison Avenue almost to Fifty-third, and looked at the shop called Bal Masqué. Just looked at it. There was little to see. A window with a single stunning costume on display against a black velvet background. Once the door opened and his heart jumped—and san Just somebody. Somebody else. Nobody.

Caruthers presented himself in the afternoon to ask whether his manuscript had yet ber read. It had not. "But," said Jeffry, sud denly effusively cordial, "don't rush off, Red Sit down. Sit here. I'm not busy at all, really

rch, 1028 es this taxicab eff? Or is he

ddress."

king her head.

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"I'd love to, m a business alarm-clock." ot to be perdrop the subrantically. It And anyway, e up sleep to . And thus he of his golden a to repeat her nore firmly, he obably didn't erely the lesser

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he walked up fifty-third, and Masqué. Jus see. A window me on display ped—and sank se. Nobody.

in the afternoon t had yet been aid Jeffry, sud-t rush off, Red isy at all, really.

Er-how're you feeling after last night?" Caruthers moaned. He clasped his forehead, closed his eyes, and besought Jeffry not to mention it.

"Blame' shame," Jeffry commiserated.
"You did have quite a snootful, though.

"You did have quite a snootful, though. Remember that fracas with the waiter?"
Caruthers opened his eyes. They were blank, inquiring, blinking. But Jeffry let them blink. "That was funny," he said, and hurried on: "Have you seen what's-her-name—Miss Kincaid—today?"

"I phoned her," said Caruthers, "and apologized."
"Yeah?" Jeffry's voice was casual. Too casual. You would not have thought that Miss Kincaid interested him even less than the waiter—but you would have known he was trying to give that impression.

trying to give that impression.

He lighted a cigaret, waved the match out, flicked it over his shoulder. "Very nice girl,"

"Peach," Caruthers assented.
"You've known her a long time?"

"You've known her a long time?"
"Since she was that high. She used to play paper dolls with my little sister."
"She's not very old, then," Jeffry remarked.
"Twenty-one, I think. Just."
"Pretty young to be in business for herself."
"I should say!" Caruthers said. "And do you know what she makes?" He lowered his voice confidentially. "Fifteen or twenty thousand a year, if she makes a penny!"
There was a silence. Caruthers tilted back his chair, squinted an authorish squint at a crack in the ceiling. "Some day," he averred impressively, "I'm going to put her in a story. She's material, that girl. Her rise, her beauty, her affairs of the heart—"
He thought upon these things with satis-

her affairs of the heart—"
He thought upon these things with satisfaction for a moment. Then his chair-legs thumped the floor, and he rose. "I must go," he said. "Really, I must. I've an appointment with a chap. Editor chap."
"She's had a lot of them?" Jeffry said.
"She's had—oh! Barbara. Affairs of the heart? Well, I should say!" Caruthers said, "She's got a hundred men in love with her. Has had, since she was fourteen."
Jeffry sat long where Caruthers left him, twisting a pencil around and around in his fingers, and sometimes marking with it, with-

fingers, and sometimes marking with it, with-out knowing what he marked. The new green out knowing what he marked. The new green blotter on the desk before him became scarred with assorted scrawlings. "Bal Masqué" appeared several times, "\$15,000.00" with an interrogation point after it once, "\$20,000.00," also queried. Below these, \$50.00 was multiplied by fifty-two, and the result scratched out with angry black. In the center of the blotter "100-1" was writ large, and framed in numerous thoughtful concentric squares. He decided to forget her. He said to himself naively that there wasn't any use getting interested in her. A girl like that, who counted her income in five figures and her suitors in three. He would put her out of his mind.

three. He would put her out of his mind. And for all time.

And for all time.

Having settled this, and emphasized it with a blow of his fist on the desk, he telephoned her and asked her to dine with him that evening. She couldn't, or wouldn't. She had, she said, a previous engagement. She was terribly sorry; and would Jeffry surely try her again

He hung up the receiver with a decisive sharp He nung up the receiver with a decisive snarp click of finality. Well, that was that. It was just as he'd thought: she didn't like him, she didn't care to see him again. Oh, she was polite, of course! But he comprehended. He wouldn't call her any more. He wouldn't bother her. Thank the Lord, he had sense enough to be many when he wasn't wanted.

enough to know when he wasn't wanted.

The next day, however, the sun was shining and the air was tonic and brisk, and it came to

and the air was tonic and brisk, and it came to Jeffry, returning to the office from an errand downtown in mid-morning, that maybe she really had had an engagement, after all.

He swung along for two blocks more, and decided that of course she had had. Inevitably. She would. She was the kind that of necessity kent a little gilt-edged date book: necessity kept a little gilt-edged date book:

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"Bill tea Friday five," "Jimmy luncheon Monday twelve." You couldn't expect to get her on two hours' notice—or on two days' Of course. He could have notice, even. laughed now at his yesterday's presumption

In the office he sought a telephone behind a door that would lock and rang her at her place of business. He said, "This is Jeff Evans again," and she sang, "Oh, hel-lo there!" as if she were delighted that it was.

Jeffry sat back in his swivel chair, carrying the instrument with him, digging its felted rim firmly into his chest. "Listen," he said, "when can you go to dinner, hmm?"

'Why-"Name your own time. Any time you say?"
"We-ell," Barbara said, "let's see. How is
Saturday?"

Saturday was not very good, because it was four days off; but Jeffry took it without argument. "Write me down," he directed, "in the little book."

"I don't have to," Barbara said.

(Well!)

He got almost no work done in the next four days, but he did get a new dinner jacket made. And a hat and a stick and a tie and a flask and some theater tickets bought. And a cor-sage of orchids ordered. And a high-powered town car with a liveried chauffeur engaged. And a table reserved. It cannot be said, in short, that he was idle. But in spite of his manifold occupations, his shoppings and fittings and trips to the bank, there were empty hours, and maddeningly many of them. He devoted them for the most part to the manufacture of delicate compliments and scintillating bons mots, for delivery in the car.

The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley—but they do not always. Jeffry's party for two was a smooth and flawless and wonderful thing, even surpassing anticipation. One couldn't, of course, anticipate Barbara. She was lovelier than one's most bewitching visions of her, more gracious than one's fond-

est, brightest hopes.

She liked Jeffry.

That was the wine of the evening. She liked him! She didn't seem to know that he was dull, and not worth white, she seem eyes think him altogether charming. Her eyes said, "I like you. You interest me." Her mouth curved sweetly to smile. Once, in the restaurant, she blew him a kiss from a slim, impulsive finger-tip. "Ol' Jeff! I'm having was dull, and not worth while; she seemed to such a good time!

Champagne, in gulps. It intoxicated him. He saw everything through its shimmering haze, and his ears were loud with its ringing. He had never within his recollection been so happy; not even long ago, before a crash in a roaring dusk broke the blithe young careless

heart and spirit of him.

It was dawn when he took her home. They had been, as Barbara said, "pretty nearly everywhere." They had danced miles on rhythmic, obedient feet, called by the silver horns. Now they were quiet, and dreamily tired; a little sad, too, with the slipping away of something precious that had been theirs, that might not ever—who ever knows?—be again. Barbara's left hand lay locked in Jeffry's right in the seat between them. Her shoulder grazed his upper arm. They sat low on their spines, relaxed, resting. Extended be-fore them on the let-down seats their shoes, big black ones, small glistening arched ones, stirred slightly with the motion of the car.

Barbara said, "I don't feel like talking."

"I don't either."

After a moment her hand pressed his. "You're so—comfortable, Jeff. It's as if I'd known you—almost always."

Their kiss was brief, unpremeditated. One instant they were smiling at one another, blue eyes into gray in the half-light. The next their lips were touching, softly, swiftly, like children's lips. A kiss to remember the night, and to go with the dawn.

Afterward they rode a little closer together, they held hands a little tighter. But there were no more kisses. Jeffry in that moment was

wise with a wisdom that later he marveled at. Too very wise to lose a fragrance in a flame.

When he reached home, Weary's telegram

was waiting.
"It come right after you went out," said the elevator boy. Jeffry took it, frowning. Like many people who receive but few, he was afraid of telegrams.

He had time, while the elevator shot to his floor, to note the signature below the long blue-printed message; and as he stepped out and fumbled for his key he wondered why the tiny first clutch of terror, the sense of imminent catastrophe, did not leave him. Cer-tainly it should have. Weary, now in Chicago, was a notably poor correspondent, and several times in the past he had wired fifty facetious words to take the place of a letter long overdue. "That's what this is," Jeffry told himself. "That's all it is."

But his hands were cold.

Inside his apartment door, standing just inside, with his hat still on and his doorkey biting into his palm, he read the telegram:

Kill the fatted calf Stop Dress the Avenue in flags and wrestle down the Murphy bed for good Stop I arrive tomorrow Century to take charge promotion our New York office Stop Appointment very sudden but permanent and boy how swell Stop Meet me (Signed) Weary

Jeffry met him. He had had no sleep to speak of, and perhaps this fact accounted for the barely perceptible listlessness of his wel-come, the lack, in a degree or two, of the fervor that was fitting. He explained it to Weary.

"I was up all night."
"You look it," Weary said cheerfully.
"You look like the devil."

Weary himself was looking very striking, very picturesque and brown and debonair. Jeffry had forgotten that he looked like that, quite. Like a Greek god. Like a school-girl's description of her Love. Of course Weary had always been handsome; but had he always been so superbly, spectacularly so? Had women always striven to catch his eye, as these women they passed in the crowded station were doing?

They taxied to Jeffry's apartment, hemmed in by incredible baggage. Weary talked all the way, occasionally thumping and pummeling Jeffry, occasionally fluminging and pulminess perfect on a more perfect of the pe starter, they were going to give up Jeffry's apartment, and get a bigger and better one.

He was still planning when they reached the apartment; and the transfer of his effects from taxicab to elevator, from elevator to center of living-room floor, was made to the accompaniment of a running monolog on the housewarming that would be staged in the new apartment, and the classmates and friends who

would be hailed to the housewarming.
"How, by the way," said Weary as an afterthought, "are you fixed for wimmen?"

He had by this time discarded his coat and vest, and thrown himself down in Jeffry's deepest chair. There he was. To stay. Weary, sunburned and flashing. Jeffry glanced

at him—glanced quickly off.
"I don't know any," he said.

"Wha-at?" "Fact. I don't."

"Not a one?" Weary was appared and believing. "Who were you out with last unbelieving. "Who were y

Jeffry bent over the pile of luggage. some fellows. Fellows from the office.

some fellows. Fellows from the office. Let's stow this stuff out of the way, shall we?"

He was conscious, as he lifted and carried and helped unpack, of a relief that amounted almost to rapture. A crisis passed. He had told his story; now he would stick to it, and Weary needn't know, needn't enter in at all. He felt safe. He became all in a recognit He felt safe. He became, all in a moment,

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"Teeth sound, a feeling of freshness and cleanliness,"

> writes Mrs. F. C. Lord of Brooklyn, N.Y.

I have been using Pebeco Tooth Paste for the past seventeen years. I have experimented with various other tooth pastes, but in every instance I have returned to Pebeco and now I feel I could not be induced to change.

My reasons for admiring Pebeco are, first, it has kept my teeth beautifully white and sound and my gums in perfect condition; and, second, it imparts a feeling of freshness and cleanliness to the mouth which also assures me that my breath is sweet.

I am one who annually visits my dentist for an examination and advice and have many times been complimented by him upon the splendid condition of my teeth, the absence of tartar or any discoloration and the sound, healthy condition of my gums, all of which I attribute to Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Yours very truly, (Signed) MRS. F. C. LORD

Enthusiastic letters tell how PEBECO has safeguarded people's teeth. Try it yourself. See how healthy and young it keeps your mouth.



Your teeth feel so clean, your mouth so fresh, you want to smile

Your mouth sweet... your teeth protected

O BE CONFIDENT all day long of a clean healthy mouth. How few of us after our early youth know this experience! How few can be proud of unimpaired teeth!

A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, found a slowing up of the mouth fluids to be the great cause of modern tooth trouble. And so he devised the famous formula of Pebeco.

Taste Pebeco. Instantly its salty tang wakens the mouth fluids. Effectually they wash away food particles, sweeten the breath, neutralize the acids that cause decay.

For hours your mouth stays dewy and sweet, protected through the day by the morning brushing with Pebeco, made safe for the night by the bedtime brushing.

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Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. N-15, Bloomfield, N. J. Please send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste. PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL Name....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH, 1929)

Keeps the mouth young . . .

0 1928, Lehn & Fink, Inc.



Do Th to have bright eyes

To restore the lustre of youth to dull, lifeless eyes, simply apply a few drops of harmless Murine. Also use it when your eyes are bloodshot to quickly clear them up. Many women use Murine every day to keep their eyes always clear and radiant. 60c buys a month's supply. Try it!





He began to rejoice to see Weary.

Good old Weary. Best guy in the world.
But an incident of the very next day toppled his house of cards, and he was safe no longer.

Early in the morning Weary betook himself to his new office; and when they parted, Jeffry said, "If you get a chance during the day, drop over. I want you to meet my uncle, and see where I slave, and all."

Weary arrived about four in the afternoon. Jeffry, performing some duty in an outer office in which there were numbers of youthful feminine clerks, was apprized of his coming by the little flutter that began at the door and went through the room like a breeze, tilting faces, sending hands to coiffures in a hurry. Weary was radiant, buoyant. He had much to tell, and when he and Jeffry were shut into privacy, he told it joyously. Everything was great. Everybody had been fine to him, and he was to have a corking private office with his name on the door—"The fellow was letter-ing it when I blew in"—and what a secretary! And really very little to do. Really a pipe job, absolutely.

"Isn't it the funniest thing," Weary said, "how the higher the salary the easier the work? Never knew it to fail. Here I was getting six thou. in Chicago, with commissions. York I'm going to get ten to start, for agitating myself just about half as much——"

He broke off and regarded the door, and Jeffry also regarded the door, saying, "Come in," because someone had knocked.

Barbara came in. Barbara in a tan dress and a small enchanting hat, with a pair of former foxes, the teeth of one sunk forever into the flank of the other, slanted round her shoulders.
"Am I—interrupting?" she asked hesitantly from the threshold.

"Not at all," said Weary before Jeffry could

speak.

Barbara smiled at him; smiled at Jeffry; Barbara smiled at him; smiled at Jeffry; came all the way in, and closed the door. "I was going by"—she addressed Jeffry—"and I thought I'd stop. You know you said any time I wanted to see the office——"
"Of course," agreed Jeffry, stiff-lipped. He looked at Weary. "This is Weary Haynes. Miss Kingaid"

Miss Kincaid."

"How-do-you-do?" said Barbara.
"I'm very happy to meet you," Weary said. They looked so like a magazine cover, that beautiful pair, shaking hands . . . "Take this chair," directed Weary. He had

become master of ceremonies, naturally and at

once. He held the chair for Barbara, then seated himself on the corner of Jeffry's desk.

"You're not interrupting," he repeated beaming down at her. "I should say not! beaming down at her. "I should say not!
This isn't a business conference—it's part of a
reunion! To join which," he assured her, "you
are invited. Not to say urged."
"A reunion?"

A reunion?"

Weary nodded. "Jeff and I used to room together."
"Oh, really?"
"He hasn't told you about me," Weary deduced mournfully. "But then he didn't tell me about you, either. In fact"—here Weary fixed Jeffry with a stern accusing eye "in fact I seem to recall his telling me, not twenty-four hours ago, that he didn't know any girls in New York. How 'bout that, Jeff?"

"He forgot me," Barbara proclaimed. She made a little face. "Just a girl that men forget," she sighed mock-tragically. "Not men of sanity," Weary said. "Never. Never in the world."

Jeffry showed them through the plant. He did it mechanically, stalking in and out of elevators, down long corridors ahead of them pausing and turning when occasion demanded, saying, "This is the business office," "Proofsaying, "This is the business office," "Proof-readers in this room"—mere statements, without elaboration.

Every time he spoke he interrupted some-thing amusing and bright that Weary was saying. Weary would cease, he and Barbara would look in and murmur appropriate

comments; then they would move on, Weary resuming, Barbara listening appreciatively. The inspection tour took twenty minutes. Jeffry was glad when it was over, and felt that they

were glad. It had been flat.

They drifted back to Jeffry's little office and had cigarets. Then Barbara consulted a dot of a watch set in diamonds and platinum, and

or a watch set in diamonds and platinum, and said she must go.

"So must I," Weary echoed, rising instantly. He took up his hat and confronted Jeffry. "Can you break off now, old man? Or will I see you later?"

"Later," Jeffry said, because he could feel that they wanted him to say that.

Barbara came close and dimpled up at him, patting his coat lapel. "By, Jeff," she said. "Thanks so much. It's been fun." "Not much, I'm afraid." "But really, I loved it!"

Weary was holding the door ajar. Barbara smiled once more at Jeffry and wriggled her fingers, and turned and went; and Weary said, o long, kid," and went also. And the door fell shut

"There she goes," said Jeffry slowly, halfaloud. "There—she——"

The rest was lost in an oath that was not an

oath, but a sort of prayer.

He gave them a ten-minute start. Then he, too, left, and went home. Weary's trunks had been delivered at the apartment and dumped in the living-room. Two of them. Very big ones. He sat and gazed at them. After a long time he moved into his bedroom, for no particular reason, and sat on the edge of the bed

and gazed at nothing.
Weary returned about seven o'clos., whistling and snapping on lights. shouted from the living-room. "I'm here."

Weary joined him. He was in high spirits. "Hullo!" he said. "What ho! And how is Lambert and Company's pride?" He began ridding his pockets of letters and change, his watch and his wallet, laying them all on Jeffry's chiffonier. "I'm late," he observed, because I took the Glorious Baby to tea."

"You did?" Jeffry said:
"Yeah. I did." Weary, in the act of unreal. I did. Westy, in the act of missing the fraternity pin from his vest, wheeled around. "Say," he said, "what was the idea? Why didn't you tell me about her?" "I—didn't think," Jeffry answered with difficulty. "I don't know her very well—" "Don't you like her?"

For a racking instant Jeffry thought he was going to make a fool of himself, going to throw himself on Weary's mercy, crying, "Like her? I love her! Oh, let her alone, will you, Weary?" Helbedt School." Give me a chance!" He had to fight himself, to keep this back.

He won.
"She's all right," he said indifferently.
"She's marvelous!" Weary declared.
"If "She's marvelous!" Weary declared. "If left the sentence there. He thought a minute, unbuttoning his vest with absent fingers. "Well," he said, "then there's no reason why I shouldn't press my suit, as they say in the subtitles? . . . Much as it needs it," he added, holding out the corners of his vest. "I do not mean the suit you see before you."

He waited.
"No reason," said Jeffry tonelessly, "as far as I'm concerned."

Then he was the onlooker. He was the confidant, the Ear, for Weary's detailed reports of progress. He was the mutual friend to whom they said, "Come on along with us, Jeff. We'd love to have you!" He rarely went. The pain of staying at home alone and following them in his mind was torturous; but the pain of watching them-so magnificent, so right together—was worse.

They were together constantly, tea-ing, dining, dancing. They went to football games away from town; they motored far in Weary's new machine. Once they attended a weekend party in Connecticut. It was during this weekend that Jeffry went one night and looked.

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le was the al friend to g with us, and followus; but the

ly, tea-ing tea-ing, in Weary's during this and looked at the river. He did it because it seemed the thing for a man as wretched as he was to do; he was amazed to find when he got there that he had no real inclination to throw himself in.

he had no real inclination to throw himself in.

He lent Weary cravats to dazzle Barbara, money to buy her flowers. His salary was still sixty dollars a week, Weary's was almost four times that; but he spent nothing, while Weary spent more than he made. His telephone calls to Barbara were all calls in Weary's behalf. "Listen, Barbara, Weary says to tell you he'll be a few minutes late" . . . Things like that. His living-room table, which was now half Weary's living-room table, held a photograph of her in a silver frame; the eyes of it followed him everywhere, everywhere.

Weary was always talking about her. Dis-

him everywhere, everywhere.

Weary was always talking about her. Discussing, speculating, asking advice.

"She's the funniest girl," he assured Jeffry once. "No fooling, now, she is. For instance—she won't let me kiss her. Can you imagine a girl like that?"

"No," said Jeffry.
Weary reddened. "Rats!" he said. "I didn't mean—I didn't mean me, for heaven's sake! I meant, can you imagine a girl kissel I meant, can you imagine a girl won't be kissed in this age of quick and easy osculation?" He grew reflective. "Sometimes," he remarked, "sometimes I think she must be in love with somebody."

"Who?"

"Who?"

"Who?"
"I haven't an idea. Have you?"
"No." said Jeffry. And he hadn't.
His lease expired on the first of November, and he and Weary moved. The new apartment was spacious and expensive—too expensive, Jeffry thought. Weary, however, was deaf to all protests.
"Pipe down," he said. "It's a short life. Why spend it where the plaster's dirty?"
They bought new furniture, carpets and curtains, and the effect was good. But it didn't suit Weary. On the Sunday afternoon when

curtains, and the effect was good. But it didn't suit Weary. On the Sunday afternoon when they were finally settled, their last book tucked in place, their final picture hung, he paced around, hands in his trousers' pockets, scowling into corners and at the walls. "It could be better," he said. "It needs something. I don't know just exactly what, but something—Barbara'll know," he concluded. "By the way, have we got cakes, and all that junk? She's coming to tea to look the

all that junk? She's coming to tea to look the

place over."
"When?"

"Today. In"—Weary took out his watch—"in half an hour, if she's on time. Which she probably won't be."

probably won't be."

Jeffry sat motionless for a moment. Then he shambled to his feet. "We've got cakes," he said, "I guess. I told the biddy to get some. There's tea in that can marked 'Sugar,' and sugar around somewhere. Cream on the ice. If you want lemons, I'll stop at Luigi's on my way and and have some carter..."

"You're not going out?"
"You're not going out?"
"Sure. Why not?"
"Oh, now, Jeff," said Weary earnestly,
"stick around. You ought to be here. It's
your place as well as mine, you know."
"But it's—your girl."
There was a clicht source. Then Life.

There was a slight pause. Then Jeffry strolled on into his bedroom, rolling down his sleeves as he went. He felt aimless. He had to tell himself, with words in his mind, just what to do. Snap cuff-links. Comb hair. Tie tie . . . "Jeff!" "What?"

"Come back here!"

He obeyed listlessly. "What do you want?" Weary was sitting on the divan, looking solemn. Looking at Jeffry. "You ass," he said, "she's in love with you."

Jeffry merely stared at him.
"Heaven help me," said Weary, "for telling you. She made me swear I wouldn't—but you'll never wake up and hear the birdies sing unless I do. I'm convinced of that."

"What," asked Jeffry, "are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about Barbara. She's in love with you. Love," Weary repeated. "L-o-v-e.



"Mum" assures daintiness during those trying days

by WINIFRED SHERMAN (Graduate Nurse)

N those trying days when you do so much want to retain your poise and peace of mind-as at all other timeshow often have you wished for just such a preparation as "Mum",

For "Mum" is the true deodorant that neutralizes all body odors, from whatever cause. You will find that just a little of this snow-white cream spread on the sanitary napkin gives you the positive assurance that at no time can any unpleasantness possibly arise to embarrass you.

I can assure you that "Mum" does not interfere in the slightest with the normal functions of the body. "Mum" simply neutralizes every body odor the instant it occurs. It does not cover one odor with another. "Mum"is a true deodorant cream. "Mum" does away with the odor altogether, not just for a short time but for all day and evening. "Mum" cannot injure the most delicate tissues of the body, nor harm the finest fabrics of garments.

Recommended by doctors

Doctors and trained nurses have been recommending "Mum" for use on the sanitary napkin for over 25 years and thousands of women have been grateful for this simple, safe prevents all and efficient way of overbody odors coming this periodical source

of embarrassment. I personally have used "Mum" for many years.

You, too, will be most grateful to "Mum" for this important use, when the occasion next arises. Just ask for a jar of "Mum" at your drug or department store-35c and 60c (The 60c size contains nearly three times as much "Mum" as the 35c size.)

AND for perspiration odor "Mum" is the word

And, of course, I hardly need to tell you that "Mum," so safe and effective in its important special use, is equally safe and effective in neutralizing the unpleasant odor of perspiration. A fingertip of "Mum" to the underarm keeps your personal daintiness sweet and fresh for all day and evening not a suggestion of unpleasant perspiration odor can detract from your feminine charm.

Special Offer

Knowing "Mum" as I do, and knowing the well bred woman's fine sense of the importance of personal daintiness, I am sure that "Mum" — the true deodorant — will prove a

true friend both in those trying days and for the daily toilette. Get "Mum" at your store; or take advantage of the special introductory offer below, including an author-itative leaflet which discusses the uses of "Mum" more intimately.

March, 1928

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON





tions and by numerous physicians in their practice, the Health Builder is a safe, simple, scientific method of reducing weight and keeping vigorously healthy

Send for FREE Book

Send for "Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a day" a valuable Free Book showing the Battle Creek Health Builder in operation-with complete series of home exercises. OS. E. Co. 1927

· HEALTH AND BEAUTY COUPON.

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Please send me the Free Book "Health as	d Beauty"—Today
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Appealing llps . . . full of color . . . full of promise . . . red with youth and beauty — never were there lips like these. Their magic — a touch of Phantom Red, the shade that has electrified Paris — the shade of your next lipstick. Waterproof — lasting. Daylong, night long beauty. stick. Waterproof
--lasting. Daylong, night-long beauty.
Regular size, \$1.—Junior, 50c. Phantom Red
Rouge Compact, 75c.



MARY PHILBIN

Send this adv. and 10c for beautiful Vanity Size Phantom Red Lipstick. Another 10c bring: Dainty Model Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Bast, 187-CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc., 54 Boy St., New York

Amo, amas, amat-and all that sort of thing." He moaned abruptly, and seized his banjo from a neighboring chair, brandishing it aloft. "Gosh! Have I got to beat it in? What is that object you call your head? Just a parking place for teeth? Or does it work?"
"Say what you said again," said Jeffry.

"She's in love with you." "Barbara?"

"Barbara!"

"What makes you think so?"
"She told me!" said Weary, his patience "She told me the first-no, the second time I ever saw her. I tried to sell myself—and what happened? I got enlisted! Committee of one, to try to make you jealous—so you'd wake up." He made a wry face. "She picked me," he said, "because I'd be the most conspicuous-to you, d'you see? But you!-

blind, dumb and unconscious you—"
"Wait," begged Jeffry, "wait a minute."
He was thinking hard; his lips were moving. 'She-she could have had-

He stopped, overcome; and in that dazzling split-second, all his ideas about himself shifted as a backfield shifts, in one swift simultaneous leap. He was in place again, mentally. He had courage once more, and faith in himself. For the man whom *Barbara* preferred to Weary—to Weary!—well, that man could not be such a dud, after all.

He lifted his gleaming eyes and met Weary's eyes, which had watched him with affection from the divan.

"Eureka!" said Weary. "It penetrates. At last, it penetrates! And"—his voice softened—"you're crazy about her, aren't softened—"you're crazy about ner, aren't you? I wasn't sure. She was pretty sure, but I wasn't absolutely. I see now." He stood up. "This baby," he declared, tapping his chest, "will get the lemons. He may even pick them, so don't expect him soon."

For fully three minutes after the door

banged shut, Jeffry stayed in his chair. He was seeing things he had not seen. He was understanding things he had misunderstood. He was seeping himself in heavenly realization. Then he thought of the time.

He bolted into his bedroom, changed his suit,

borrowed a shirt of Weary's, shaved. He emerged immaculate, rushed to the kitchenette, and there wildly broke things and upset things. Presently he said, "Oh, the devil with tea!" Presently he said, "Oh, the devil with tea!" and returned to the living-room. Five minutes of five.

He sat down, and placed his watch on the arm of his chair, face upward, and waited an hour. Then he looked again—and it was four minutes of five.

He thought of Barbara's little watch. Diamonds and platinum. Diamonds. And platinum. He thought about it for quite a while, while his watch ticked seconds. Then he got up, his jaw set hard, and marched to the telephone.

He called up his uncle.
"Listen," he said, "I've just been thinking, and—well, the fact is—I've got to have more money. A whole lot more," he insisted stubbornly. "I——" He swallowed. "I'll quit if I

"Now why," crowed his uncle, "why in tar-

nation didn't you say so before?"

On his gay way back to the chair where his watch lay, he stopped; and when his feet moved again, it was off at a tangent into his bedroom. He dug into the depths of his lowest bureau drawer, and by and by he dragged out something. Something woolen and blue. And lettered in white.

He bore this into the living-room and arranged it on a chair-back. Carelessly, as if he had just taken it off. Yet carefully, with the letter showing . . . so that, in case no one had told her, she would know that he had been

a football player.

They Were Young Once (Continued from page 49)

in with Grant. He started the Grand Army

in with Grant. He started the Grand Army of the Potomick on the long push to Richmond. He put us across the old Rapidan River into the Wilderness, before Lee could stop him—if he wanted to stop him.—"Nothin' could 'a' pleased Lee better'n to ketch Grant in the Wilderness where he'd whipped Hooker to death. And before we could git out o' the woods, along come Lee, plungic' in right on ton of us.

plungin' in right on top of us.
"Matt and me camped the first night right near where we was wounded the year before. The ground was all full o' bones of soldiers, and horses. The rain and snow had opened the shaller graves and the leaves hadn't covered 'em up. It was right spooky. Me and Matt counted fifty skulls from where we set by the fire—and the light put eyes in the old sockets. It makes me cold to think of it now.

"But the worst was the whippoorwills. The Wilderness was full o' lonesome whippoorwills, wilderness was rull o lonesome winppoorwins, and they kept cryin' like they was ghosts of soldiers invitin' us to join 'em.'

Edna pleaded: "Oh, Mr.—oh, Abner—don't tell me! How could you stand it?"

"Well, it's like other things in war. Nobody couldn't stand it by himself, but when you're in a crowd—— They was about two hundred thousand of us men and boys, Yanks and Rebs, in them woods. And if you couldn't Rebs, in them woods. And if you couldn't stand it, you could set it—as the feller said. If you didn't like it, where could you go? What could you do about it?

"The next mornin' it was a differ'nt place. The whippoorwills was gone and the other birds was singin' glory hallelujahs! We was in a peach orchard—it was May—May in Virginia! The trees was like bride's bokays—and the flowers—all kinds of flowers—Goth, it was The trees was like bride's bokays—and the flowers—all kinds of flowers—— Goth, it was so beautiful it seemed you couldn't bear to kill anybody. The bugles didn't belong, somehow. They was a lot of brooks runnin' through the woods and they played flute-music like

bells tinklin'. It was no place for bugles and guns

"We moved out of the graveyard and tried to form up, but there was nothin' to form on. You'd start out on the left of another company both bound south, and lose sight and sound of it a few minutes later and by and by come up on the right of it, facin' east and it facin' west, and nobody knowin' which way south was or

where who was.
"When the shootin' begun you just blazed
away. It was like a battle royal with ever'body blindfolded. We shot our own men and the Rebels shot theirs. The year before, Stonewall Jackson had got killed by his own soldiers right in them woods, and now Gener'l Longstreet got shot down by his own men—and lucky it for us both times.

was for us both times.

"Whippin' the Wilderness was worse'n tryin' to whip the Rebs. It was the queerest battle that ever was. Three hundred cannons and none of 'em had anything to shoot at. Thousands of cavalry and they couldn't budge. It was all a man could do to push through the scraggy pines and the scrub-oaks and the hazel bushes and the sharp-p'inted chinkapins and the thorns. They stabbed you like bayonets and swords.

"I hadn't went half a mile before my clothes was nearly tore off. I was half nekked and bleedin' ever'where—but not from bullets.

"Me and Matt didn't get ne'er a scratch from a bullet in the first two days' fightin'.

But we just trompled the dead and the wounded. Before Grant give up and moved of to the left, fifteen thousand of our men was killed or disabled and nearly ten thousand Rebs. Twenty thousand dead and wounded makes a lot, Miz Edny. The bodies of our boys was like a log jam. They used 'em for parapets in some places

"And then the fire begun. It was awful hot from the sun, and men perishin' of thirst with hair. He He was derstood. y realiza-

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e my clothes nekked and n bullets. er a scratch ays' fightin'. ad and the nd moved of our men was en thousand and wounded es of our boys a for parapets

was awful hot of thirst with



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brooks laughin' a few yards off. But the fire was the worst. We built up a breastworks o' logs and the blazin' woods made a bonfire of it and drove us away. Even the Rebs couldn't

hold it.

"I remember one patch of ground covered with killed and hurt men. The flames come roarin' across it—and then—it was all black and you couldn't tell men from logs.

"After three days of that we was marched away. We supposed we was goin' back north again like the old Army of the Potomick had always did. But Grant turned south for Spottsylvany. Lee beat us to it, and we pounded ourselves to pieces on the same old stone wall. stone wall.

"The army lost forty thousand men all told before it moved on south. But I didn't go with it. A bullet come along and acress, broke my right thigh-bone. But I leaned ag'in' a tree and went on fightin'. And then a cart-ridge hit the tree and made a ricochet and tore away the small of my back and I rolled

over.

"Matt bent down to help me and whilst he was kind of tearin' my shirt tail for bandages and stuffin' it into the wound, he got hit in the face and fell over across me.

"He couldn't see and I couldn't move, and we made a pirty pair, I tell you. A surgeon come hobblin' along and patched me so's I wouldn't bleed to death and put a bandage over Matt's eyes. And propped us ag'in' a tree and left us there.

"We was dyin' of thirst and a brook rattlin' away not fur off, but it was no fun movin'. We'd kind of faint and sleep and wake up.

"The battle moved away from us and the firin' and yellin' sounded far off. And the birds come back and begun to sing. A lot of poor boys was hollerin' for water and a lot more was layin' awful still. I didn't think I'd ever see another day, so I kind of filled my eyes with that one. I can see the flowers now when I shut my eyes.

"Vi'luts—acres of 'em. And huckleberry bushes in bloom. And dogwoods holdin' up flowers like stars. And wild azalies blazin' and birds singin' and the water in the brook kind of chortlin'. The water was kind of red, too, in streaks from where wounded men crawled to it to drink and die.

"Matt and me would have gave our souls for a drink but he couldn't see the way and when I tried to start towards it my back and

when I tried to start towards it my back and my broken leg hurt so's I says, 'Lea' me die right where I am now; it's more fun.'

"Along towards evenin' I was tellin' Matt what a grand sunset we was havin'. It had been dark in the woods all day but the sunset made it brighter'n what it was at noon.

"I was tellin' Matt about it, when all of a sudden I says, 'Oh, Gawd, Matt, that ain't the sunset. It's the woods is on fire.'

"'I can hear it cracklin',' said Matt. 'What we goin' to do—lay here and git broiled alive?'

"Well, we decided we'd gotter move. I could see and he could crawl, so I kind of clung on to his shoulders and he drug me along. The ground was rough—rocks and briers and splintered rocks and. as the feller says, they splintered rocks and, as the feller says, they didn't do a thing to my raw back and my splin-tered leg. But ever' now and then, we'd come to patches of moss and vi'lut beds, and rest awhile for breath.

"Matt hunched along like a blind walrus and I told him which way to go. But the fire was runnin' and jumpin' whilst we was crawlin'. I ast Matt to go on by himself, but he pretended he couldn't find the crick by himself. So I steered and he drug. Now and again he'd fall on his face to git his breath. And I'd watch

tall on his face to git his breath. And I d watch the fire.

"The noises the wounded men made was somethin' tur'ble. But they couldn't run and we couldn't do nothin' for 'em. Through it all, though, I couldn't help noticin' the flowers burnin'! They didn't make a sound.

"It was tur'ble to see the dogwood trees ketch fire. A blaze would run up the trunk and out the branch like a flag goin' up a pole on halvards. Or it would impu across from another

halyards. Or it would jump across from another



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tree and the big white petals would shrivel and turn black. Black dogwood trees! I hope you never see any.

"A branch would burn off and fall. A big wind would come along and tear off the petals and they'd float down slow and spinnir like big immense snowflakes. You know the first big immense snowflakes that comes along so slow and kind of inquirin' like before a storm? Well, that was the way the dogwoods done.

woods done.

"The wild azalies though—they looked as if they was on fire anyway. They kind of welcomed the flames—like they was family. But the vi'luts was afraid, kind of. I felt so sorry for 'em. They kind of looked like purple mice, too scared to move—just eyes, watchin'.

"I pulled some of 'em up by the roots and carried 'en with me to throw in the brook if

carried 'em with me to throw in the brook if we ever reached it.

"It was a funny race all right-Matt and me Twas a funny race at right—Matt and me movin' like a couple of lame turtles, and the flames jumpin' round like red birds, lightin' and flyin' away and lightin' again.

"The dead leaves would whiff up and burn out, then smolder and crawl with fire. We'd git

past a tree and the whole tree would go up in a blaze and drop burnin' branches ahead of us, tryin' to cut us off. And we had to squirm round 'em.

"And o' course the smoke was dippin' and chokin'. All of a sudden a little flame run up and licked our feet. Lord, how Matt crawled, then. And I begun to crawl, too, tearin' my wounds open again. But anything was better'n the fire at our feet. We'd git a little ahead and rest a minute and it would sneak up on us and we'd hunch on a piece furtherer.

"By 'n' by it had et away the soles of our chose and was yibhili;" at our toes and beals.

shoes and was nibblin' at our toes and heels-like hungry rats. All the leaves was turnin' into swarms of red rats.

"We'd come to a stretch of rock now and then. It was rough and sharp, but it didn't

burn anyways.

"Then the fire'd head us off and we'd have to crawl by the flank. That made the path longer. The wo ticklin' our feet. The worst, though, was the flames

"Once or twice I said I was so tired I was goin' to lay still and git it over with. But Matt wouldn't hear of it. He beat me in the face and yanked me along.

"Then he give out and I wouldn't leave him.
He said we'd starve if we didn't cook, so I grabbed a haversack of rations off a dead soldier. O' course it would be a Reb, and the Rebs never had much to eat—only some corn pone and old bacon; but it was better'n nothin'. The haversack ketched on fire, but I flang it ahead into the water. We was so close by then that a few drops splashed back on us. It was like Dives in Hell asked Lazarus to do for himwet his forefinger and put it on his tongue. If Lazarus had ever went through what we did, he'd 'a' done that much for Dives. I would anyways. I'd run a brook—a whole river through Hell.

"Or if they was anybody I didn't like, I'd put him in a burnin' forest with a brook just ahead and his back broke. And I'd keep the fire just gnawin' at the soles of his feet. see I've been to Hell once.

"Somehow we got our heads to the brook just as a big blaze come runnin' and bit at our ankles and knees and set what was left of our pants on fire. Matt grabbed me and rolled me down a little bank plounce into the water, and I reached back and pulled him in.

"Oh, Gawd, but it was sweet! And cool—and soft! and sort of kindly like—kinder than anything I ever felt in this world-exceptin',

anything I ever fet in this world—exceptin', maybe, your hands, Edny.

"Matt and me, we sung and drunk and wallered. We near drowned, near foundered ourselves drinkin', but we was laughin' and cryin and chokin'. The smoke rolled over us, and the flames sprinkled us with cinders and sparks and black petals of dogwood, and leaves. But we was alive

we was alive.

"It growed dark when the big blaze passed, only for trees still burnin' way up, or trunks



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like red-hot rods. We divided what we found in the haversack and I tell you it was good to be livin' and eatin' even a dead man's grub.

"It was awful quiet after the fire went by and it got mighty cold along towards mid-night, but we crawled out and snuggled up to an old smolderin' stump like it was a stove and the ashes was warm and—well, that was the last of the war for Matt and me.

"A buryin' party found us a day or two later and picked us up and sent us to the horspital. Then the doctors worked over us till we wisht we'd let the Wilderness keep us. I've often wisht it since, for it gits mighty tiresome, mighty lonesome bein' just an Old Soldier and no hope of ever bein' anything else."

He looked up humbly and was astounded to find that she had not fallen asleep as his people

usually did when he told his story. Her eyes were bright as buttons on a new uniform, and she said:

"I'm proud to know you, Ab. How many medals did the gov'ment give you for what you

"Medals for us?" he laughed. "Why, Matt and me was just a couple of boys—farmhands. We didn't have any pull. We couldn't do nothin' for the party. We didn't know politics—don't know it yet—except to vote for the G. O. P. and draw our pensions. Folks like us never git medals."

Then Edna was inspired to say "Well it's

Then Edna was inspired to say, "Well, it's a rotten shame and the gov'ment ought to be shot for it. I'll give you a couple myself like the French generals do." And she took his face in her hands and kissed

him on both cheeks.

The rush of blood to his feeble heart almost killed him. He could not remember how long it had been since a woman had kissed him. The latest one was probably his mother the last time he visited her before she died.

Whatever Edna's motives or her character may have been she enriched that pauper's life with emotions no saint could have given

She gave him no patronizing pity, no spiri-tual uplift or noble advice to be resigned and meek. She told him he was the victim of conspiracy, that he had been cheated of his dues. She kissed him and flirted with him.

Only the poverty-stricken wretch who has never had even the compliment of a temptation can realize what it meant in his barren life to

be treated as if he were worth tempting.

He was canny as only the old are, and cynical and suspicious of everybody, and he could have suspected Edna, but he would not rob himself of the luxury she gave him. She told him he was the most interesting

She told him he was the most interesting man she had ever met. She hated and despised young fools—selfish—restless—always on the go, always thinking of themselves. What she liked was a man that had known life and settled down. A quiet life for her. She invited him to stay. She kept him for hours, made him tell her more stories. She fed him, brought him soft drinks. Somewhat cautiously she learned that he had never cherished any objection to hard liquor except the high cost of it.

She thought she might arrange that. She

She thought she might arrange that. She arranged it. She set his arteries awhirl with alcohol, and his sense of lifelong defeat and futility vanished in flames of audacity and hilarity.

He went back to the Home, sometimes with legs as wobbly as a new calf's

She introduced him to her friend, Ida, and tried to get him to bring Matt over with him. But Matt called only once—and was most unfavorably impressed. He would not come again.

Edna said she preferred to be just with Abner. She took him riding in her car. She was polite enough even to show an interest in his pension. She knew of investments that would make him rich. There were wonderful opportunities in oil, for instance. But Abner could not be interested in securities.

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He asked her what she did of evenings. She said she just stayed home and read—or

played solitaire.
"Ever go to dances?"
She looked at him quickly. "Do you like to

He laughed. "I used to be a champeen as a footer. I knowed all the clogs and double shuffles. I danced the old square dances, too. But o' course, after I got my feet burned so bad, that was the end of my dancin' days." He days. asked with sudden anxiety: "D'you like to dance.

"Oh, I used to," she sighed. "In my young and foolish days—when dances were nice and pretty. But this jazz—it's just terrible, don't

you think?

"It ain't decent," said Abner. "And I don't see how no decent woman can dance it, and if she does she won't stay decent long.

"Just my idea exactly," said Edna. She agreed with him in everything. Once he grew so strangely comfortable that he groaned: "Gosh, but I wisht I'd met you twenty

"I wisht you had," she sighed.

"I'wisht you had, she signed.
"I'd 'a'—I'd 'a'—" He paused to mop
his brow. "I'd 'a' ast you to marry me."
"Why, Abner! You wouldn't either."
"I would so! Gosh, what I've missed!"
"It's never too late to mend," she murmured. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded, his heart racing.

"Why, you got a long life ahead of you. You're young yet."
"Me young! I'm older 'n Gawd."

"What's eighty-one or -two? People live to be a hundred nowadays. There's twenty years. Think back how long the last twenty

years was.

"It was long enough." "It was long enough."
"The next twenty would be just as long but
they wouldn't seem so—not if you had somebody to take care of you that loved you."
"Edny! You don't mean you'd have me?"
"The second you."

"You ain't ever asked me

He was struck dumb. She waited a long while, then she rose and went into the house. She left the door open, but he was in such a twitter that he thought he would faint. He was so frightened by the ecstasies he visioned that he ran away from them. He stumbled down the steps and hurried back to the Home.

It was unbearably dull, just a pack of old fools sitting around. If he married Edna, he would have evenings under a lamp, with her in a rocking-chair, playing solitaire or some game with him, or reading to him. And then, when they put out the lights for the night—he was dazzled.

He went back to her house and sat on her porch. She grew kindlier and more affection-ate. He tried to ask her to marry him. But he simply could not reach out and pluck the treasure.

Again and again he made the effort to pro-They talked all around the question without ever quite broaching it.

On the afternoon of the fight he had sat on the bench at the Home for an hour thinking over all these things as a beggar thinks of gold.

Matthew had noticed how far away he was, had spoken to him without getting an answer, had understood the trap he was wandering into, and had finally grown so wroth that he

Perhaps Matthew was merely jealous, resentful of being left alone so much and of inding Abner so remote even when they sat on the same bench. As Abner slowly realized what Matthew was driving at, he suspected

jealousy as the cause of the attack.

In the strange somber company of the Home, the veterans found time for womanish feuds and desperate wrangles over nothings. The pettiest things grew mountainous, venomous hatreds were engendered over an extra plate of prunes, a liberal helping of applesauce, the smile of a nurse, the favor of a waitress.

Abner decided that Matt was angry at Edna because she was coming between them. It was flattering but meddlesome and must be

withstood. In fact, the wavering Abner had needed only the spur of Matthew's opposition to determine him to marry Edna at once.

Seeing that pleading and reasoning failed to convince Abner, Matthew began to taunt him: "How much cash have you gave 'at dame in 'e lash shix monsh?"

"What business is it o' your'n. It's mine.

"Natious and the state of the s money to hire young fellers to take her out to jazzh danshes

"Dances? Edny hates jazz. She told me so. She don't dance!

"Oh, don't she? I sheen her."

"Un, don't sner I sheet act."
"You're a damn liar."
"I may be a liar about shome things, not about 'at. And I ain't no liar when I shay you're an old fool and she's a dirty —"

Ab's gaunt knuckles closed into a fist and

knocked the terrible word back into Matthew's throat.

Too much amazed to be offended at first, Matthew stared at Abner. He could not be lieve that this immemorial friend had struck

lieve that this immemorial friend had struch him. His startled eyes saw only hate in Abner's. Tears came to his own at the thought of the folly that bred the hate. As he rubbed his insulted lips, he pleaded:
"Aw, Ab, you ain't went plumb inshane, have you, over 'at trollop? Why, she's jush a common—" Again that blow in the mouth. Matthew's lank hands went out and seized Abner by the lapels and shook him as he raged: "I won't let her have you, Ab. I'll kill her myshelf shooner'n 'at. I tell you she's only a —""

While Abner's left hand tore like a claw at Matthew's wrist, his right hand groped about for his walking-stick where it leaned against the bench. He raised it slowly and brought it down on the old campaign hat of Matthew.

There was hardly more strength in the blow than the weight of the cane, but it turned Matthew's three-score years of love into imme diate hate. He snatched up his own cane and rose in a palsy of wrath to his uncertain feet. And Abner got to his.

And Abner got to his.

Clinging to the bench for support they slashed at each other. Their canes clacked and knocked them both off balance. They tottered about, thrusting, swingeing, parrying delivering blows of feather weight with a bulesque ferocity, calling each other all the ugly names their memories had accumulated in their loops long lives. long, long lives.

They seemed not to belong to the same race, the same species as the two young giants who had stood back to back and lashed out like demigods with bayonets of lightning, laughing at wounds and inviting death to come and get

them if he dared. When blows began to rain, however, the other veterans woke and closed in from all directions, limping, hobbling, rolling up wheel-

exp

Ab

cep

sho Ma

leap ben

They surrounded the fighters so densely that the two widows could no longer see the com-batants. Edna drove away, laughing but

"I hope old Matt leaves enough of old Abner for me to marry. I got him about ripe for the parson.

Ida chuckled: "I hope your old Abner leaves enough o' Matt for me. Maybe we could make it a double weddin'."

"No hope, dearie. Matt's a woman-hater. He's got no use for the sect. You better concentrate on that Spanish War bozo."

But they live so long, those Spanish War

"You can't sometimes always tell, my dear. "You can't sometimes always tell, my dear.
My first husbin popped off in three months, but
my second—Gawd, he lived eleven years. I
cer'n'y earned his pension. I cer'n'y did!"
"That was a long while ago, dearie. An
these boys haven't been gettin' any younge.
Look at your Abner—all of eighty-one."
"Yeah, but what's eighty these days; just
the bloom?"

the bloom o' youth, my dear—just the bloom o'

ng Abner had at once. to taunt him: e 'at dame in

ch, 1928

n. It's mine, old you got to to buy it, too. she can git ke her out to

he told me so.

when I shay dirty—" to a fist and to Matthew's

nded at first, could not bed had struck only hate in at the thought As he rubbed umb inshane,

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however, the ling up wheelo densely that laughing but

h of old Abner ut ripe for the

Abner leaves ybe we could

woman-hater. ou better con-zo." Spanish War

tell, my dear. ee months, but even years. I ven years. dearie.

any younger. se days?—just st the bloom o

youth. Wasn' I readin' about a party that lived to be a hunnerd and fifty-seven."
"You're mixin' your pickles, my dear."
"Well, maybe it was a hunnerd and twenty-seven. Why, there's one man right in this town that's a hunnerd and one. That would give Abbie twenty years—and where would I be then? Sometimes when Ab begins hintin' around towards a proposal, I get scared—"
"Why do you marry him a tall? You've had two. You got twice the income I got."
"Yes, but the cost of livin' has rose so high."
"Especially those dancin' partners of yours. When I was a girl, a man was supposed to pay

When I was a girl, a man was supposed to pay the bills, but nowadays—they think nothin' of askin' for board, lodgin', clothes, and petty

"Well, we gotta dance, ain't we?"
"That's right. What's the use o' livin' if
you never dance!"

Edna had her sorrows, too. With an in-herent love of luxury and laughter and ease, it had been her luck to be the fifth child of washerwoman at an army post.

She had fallen an easy prey to a handsome young sergeant, but he deserted both her and the army at the same time and she found it convenient to accept the heaven-sent proposal of a well-preserved hero of the Mexican War.

He died three months after the wedding, never knowing of the child who was to bear his name. The government paid the girl-widow the pension her husband had earned in a war that

pension ner nusband had earned in a war that was over long before her parents were born. It would pay it to her as long as she lived. But pensions were small in those days and the widow had a son to rear. He grew up as gay and unreliable as his father, and just as he reached the time of earning his way, he de-serted as his father had done serted as his father had done.
Then Edna cast about and found at hand an

old and feeble Civil War pensioner. He looked to be a good marry, sure to pass on in a few months and she maneuvered him to the church.

He played her false. Like King David in imilar circumstances he took a fresh lease on existence. As a most unwelcome tribute to Edna's revivifying charms, he lived on and on. She was beginning to believe she would have to murder him, when at last he joined the Old Horizontals in the cemetery. The government paid her the pension he had eamed in a war fought long before she was horn.

The money brought her a certain amount of attention but no proposals, and the price of love as of living went higher and higher. In her desperation she found Abner and resolved to win him. She had been a widow twice and she liked it.

But the career of professional widowhood has its obstacles as any other—and its perils. And now Matt had entered the war against her.

When he and Abner were separated by the other veterans and questioned, neither would explain the reason for the fight. They were led to distant benches and sat pouring and with the process of the proce mumbling in sick disgust, rubbing their bruised

Matthew was dejected utterly. He had lost not only his only friend but all respect for him. Abner was not thinking of Matthew at all except as the poisoner of his happiness, the foulmouthed rattlesnake spitting poison at his

His gallantry was roused and he resolved to show his faith in Edna and his contempt for Matthew by an immediate marriage. He Matthew by an immediate marriage. He would go at once to Edna's house. His soul leaped up, but his legs were weak and gave way beneath him. It was a terrible thing to have a young soul and an old body.

He pried himself erect and tried to stalk along the path but there was a gone feeling in his stomach. He was glad to rest at the next bench.

Suddenly all the other soldiers rose and made for the big dining-hall. It was the supper hour when the big dining-room would be noisy and crowded, and hot biscuits and apple sauce and find not have been supported by the support of fried potatoes and bowls of mush and milk and



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coffee and all the good things of the world would be spread within reach. It was growing kind of dark. His stomach seemed to twitch toward the dining-hall like a blind man's dog eager to go home at night. His feet had a homeward urge.

He rose and went with stumbling feet to the dining-hall. The odor of biscuits drew him to the room. It might upset Edna if he wandered in on her lonely supper without warning. He'd

best eat here tonight.

He went into the big room. It was all a-clat-

ter and a-babble, hands everywhere fluttering over dishes like flocks of greedy sea-gulls.

He marched to his place. Matthew was in his usual chair next to it. Abner paused. There was no other place vacant. He could sit next to Matt or go without his supper.

Appetite disguised itself as pride. He wasn't afraid of Matthew. He took his seat and no-body looked up. All eyes were on plates. Matthew ignored him with violence and he ignored Matthew with equal vigor.

An acute crisis was reached when he found that the sugar bowl was out of his reach but well within Matthew's. To ask for it was un-thinkable. For years Matthew had passed thinkable. For years assume that the sugar without asking. Now he was cowardly and mean enough to let his old friend store for all he cared. That showed how much friendship was worth.

Never had coffee been so bitter as that night's coffee was, but he would rather have drunk vitriol than ask Matt for sugar.

Everything he wanted seemed to hide to the leeward of Matt. The milk for the mush was there! The water-pitcher!! The bread!!! The butter!!!!

He tried to catch the eye of the man across the table and have the supplies transferred that way. But the man over there was a shell-shocked cub who was wolfing his food as if it were his last meal on earth.

That supper was a total failure. Abner pushed back his chair so sharply that he nearly went over backward. He dropped his cane and nearly fell on his face as he reached for it. He tried to stalk out like a grenadier, but gave an apter illustration of ambulant ague.

In dire need of a friend, he took the great step of telephoning Edna. He waited and waited, tried and tried again and again, but the operator kept singing the same refrain, "That nummba does not answer."

This filled him with a terror of loneliness and suspicion. She said she always stayed home and played solitaire.

Matthew said she loved to dance. Matthew was a dirty liar, but why didn't she answer? Perhaps she was laying there sick or had went to bed early. The thought of her being ill frightened away all suspicion. It was too painful to endure. He ought to go and make cer-But he had not been out at night since he didn't know when. He took refuge in the conviction that she had went to bed early.

The crowded Home was suddenly a desert

island of solitude. He went to bed forlorn.
One of the penalties of age was insomnia.
At best he slept little. He slept not a wink that Yet nightmare after nightmare tortured him.

At breakfast he sat next to Matt again. Now the sugar and the other things had gravi tated to his side. He helped himself and set them all in front of Matt as if there were no-body there. He thought he had rather the better of the revenges. Coals of fire hurt worse than being ignored. He knew how coals of fire

He had always discussed the morning paper with Matt from adjoining chairs. They read in silence now, gasping comments from habit and choking them off from rancor.

He was beginning to miss Matt something terrible. Old tendernesses pleaded for him. I it hadn't been for Matt, he would have died in the flames. Well, if it hadn't been for him, Matt would have died in the flames.

Maybe Matt would be sorry when Abner left the Home for good and went to live with Edna. He might as well go there now and talk things over. He struck out across the part. The morning was in him. His step was brisk He did not pause to rest at the benches. He

reached Edna's in record time for him.

He climbed the steps softly to surprise he.

She was at the telephone talking with some body that she must like mighty well from he tone. Jealousy wrenched his heart. But he told himself that she was probably talking that widow lady who was her friend-Ida.

Edna was laughing. Abner could not he what she was saying. Deafness had its disvantages. He heard only the unimporta-

"I'll tell the world! . . . Same place? That's o. k. by me . . . Pavilion at eight Sure, she'll go . . . Leave it to me! . . . woman pays and pays and . . . G'by,

She came out on the porch singing. was startled to see Abner. Welcome overce surprise and-was it anxiety? She seized hands in both of hers. They were warm a soft. She drew him indoors. He let the de She jumped and put her hand to he

"Head hurt, honey?"

"Awful head this morning."

"Awful head this morning."
"I was worried. I rung your phone last night and didn't git no answer."
"You rung me up? Why?"
"I was worried. I didn't git no answer."
"I—I went to bed early. I thought I head it ring, but I was too sick to get up. Why did you ring me up?" you ring me up?"

"I was worried." "About what?"

"Oh, about you bein' sick or something."
"Silly boy. Did it miss its mama?"

She hugged and kissed him. His spare frame was lost in her exuberance. He felt enveloped in comfort.

They sat down. She saw that he was troubled but could not learn why. And that troubled her. He would have died rather than tell her that Matt had slandered her.

The telephone rang and rang. She answered it and seemed to have a hard time getting ridd somebody.

"Oh—yes—no—well—I'll call you later. I can't talk to you now—later! I say I'll call you later—I'm busy. Good-by!"

She turned to Abner and fixed him with I look. "The way these marketmen hound you for your orders is a shame. That reminds me. got a bill to pay. I'm a little short. You couldn't-

He snatched out his wallet and handed it to

her.

She gloated over it: "Oh, ain't we rich!"

"There's enough for two, I guess," he said

"Two can live cheaper'n one, you know."

He was going to speak about that, but there is seemed to be something wrong in the air. He wanted to be away and figure it out.

He took back the wallet and told her he would call later in the day. She watched him down the steps and waved to him so sweethat he resolved to return and ask her to mann

that he resolved to return and ask her to many him at once.

He hesitated, turned slowly round and wentack, climbed the steps. The door was open back, climbed the steps. The He heard her at the telephone:

He heard her at the telephone.

"I couldn't talk to you . . . Father Time
was here . . . Yes, old Creepo-Christmas .

Ha—ha—ha! Say, Ida, I got the price of a
real evening . . The boys . . Pavilie
. . . eight . . . Those lads could jazz up the
Say, listen . . Decoration Day parade . . . Say, listen .

Abner waited feeling faint, but she laughed and cackled on and he lost his impulse. was a little afraid of her now.

He slumped down the steps and shuffed Homeward. Funny, how much longer way back was!

The soldiers were on the benches like the own fallen leaves. Matt was not on the bench is shared with Abner. He was on a bench with another soldier—and talking.

A wrath blackened Abner's heart. His feel led him to his old bench. He sank on it, for lorn, alone. He could see Matt gesticulating.

cross the park Campbells INFRA RED RAY step was brisk e benches. He or him. to surprise he. ing with some tamb well from h heart. But he ably talking to riend—Ida. could not he e unimportu me place? on at eight me! G'by, singing. come overc

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could hear his wiry twang but not the words. Why couldn't Matt have liked Edna? It would have been fine for the three of them to have Matt over to Edna's house Sundays and other days. What was Edna so mysterious about? What was the Pavilion? Funny, how

about? What was the Pavilion? Funny, how different her laugh was. She didn't act like herself somehow. Sick, maybe.

He heard Matt's voice, high and querulous like a mandolin string. A mandolin always sounded like it talked through its nose. What was Matt saying? Telling that other old fool what an old fool Abner was probably. What was the Pavilion? Who were "the boys"? Who was "Old Father Time—old Creepo"? She couldn't have meant him? Or could she? What if—what if— The bench was whirling like a merry-ga-round. He had to hang

ing like a merry-go-round. He had to hang onto it.

That was the longest day he had ever spent outside of the old hospital days. He asked a young soldier of the World War if he knew what the Pavilion was.

He laughed: "Hottest little jazz joint in

town. What's it to you, gran'pop? Goin' out

among 'em? Naughty! naughty!"

He hobbled away laughing. Abner was dizzy again. Edna said she hated jazz. "Pavilion ... eight." Pavilion at eight. At eight she'd Pavilion at eight. At eight she'd be at the Pavilion.

Somebody that seemed to be himself far off said: "So'll I."

That night at supper he could not eat because his hand shook so that the bread fell out of it. He could not butter his bread. When he tried to put sugar in his coffee, he sprinkled it all over his beans.

Matt had not spoken to him, but now he grimly took up Abner's knife and buttered a slice of bread, took up his spoon, put two spoonsful of sugar in Abner's coffee, and turned away.

The tears came to Abner's eyes but he could not eat. He left the table and sat out on the dark porch by himself. It was cold out there.

cars porch by himself. It was cold out there. It was getting colder of nights. He asked the man at the desk to call him a taxicab at eight. When the man expressed surprise, Abner snapped:

"Is this a penitentiary or a home for vetruns.

He put on his overcoat and when the cab arrived, climbed in with the driver's help and said: "The Pavilion."

"What's that, Pop?" "Don't you know where the Pavilion is?"

"Yes, but how should you know?"
"Mind your business or git another one."
The driver laughed and drove forever. He drew up at last before a country home that had

been turned into a rowdy road-house. Abner climbed to the porch and peered in at the door. He could see a bit of the dining-room and part of a table where Edna sat with Ida and two sporty-looking young fellows. Ida's dress was cut low and Edna's lower. They were all laughing about nothing and

drinking, clicking glasses and pawing each A jazz band struck up. Edna jumped to her feet and flung her arms around one of the men and hoisted him to his feet, closed in with him like they was going to wrastle. She wrastled him all over the floor, bumping into everybody. She laid her cheek on the fellow's

cheek and he held her like he owned her. The man at the door invited Abner in to a table, but he said he was waiting for a friend. He was so weak that the hat-boy slid a chair under him.

He pretended to watch the door for his friend, but he kept his eyes on Edna. He wondered why the police allowed such things in public. Edna had agreed with him that no decent woman could ince decent woman could jazz.

When the dance was over she flopped back in her seat and began to drink. But in a moment she was up again, dancing like mad, closing her eyes and clinching her partner as tight as she could.

Abner wanted to stalk into the infernal combine an arcient prophet and denounce it.

room like an ancient prophet and denounce it

As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men



Women use too much Rouge"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much oruge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal,

does look unreal.

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any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect.

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World's Fastest Way

for a Sodom and Gomorrah. How long would the fire and brimstone wait?

But he sickened and reeled in his chair. He

aid that he guessed his friend wasn't coming or

had went somewhere else.

He scurried out of the place and found his He told the driver to take him back to the Home. The word had a mournful sweet-ness on his tongue. He would never have any other home.

When the cab reached the old steps the driver helped him in. The place was deserted. All the soldiers had gone to bed except one Matt.

He was evidently waiting up for Abner to come in. He seemed relieved, but Abner hated him as he had never hated anybody before. Matt had done the most hateful things a man can do: he had been right in an odious prophecy; he had spoken evil things of a beloved woman and they were true; he had called his friend a sucker and a jackass and he had been accurate in his terms

Abner swept past him as majestically as he could, gained his room somehow and fell across his bed, too weak to undress or even to take off his shoes. He kept his cane in his hands. He fainted or fell asleep or somehow passed

out of his torment for hours. He woke in the early dawn and remembered everything. Yet his shoes were off, his cane and hat were in their places and the covers were drawn over him.

Who could have done that? His mind re-

Who could have done that the fused to admit what it knew all too well. His fused to admit what it knew all too well. The rage at Matt was a fury of resentment. The old fool was treating him as if he were a helpless baby! And Edna was treating him as if he were a cheap simpleton.

He would show them both whether he was a man or not. He would teach Edna a lesson she

wouldn't forget for a while. He would see to it that she didn't do any more jazzin'.

But what could he do? He was so weak that the mere act of thinking hard shook him as if he were a battered old flivver with the engine going and the brake on.

He was giddy and sick with rage. He could not go down to breakfast. It was a fearful thing to be old and weak. What had his country done to him as a reward for pouring out his strength to save it!

his strength to save it!

What wouldn't he give to be the lad again that he had been in the Wilderness? He was in a wilderness now, all fog and brambles and open graves and old skulls laughing and the brook tittering and the fire dancing.

He had stood up once as big as a grizzly bear and fit off half a dozen Rebel mountaineers and give 'em as good as he got. He laughed when the steel sliced him. And he saved the receiment's flag from dishoner.

regiment's flag from dishonor.

And now when his own honor was at stake. nobody helped him and he couldn't even stand up. He was as weak as a volet and he could not move. He could no more get even with that woman than a violet could revenge itself on a cow that trampled it.

In the old days Matt had stood back to back

with him and kept him from being stabbed in the back. Now Matt had deserted him and stabbed him, too

Maybe the old doddering idiot had really meant to protect him after all. Maybe Matt had tried to be his friend. Maybe it was him-

self that had turned against Matt.

Well, what of it? It was only one more blunder. He had taken his love from his friend and laid it under the heels of a-aher what he would not let Matt call her.

He fainted with lonely helplessness. When he came to, there was a cup of coffee on his bureau and some bread and a dish of prunes—it looked like a double helping of prunes. Sometimes when he was feeling peaked Matt would give him his prunes. Sometimes the other way round.

He cried to think of being so sick that his enemy took pity on him. He wouldn't touch the coffee. But he did. He ate ravenously, growling curses at Matt all the while, like an old hound muttering over a bone. He fainted with lonely helplessness.

old hound muttering over a bone.

He resolved to go and tell Edna that he seen



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pringfield, Mass.

her with her sporty fellers jazzin' round on his money, payin' the bill herself prob'ly—and with Abner's money! He would tell her she'd never touch another cent of it. Marry her? He'd see her in Hell first and if she asked for water, he'd laugh at her.

In his restlessness he left his hot bed and water he'd her water he had. He marked he was not to be now here.

made his way out to the park. He wanted to run, to knock down trees, to be what he had been. He had thrown himself away for his ountry. If the people paid him a pension for a million years, it wouldn't pay half what it had cost him to find himself at this end of his life as worthless as an old battered skiff stranded in the mud.

He went to his bench and fell over on it. Matt came up and sat down by him, meekly.
Abner turned his back on him. Matt hobbled

The day passed. He would not go in for dinner. He fed on his own heart. All afternoon he sat accumulating frenzies, thinking, thinking. He did not know that his lips moved or that he thought aloud.

It was the sunset that gave him the idea. It reminded him of the false sunset of the forest the beautiful his passet of the forest that the passet of the forest that t

He had been a great dancer till the blazes

tickled his feet and gnawed at his tendons.

The thing to do was to do to Edna what the war had done to him. He would go over and beat her insensible and take off her high-heeled shoes and hold lighted matches to her feet. That would make her dance! She'd act just like she done when she twitched her feet jazzin' with that feller.

He'd have to gag her first, of course, so's she couldn't scream and bring in the neighbors. He lighted matches and held them to his pipe, then made motions in the air as if he were running them up and down the sole of one of Edna's feet.

He cackled with laughter at the picture. He nearly set himself on fire, and burned his fingers. He mustn't do that. He must give her

the pain. He had had enough.

But his enthusiasm burned itself out. partial return of intelligence told him that he would probably set Edna's house on fire and go up in smoke with her. He had to be very careful with matches.

He felt very lonesome with his revenge gone. He set about some other method. A great idea came to him. The main thing was to prevent her dancing again. He'd like to take a bayonet and hamstring her like the raiders sometimes done with horses they couldn't

run off.

No, that would prob'ly kill her and he'd get strung up for murder. But she mustn't dance any more. He thought harder and harder. He slapped his gaunt hand on his lank knee.

"I got it. I'll take my old razor and slash her ankles so's she can't dance. I'll give her a tap on the head with my cane, then while she's layin' still, I'll just cut her ankles like this. She won't die and she won't be very sick and she won't dast tell anybody who done it. But she'll know—she'll know! I'll git my old razor and—I'll take along some extry matches. Maybe I can warm up her feet a little."

Half mad, he rose and went to his room, seeing nothing and nobody. He thought it would be best to wait till after dark. He would catch Edna just ready to go out for another

catch Edna just ready to go out for another dance at the Pavilion at eight.

He sat brooding and mumbling as he honed and stropped his razor to its last keenness.

Before it was to his liking he heard the old

army marching in to supper. It would be a

good time to go now. He put on his overcoat,
his hat, filled his pockets with matches, tried

his razor again, put it in its case and ware out. his razor again, put it in its case, and went out tealthily

The dining-room was all a-clatter. He was hungry with a lean wolf's hunger, but he must not be late to the rendezvous with Edna.

He went down the steps carefully and struck out with his head high. He saw someone abead of him, a parody of himself, an old shuffling soldier, like his own shadow limping before him.



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When he reached a dark arcade of trees, the As necessary as the morning shave

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shadow stopped, turned, seized him. "Ab!" "Matt!"

"Matti"
"I'm shorry I made you sho mad, Ab."
"'At's all right. Fergit it."
"I hadn't ought to 'a' shlandered your—"
"I guess you didn't slander nobody."
"Well, 'at's fine. Lesh go back to shupper,

"I'll be back later, I got business."

He tried to push on, but Matt's skinny talons fastened on him.

"I know what you're up to, Ab, and you ain't a-goin' to do it."

"You don't know nothin' and I ain't got time for no arguments."
"But I do know, Ab. You didn't reelizhe mebbe 'at you been talkin' to yourshelf all day. An' I been lishnin'. I could 'a' shtopped you tonight by drappin' a word to a nursh or shomebark, but I couldy 'do 'at. I hear writin' to body, but I couldn' do 'at. I been waitin' to talk it over."

Abner could have struck him down. He was meddling again. First, he had stolen Abner's faith in woman and his one hope of happiness. Now, he was trying to prevent even the sorry

Now, he was trying to prevent even the sorry comfort of vengeance.

He snarled: "Matt, I warn you again. If you don't git outen my way, I'll kill you. I'll cut you down with this razor I got."

"I wisht you would, Ab. Life ain't no picnic for me. I've had all I want. If I could die keepin' you from endin' your life like you're tryin' to, I'd be more'n shashfied."

"Git outen my way, you old fool."

He tried to shove Matt aside, but only fell into his arms. Matt gripped him and turned

into his arms. Matt gripped him and turned him round and said:

"Look back 'ere, Ab, an' tell me what you shee.

"I see the Old Soldiers' Home, o' course. What you s'pose I'd see? I've seen enough of it, too."
"But don't you shee shumpin' elsh, Ab? 'At old buildin' is packed full o' men 'at loved 'eir country and went out to die for her. We

didn't git to, but we went out to.

"You ain't forgot how your heart shwoll when 'at old flag flew—how we backed up around 'at bleedin' color-bearer and poured out our blood to keep 'at flag. We poured out a lot of enemy blood, too, but we didn't slash

any women, did we?

"Take a long look at 'at old Home, Ab.
Don't it look kind of like a—a temple?"

It did look like a temple shouldering up into the dark with the moon on it now. There was a kind of priestliness about belonging there, To be weak and helpless because one had given one's strength and one's ambition to one's country—that was a poverty not far removed from ineffable wealth.

Abner straightened up a little and wor-shiped with his eyes what the whole realm

stood for, while Matthew yammered on:
"You got mad at me for beggin' you not to
let 'at woman make a fool of you. Well, you ain't goin' to let her make a criminal of you, air you?-a murderer, maybe.

"We never fit women, did we? We slashed up 'em old Rebs and 'ey slashed us up. Bul 'at was man to man. You'd 'a' died before you'd 'a' hurt a woman, wouldn't you' You'd 'a' killed any man you found hurtin a woman, wouldn't you? no matter what kind she was. Well! she was.

"Ednar hurt you. She durn near killed you She broke your heart for you. She drove you out of your mind. But 'at's all right for a woman—'at kind of a woman—'at's all she

"But you ain't a woman, Ab. Grand Army man and you'll shoon be on your way to join up with the main body acrossal river 'at's wider 'n any Rapidan or Rappishannick. Nearly all of our old Army of the Potomick is over now, and we're comin' my with the lasht men in the rear guard. It mighty important-'at old rear guard."

This thought did not depress Abner. exalted him. It made him feel that he was all of six-feet-two again. He was as tall as the stars. He was a lad again striding toward the

He could see the horses and the men wad ing in the dark stream, splashing moonlit siver about them until they vanished over

stream into the black of the Wilderness.

He thought of the sixty thousand boys that had died there. He thought of the fire and the horror and the torment, and then of the con

dark night and sleep.

He hardly heard Matthew's low voice hissing in his ear:

in his ear:
"When you git your call to go, you want be wrapped up in your old uniform, don't you.
Abner? And you want 'em to blow 'at old bugle over your grave, don't you? And you want your headshtone to be in among all and the state of th millions of men who fought for 'at old fag don't you? Jusht a little shtone and you name and your rezhment and—'at's enough ain't it, Abner?"

That was enough. He had forgotten Ednas utterly as if she had been what she was when he was a soldier—less than nothing—the unborn daughter of an unborn mother.

He stood so still, so soldier-still that Mathew could not know how well he had pleaded. As a last desperate argument he fell back from the heights and whimpered:

"Ab, if you'll only come back home I'll-I'll give you my prunesh ever' mornin' to a week-for shix weeksh. If you'll only forget 'at woman, I'll-I'll-""

"What woman, Matt?" said Abner. "What we don't huny we'll miss our supper.

"I kind of figgered we might be a little late tonight. Sho I made 'em promish to shave our shupper.

"Right shoulder-hoomps! For'd march" They flung up their old walking-sticks and slanted them over-shoulder according to rem lations. And they stepped out. They did not need their canes if they leaned against ad other.

Darkened Rooms (Continued from page 29)

from Boyd, hushed instantly by the man Jago "I really must insist upon absolute silence he said sternly. "Surely this is not the time for irreverence; we are in the presence of the

Rose Jaffrey, sitting there in the darkness, felt a wave of hot color flame into her face. She missed some of the rest of the conversation -things about the war and Eton and the spirit

"This friendship of ours," she thought. "Perhaps people know. We shall have to be careful." Then she listened again to that careful. boy's voice coming from the lips of the hyp-

over and then. You were like Adrian. You work too hard, old yourself a rest now and then. Y that at Oxford—always swotting. You were like

"What college?" asked Mallard snarply, a though interrogating a hostile witness.

There was a long pause, and the voice was fainter when it spoke again.

"I don't quite hear you," said the voice "You seem to speak in a muffled way . . I can't see you now . . I'm slipping bed old man . . Come again. I want to tel you all sorts of things . . . Remember Japand his sister. I can reach you through Well, so long."

The girl in the chair was making queer noise again. Her eyelids fluttered. A convulsive tremor passed through her and then suddenly she sat up and opened her eyes in a dazed way.
"Have I come back?" she asked.

The man Jago patted her on the head.
"Tired, little sister? A new spirit has been talking through you—a boy called Ivo."

e? We slashed ed us up. But wouldn't you found hurtin atter what kind

near killed you She drove you all right for a

Ab. You're a noon be on your body acrossh dan or Rappield Army of the ve're comin' m ear guard. It r guard."

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said the voice

Remember Jase king queer no

I. A convulsive s in a dazed way. ked.

the head. w spirit has bees alled Ivo."

"My head aches," said the girl. She put the tips of her fingers to her forehead and gave a little whimper.

"Poor creature!" whispered Rose Jaffrey under her breath. When the man had turned up the lights again she could see that Adrian up the fights again side that the fight of t

man with the small hands.

an with the small nanus.

"And ended rather abruptly," said Mallard ith a faint ironic smile. "I think the spirit with a faint ironic smile. was rather baffled by the name of that college."
"There was a hostile influence present,"

"There was a hostile influence present," said Emery Jago, looking at young Neal. "They always disappear when they're aware of spiritual unfriendliness."

"A convenient way out perhaps," said the young man accused by the medium's dark eyes. He laughed scornfully until Boyd nudged him.

Mallard slipped some notes into the man's hand and turned to the lady.

"Shall we go?" "Perhaps we may have the pleasure of another visit from you," suggested Emery Jago, the medium. "I don't know who Ivo is, Jago, the medium. but he will certainly find his way through again

ow that he has established contact."

"I had a brother of that name," said Mallard gravely. He glanced at the medium with steely eyes as though piercing to the truth in him. "Perhaps you knew?"

"No," said the medium. "Killed in the war names."

Mallard nodded.

"These young souls—cut off so suddenly—keep breaking through," said Jago quietly.
Mallard hesitated, as though about to say

omething else, and then turned on his heel. "Coming, Boyd?" he said.

Rose Jaffrey bowed to Jago and then in an appetuous way held out her hand to the girl who had come out of a trance.

"My poor child," she said, "I am so sorry for

The words were spoken with kindness, but for some reason the girl flushed very deeply and looked offended.

and looked oftended.

"No need, I'm sure," she said.

Miss Jaffrey left the room first, then Mallard, then Boyd, and lastly young Neal. The girl followed them downstairs and let them out.

Then she went upstairs again into the barely furnished room where Emery Jago stood by the window which he had opened quietly after switching off the light.

witching off the light.

"Are you there, Em?" asked the girl, standing by the doorway and feeling her way into the darkness with outstretched hands. "Why have you turned the light out again? I'm sick of this darkness!"

"Hush!" said the man shortly. "Keep quiet, can't you?"

He stood listening to a conversation in the He stood listening to a conversation in the street below. Every word of it was audible through the open window as it came up from those four people who stood in the blurred light of the street-lamp. The rain had stopped but there was a damp mist about them.

"An absolute fake!" said a boy's voice. It was voing Neal who groke.

"An absolute fake!" said a boy's voice. It was young Neal who spoke.

Mallard's voice rang out as he stood under the lamp-post, his profile clearly defined.
"Probably. But I confess it gave me rather a turn when I heard poor Ivo's name." He laughed good-humoredly. "How the deuce did that girl know about that night when I thought I saw his ghost?" I saw his ghost?"

"Mental telepathy," said Rose Jaffrey.
"Oh, that explains nothing," said the redaded man. "Far more likely——"
"I'm freezing to death!" cried Miss Jaffrey

with an exaggerated shiver.

"Yes, let's take the lady home," said Mallard, "There may be no truth in spiritualism—it's very unconvincing—but there's a lot in pneumonia!"

They packed into the motor, and up in the window of his dark room the luminous eyes of Emery Jago watched the glare of head-lights sweep down Ezra Road.

"Belle," he said, turning to the girl behind him, "did you notice that young lady's hair?"
"No," answered the girl sulkily.
"It was bronze-colored," he said thought-

"Well, what about it?" asked the girl, with a sharp note of suspicion. "What do you mean, Em?"

"Nothing," said Emery Jago. "Supposing we have a cup of cocoa?"

Those people who came in a fine car to the photographer's shop in the Ezra Road, Brix-ton, do not matter just yet. They are only a proof that Emery Jago touched high society at times in his strange and interesting career. And that is remarkable, when one knows something about his humble origin and his rather solitary boyhood as the only son of a cabinet-maker and upholsterer in a small shop along the Brixton Road. Some of the neighbors told stories about his early life when he became famous in the psychic world.

His mother, poor soul, had been a dancing-girl in the Rosenbaum troupe until she developed consumption and married Jago and spent most of her days doing needlework in the back room behind the shop. Little Emery was a delicate boy, said the neighbors—a seven months' child, as his mother told them, proud

of his intelligence.

Perhaps it was ill-health which kept him away from the rough boys of the neighborhood who used to make their playground in the streets. Young Em, as they called him, was fond of his books and sat up doing his home lessons while his mother coughed her lungs out and looked up now and then to say a word to her boy.

"Aren't you working too hard, Em?"

He was impatient with her in those days, as afterwards he confessed. "Oh, shut up, Mother! 'Ow can I get on

with this 'ere problem if you keep on interrupting?"

rupting?"
That was when he used to drop his h's.
"All right, Em. Only I don't want you to get brain fever or anything."
He was always high up in his class, in the elementary school. "Studies well, but highly strung," was one report he had, and his mother was proud of that "highly strung."

"Same as a violin, my dear," said Mrs. Jago to her husband, who was a silent man, generally with tin tacks in his mouth until after

working hours which were often late.

Even the boy's games were serious and unusual. He learned to do tricks out of the Boys' Book of Conjuring which he bought one day in the Charing Cross Road, and he used to make his mother laugh until she coughed, by producing coins out of her hair or ears, or hiding something in the teapot and discovering it in her work-basket.

One day he bought a tame rabbit and made it jump out of the coal-scuttle after his mother had agreed that there was nothing inside but a lump of coal. It gave her an awful start, but she couldn't be angry with this dark-eyed boy of hers—wonderful eyes he had—and his clever ways. Then there was ventriloquism, which didn't work very well, and fretwork and other hobbies until he became too old for such amusements and studied to be a teacher.

That was when the war came, and the air raids which made him nervous. He reached the pimply stage and became moody and irritable for a time and refused to account for his doings when he came home late and sneaked up to his bedroom when his mother lay awake anxious about him. "Some girl," she thought. Or: "Them young hussies in Electric Avenue."

It was when he was a teacher at Walworth, still living at home, that he took up another hobby. It was photography, this time, and the beginning of a new career

At first he experimented with his mother and nade her sit for him in the back yard or with the light falling on the side of her face from the window. "Rembrandt effects," he said, and then spent the evening developing his plates upstairs. Later on he went for long



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walks in the country and brought back photographs of old cottages and country lanes.
"Beautiful, Em!" said his mother. "They

ought to be published, I'm sure. They're as

ought to be published, I'm sure. They're as good as pictures."
"Yes," he said, "I've a good mind to chuck teaching. It don't lead nowhere. I mean—
it doesn't lead anywhere."

He was beginning to be particular about his speech and corrected his mother's grammar. "Oh, Em!" she cried, "after all your training,

and you getting on so well!"

"I'm not going to stay as a schoolteacher, Mother. I can tell you that straight. Ambition is my motto."

"Ambition, Em? What kind of ambition? What more do you want?"

"I want purple and fine linen," he said. "I want the flesh-pots of Babylon. I want loveliness, joy, art, good music, lovely women, in-tellectual society, power . . . Power! . . . And I'm going to get them too. You watch me, Mother!

She watched him, and was afraid. was a burning light in his eyes and he laughed excitedly, as though he saw things beyond this little room. She wished she had brought him up religiously. Once she had been a Catholic, before her father died, when she was eight

years old.

Her mother had been a bad woman without any religion, and Jago, Em's father, didn't hold with religion at all, being a radical and a Freemason. Sometimes, while she was up-Freemason. Sometimes, while she was up-holstering, she used to remember bits about that religion of hers and say the "Hail Mary," as a kind of relief to so much stitching, though she couldn't remember the end of it.

There was an old Irish priest who used to

teach her the catechism and give her candies when she said it nicely. Lately some of it came back to her, queer things about "Holy

Mother Church."
"Em," she said timidly, "do you ever think of religion? I mean God and all that? I've never been able to teach you."

"Oh, that all went out with Darwin," he

said carelessly.

"Who's Darwin?" she asked. "Do you mean the man who keeps the second-hand furniture shop opposite the library?"

He roared with laughter and explained that Darwin and Haeckel—that was another old Johnny—had knocked religion into a cocked Science had taken its place among educated people. Of course there were still a lot of ignorant hunkses who wallowed in superstition, and some of the rich crowd thought it a good thing and supported the churches because they kept the common people tame.

His mother was silent after a long-drawn

YEAR after the Armistice, Emery gave up A YEAR after the Armisuce, Emery gave up teaching and set up as a photographer at the corner of the Ezra Road. It was a shutup shop-it was only later that he took the upstairs rooms-and he came home for his meals and to sleep, although he spent most of his evenings out with unknown company.

Most of his business was taking photographs of Brixton girls and their sweethearts—six cartes-de-visite for six shillings—and it wasn't very profitable, so that he had to borrow money from his father whose business was not good after the war.

It was a little later that he took up with thought reading and discovered unusual powers within himself.

He made use of his mother again for his first experiments; just as in the old days, when he was a small boy, he had practised on her with his parlor tricks out of the Boys' Book of Conjuring. She was pleased at first to find him spending his evenings at home again they two together when his father was working in the shop downstairs or round at the club for a game of dominoes. Em was her boy again, getting excited with his queer ideas, angry with her when she couldn't understand, but very kind and loving she was sure.
"I want you to hide something, Mother,

while I'm out of the room. Then give me a call, and when I come back think of what you've hidden and will me to find it. See?"

"You are a baby, Em! I thought you'd given up them funny tricks."

"They're not tricks," he explained. "They're mental telepathy. Thought reading. It's a psychological phenomenon, Mother."

She laughed at him for using such long words, trying to mystify her by his learning. But she put her needlework to one side and while he was out of the room hid her pair of scissors under the corner of the hearth-rug.

'Come in, Em!" she cried. He came in with a good-humored smile, and she didn't wonder that those eyes of his could

fascinate any girl.

"Now then, Mother, tie this scarf round my eyes so that I'm quite blindfolded." She did what he told her and kissed him on

the forehead when he could no longer see her. "You boy!"

"Now then, take hold of my wrist and think of what you've hidden and will me to find it." "Out loud, Em?"

"Good Lord, no, Mother! Don't you under-and? Just think inside your head that I'm going in the direction of what you've hidden.
Only don't push me or pull me. You must be perfectly passive. Now just touch my wrist with your fingers. Ready?"
She held his wrist lightly. He jerked his head up a little, and seemed to be listening

or thinking very intently.

Suddenly he moved across the room quite sharply, and while she still held on to him, ed down, turned back a flap of the carpet, groped about for a second and clutched the pair

"Is that right?" he asked, standing up and

taking off the scarf.
She stared at him in amazement, almost with "Well, now! However did you know that Em? I believe you looked through a crack in the door or something."

"It's mental telepathy," he told her, as though that explained everything. But even he seemed surprised by the success of his experiment. "It's queer, all the same. pulled down to the carpet. Sure you didn't tug at me?"

I'm sure I didn't, Em."

"Well, let's try with something else. Something less obvious!"

She hid a pin in a fold of tapestry tucked away behind the sofa. Blindfolded again, he found it in less than half a minute. She took her wedding-ring and put it in the vase on the mantelpiece, and he went unerringly in that direction, hesitated for a second and then tilted the vase until the ring was in the hollow of his hand.

"Em!" said Mrs. Jago. "It's frightenin It isn't natural. I can't understand it at all "It's frightening. She went quite white with emotion and stared at her son as though these strange powers of his might have come from the devil.

He tried other experiments on other evenings. He drew a circle on a blank piece of paper and then a cross inside the circle.

"What's that for, Em?" asked Mrs. Jago. "It's not anything blasphemious, is it? That's

She stared at the cross he had drawn as though it awakened some childish memory which stirred her deeply. "It's autosuggestion," he said.

He was tying her thimble to a piece of

thread.

"Now, Mother," he said, "take hold of this thread and hold it in the center of the circle, and then when you look at the cross it will act like a pendulum, first one way and then the other in the shape of the cross.

She held the thread as he told her and, sure enough, after a few seconds the thimble began spinning round the circle and then very gradually changed its course and went backwards and forwards, first one way and then the other in the shape of the cross

"Remarkable!" said Emery. "Let me have a

He held the thimble over the center of the circle. Quicker than when his mother had held it the thimble started spinning round the circle. He laughed excitedly at the success of his experiment.

"It's very queer," he said. "Mental tele pathy and autosuggestion, why, they open out a new world! The secret of power, I wouldn't be surprised. The influence of mind over matter and all that. There's no knowing what one couldn't do with a little more knowl edge of this sort of thing. I'm going to have a

go at it. I believe I've got a gift that way."
"It's dangerous, Em," said Mrs. Jago. "it's
morbid, that's what it is. If you take my advice, deary, you won't touch such queer ideas.

I believe they'll lead you into bad things."

The DIDN'T take her advice. He became intensely interested in the subject of telepathy, and read books on the subject at the public library, and bought second-hand volumes in the Charing Cross Road dealing with hypno-tism and suggestion. One night he pretended

tism and suggestion. One night he pretended to play a joke on his mother.

"It's another experiment," he said. "I want you to sit in front of me, Mother, and look into my eyes. Then I'm going to suggest that you go to sleep."

"But I don't want to go to sleep, Em," she said, rather fretfully. "I've all this work is do, and your father's waiting for it."

"Father can wait," he replied rather angrily. Then he coaxed so that she couldn't refuse

Then he coaxed so that she couldn't refue.
"Now you sit just here, Mother, on the old sofa, and I'll turn the light down a bit. Now I'm going to sit in front of you while you look straight into my eyes. That's it. Don't blink. I'm not going to hurt you. I want you to go to sleep. Just feel that you're very, very tired. Your eyelids are heavy. You feel very very drowsy. You are sinking into a dep sleep, dropping down and down into the quiet world of sleep. So sleepy, so very sleepy, little tired Mother."

She stared into his eyes. In her own the was a frightened look at first, but presently be could hear her breathing quite quietly. Her touth hear her breathing quite quety, head drooped a little. There was no expr in her eyes which were half closed.

"Mother," he said softly, "this room fire. Do you smell anything burning?"

"this room is o A look of fear came into his mother's face.

She began to sniff and her hands twitched.

"Burning," she said in a strange fard voice. "Smoke."
"These scissors are red-hot," he said. "D she said in a strange far-off

you feel them burn you?

He touched her hand with the cold stee of her long scissors and she gave a shar whimper of pain and drew back her thin hand

"Now I'm going to put the fire out," sail Emery in a quiet voice. "It was only the ca-pet. The scissors are quite cold again. Quite cold, Mother."

He touched her hand with the scissors a she shivered slightly.

"When you wake up," he said, "you wil feel very thirsty, Mother. Very, very thirsty You will go into a bedroom and fill a gas of water and come back again into this room and try to drink it. But the water will snd beastly—as if it had been poisoned. You won't drink it. You will pour it into the flower pot on the bookcase. Now you are waking a Mother. You don't feel sleepy any mor Wake up, Mother!"

She didn't wake up as quickly as he expected. Her head flopped sideways a little. A slight convulsive tremor passed through her. There seemed to be no blood in her face, which we have the side of the state of the dead white. Emery became faintly alarme He shook her and called out, "Wake "

Mother!" almost angrily.

Then she sat up and put her hand to be forehead wearily. "I must have been sater about a fin forehead wearily. "I must have been as I seem to remember a dream about a

Something burning, and a smell of smoke.

"It was a dream, Mother," he said. She sat up and moistened her lips with her tongue. "I'm so thirsty, Em! I must something to drink." arch, 1928

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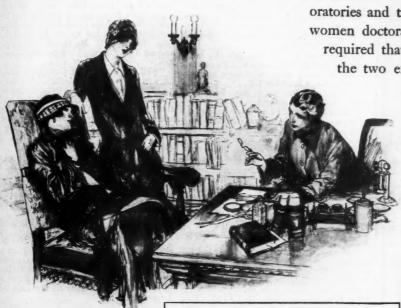
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He sat there watching her, desperately curious to know what she would do.

He felt sorry for her, this consumptive mother of his who had slaved for him, whom he loved after all better than anyone in the world; better than any of those rotten girls with whom he amused himself sometimes. Little sluts, as selfish as cats really, and more savage if you stroke them the wrong way— all their claws out, even against him, though he was sure of his mastery and could tame them pretty quick with those eyes of his, just as he had hypnotized his mother, though in a different way.

Would she go into that bedroom as he had suggested? It was his first experiment after reading those books. It would be pretty marvelous if it succeeded. There must be some thing inside him, some queer power which he had long suspected, being different from other fellows ever since a boy.

He knew that his own lips were dry from excitement and he licked them with his tongue. His mother spoke again in a dazed way, as though she had a headache still.

"I must drink some water, Em. I feel that queer. Didn't I fall asleep just now?"

He didn't answer, but sat staring at her She passed into the bedroom. He heard her filling a glass from the water-bottle on the wash-stand. She came out again and put it to her lips. Would she drink it? No, a look of disgust came into her face. She sniffed at

"It smells queer!" she said, "unless it's my fancy. Must be stale or something. I don't want to get poisoned."

want to get poisoned."

She crossed over to the bookcase and tipped the water into a flower-pot with a withered fern standing on the top shelf.

"Funny! I think I'll make myself a cup of

tea."
"Yes, do, Mother," he said quietly. "I'll help you." He spoke calmly, but there was a sense of excitement in his brain.
"I'm a hypnotist," he said to himself. "I've

a power that might lead me anywhere. I might be a miracle worker if I liked. This suggestion business has no limit. It's the power of the mind over the body. Autosug-gestion and hetero-suggestion, that's what the psychologists call it. If I can make Mother do things which I suggest like that, I can make other people. It's wonderful."

All the same, he was a little frightened by this revelation of mental power.

His mother's constitution had not proved strong enough to withstand double pneumonia, contracted after a severe chill.

It was not long after the death of Mrs. Jago that Emery took Belle Chubb to live with him

and rented the rooms over his shop. He had been attracted by Belle when she came in one day to have some photographs of herself taken in dancing clothes, which she put on in the dressing-room out of the studio—the fluffy white frock of a Columbine showing her long thin legs and her thin chest and shoulders above her little silk corsage

That wax-doll face of hers with big blue-gray eyes and her mop of fair fluffy hair sent a thrill through his body to the tips of his fingers. He remembered that his mother had once been dancing-girl-perhaps it was that which attracted him.

"Wonderfully pretty!" he thought. "It's a pity she's on the scraggy side. Wonder why she looks fed up. Out of a job, I wouldn't be surprised, like so many of them now that the war's over." war's over."

"Professional, Missy?" he asked pleasantly.

"Protessional, Missy?" he asked pleasantly. She nodded and smiled rather miserably. "When I get the chance. Them agents are a set of blighters. All they can say is 'Nothing doing—call tomorrow.' I used to be in the Turvey troupe, until they went broke at Brighton."

"Stranded on the beach eb?" said France.

"Stranded on the beach, eh?" said Emery th sympathetic humor. "No fun, I should with sympathetic humor.

say."
"Not when you have to keep a drunken pa,"

answered the girl, shrugging her thin shoulders. "Can't think why we get born."
"Ah!" said Emery. "That's the big mystery, isn't it? I'm trying to find out."

The girl laughed as though he were a humorist. "Tell me when you happen to know! And look here, before you start wasting plates, I'd like to know the low-down price. I'm not getting these took for my best boy or anything like that. It's for them disgusting agents. Publicity stuff."

"That's all right," said Jago. "Professional ices. Ten shillings for six—cabinet size, prices. glazed and mounted.

"Ten shillings! Ain't you an optimist?" "Ten shillings! Ain't you an optimist?"
"Not much more than cost price," said Emery Jago. If she hadn't been so pretty he might have flared out at her. He had taken five shillings off his usual price, just because something about her got on his sentimental side. Weak, that! He would have to guard against his softness with girls who attracted him.

"Well, I'll have to get them done even if I have to pawn my underclothes," said the girl. "Nothing venture, nothing have, as they say.

She stood an incredibly long time on the tips of her dancing shoes, poised like a fairy, while Emery disappeared beneath his velvet cloth and focused her before squeezing the bulb and exposing his expensive plates. She was worth taking nicely, he thought.

It was when he had exposed five plates and was making ready for the sixth that he saw her sway and stumble on her pointed toes as

ner sway and stumble on her pointed toes as he studied her through his lens.

"Steady!" he said. "Don't you go spoiling a good plate. There's not a gale of wind blowing out there, is there?"

She fell onto his bare boards like a white hid all sympledy up in a doct fainteen.

bird, all crumpled up, in a dead faint.

When she recovered five minutes later, sitting there on the floor and holding her head down to let the blood run back, she seemed rather ashamed of herself for this exhibition.

"Sorry! I don't often make such an idiot of myself. I didn't have no breakfast before I came out."

"And no lunch either, I should say," remarked Emery, looking at the clock which pointed to a quarter past three. "Don't you eat anything these days?"

"Oh I'm keeping down my fat," said the

"Oh, I'm keeping down my fat," said the girl with a brave attempt at humor

"I'd say a sip of brandy would do you a lot of good," said Emery. He fetched some from the public house at the other end of the Ezra Road and when he came back she was sitting in one of his chairs, as limp as a rag doll. One sip of brandy brought the color back to her lips, but she wouldn't drink any more than that.

"I don't want to get bosky," she explained.
"On an empty stomach a little goes a long

Presently she glanced up at him shyly, with look of gratitude like a kitten saved from drowning.

"Thanks, most awfully! Didn't know there were such decent sorts in the world. Men are beasts mostly, aren't they?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," said Emery with a sense of self-righteousness. He was glad he had been kind to this young thing. It made him feel noble and benevolent. many chaps would have bought the brandy for a perfectly strange young woman. Or if for a perfectly strange young woman. Or if they did, they would want something for it. For a moment he wondered if he would ask for a kiss, but he restrained himself. It would spoil his sense of altruism which was rather pleasant.

She was fumbling in her hand-bag and brought out a crumpled bit of paper which was a ten-shilling note.

as a ten-sniling note.

"Pay in advance, I suppose?" she inquired.

"That's all right," said Emery quietly.

You go and get something to eat. You can "You go and get something to eat. You can pay me when you get a job. See?"
She laughed and her face was flushed with

pleasure. She went into the little dressing-room to change her clothes and Emery left

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Emery quietly.

eat. You can eat. You can ee?" as flushed with

little dress and Emery left

her alone in there, though other girls didn't object to his company when they were making their toilet.

their toilet.

"That girl's unusual," he thought. "Childish. She thinks I'm a bit of a hero too. She'd kiss my feet if I wanted her."

She came out in her shabby frock, with her

ane came out in her snabby frock, with her dancing clothes done up in a paper parcel. "Thanks again!" she said. "Sorry for doing that faint. So silly, wasn't it? I'll fetch them photos on Friday."

"They'll be ready," he told her.
"And if ever I get another week's wages I'll
pay that ten shillings, first thing," she assured

"That's all right," said Emery. "Here's

She came for the photographs on Friday and lingered in his shop for a little chat. She had been trapesing round to the agents again, but it was the same old tale. Nothing doing. Mean-while her father was on the drunk again. Tried to bash her last night because she couldn't bring home any wages.

Sometimes she was afraid to go home when he was like that, especially as he jeered at her for keeping respectable. He was a beast, like most men she had met, except one or two. Considering she had kept her dad since she was twelve years old it was a big thick, she thought, especially as he was drawing the dole week by week quite regular, and had been ever since the war, without doing a stroke of work and not wanting to.

"What's your mother think about it?"

"What's your mother think about itraasked Emery.
"Oh, she's past worrying," said the girl.
"That's one comfort. She died when I was
dancing up in Newcastle with the Turvey
troupe. Killed by worry, I should say, what
with Father and everything. Funny thing,
life. I should say it is! Especially for a girl
like me who can't get a job."

She laughed at the comedy of life, but there
were tears in her eves which she tried to hide

were tears in her eyes which she tried to hide by blowing her nose on a ragged lace hand-

kerchief.

Emery was thoughtful. He glanced at the Emery was thoughtful. He glanced at the girl once or twice and liked the look of her more and more. She was uncommonly attractive. And had spirit too. He liked the pluck with which she faced life. He liked her thinness, those long legs of hers and her thin body and arms. He would like to kiss her on the lips and make love to her. She was different from the other girls he knew. And he had an idea at the back of his mind. an idea at the back of his mind that she would

make a good partner to the rather vague ambitions that were stirring in him.

"Look here," he said quietly, "how would you like a job as my assistant? Thirty shillings a week and a furnished bedroom free of rent.

Rather interesting work, and not too hard."
She looked up with incredulous eyes. "Are you being funny, Mr. Jago?"
He told her he was dead serious. She could do the developing and mounting and save him a lot of time which he wanted for a hobby of his which was readiled and the developing and mounting and save him a lot of time which he wanted for a hobby of his which was readiled and him a lot of time which was readiled and the lot of the wanted for a hobby the wanted for a hobb of his, which was reading and studying about spiritualistic phenomena.

Perhaps for the first time she suspected him, because of her long experience of life and men in cheap lodging-houses, in agents' offices, in the lowest class of variety shows.

"If you're not teasing, Mr. Jago, I'd like to have a try. It sounds wonderful. But of course I couldn't live here altogether. People would start talking."

Emery Jago thought that a silly idea. Sup-posing people did talk? How would that hurt? He had made up his mind that if anyone wanted to get on in the world the first maxim of life was not to worry at all about what people thought or said. People were asinine. Mostly fools, according to Carlyle. That was a great

writer he had come across.

"You'd better use that room upstairs," he "It will keep you away from that beery urged. "It will keep you away from that beery old father of yours and save you rent. It's going begging."
"No," said Belle very firmly. "I'll come from nine to six, if that suits you, Mr. Jago."

That was the arrangement. It lasted for two months, during which time Belle learned all the technique of photography and was very neat and quick. He liked to have her there.

She sang little songs when there were no customers and while she was mounting photographs, and sometimes she pirouetted across the floor on the tips of her toes, as she had learned to do in the dancing-schools. She was happy to be there, he could see that, although now and again he caught her looking at him furtively, as though wondering about him and not quite sure.

Sometimes their hands touched when he passed her the paste-pot or the scissors, and each time it was as though this contact made

an electric spark.

"Vibrations," he thought, following a line
of reading on which he was engaged. "Psychic
sympathy. Energy, perhaps electrical, passing
between her body and mine, or her mind and mine. I believe she and I are hypersensitive and in tune with each other like wireless." He tried her with some of his thought-

reading tricks which she thought very funny until one day, like his mother, she was a bit scared by his uncanny gifts. She pretended to

scared by his uncanny gifts. She pretended to be skeptical at first and jeered at him.

"It's just conjuring, Mr. Jago. You can't make me believe it ain't a trick! I knew a fellow once who had a girl that he blindfolded on the stage while he asked the audience to give him anything in their pockets, like a watch or a letter. watch or a letter.

watch or a letter.

"Then he would hold them up and say, 'What's this pretty thing?' or 'What do you think I have in my hand now?' and the girl could always tell him. Wonderful, I thought. Nobody could guess how he did it. But he told us one night it was just a trick. What he called code words so that when he said somecalled code words, so that when he said something like 'What's this pretty thing?' it meant a watch."

a watch."
"That's a stale old trick," said Jago, laughing.
"What I'm doing is quite different. It's mental
telepathy. It's thought waves passing between my mind and yours. Now you just
stand over there and shut your eyes. Don't think of anything at all until you feel inclined to do something. I'm going to will you to do something. And I'll write it down on a bit of paper first, so you'll know what I wanted you to do after you've done it. See?"

It seemed an amusing way of wasting time

when there were no customers in the shop. Belle Chubb thought Mr. Jago a very funny young man, and wonderfully kind to her. Only she wished sometimes that his beautiful eyes didn't stare at her in a way that made her feel very uncomfortable. She shut her eyes while he scribbled something on a bit of paper.
"Now just make your mind a blank," he

said in a tone of command. "Don't think of anything at all."

"But I can't help thinking!" cried Belle Chubb. "I always was a thoughtful young thing, with a mind like a mouse in a trap. You've no idea!"

She gave a squeal of mirth at the absurdity of standing there with her eyes shut while this employer of hers sat in a chair on the other side of the studio, with his knees tucked up and his elbows on his knees and his chin on his wonderful eyes of his.
"Be serious?" he said, rather impatiently.
"This is scientific. It's not just a game."
"Oh, I thought it was, Mr. Jago."
She opened her eyes to smile at him. But

when she saw him looking cross she shut them again and tried to go to sleep in her mind just to please him. Then suddenly she felt that she wanted to move across the floor towards him. She seemed to be pulled in his direction. She found herself quite close to him when she



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She found herself quite close to him when she stopped. What did he want her to do? She bent down and kissed him on the forehead. "Oh!" she cried, dismayed with herself. "Mr. Jago! Please forgive me—I'd no idea!" Her pale face flushed painfully. She was very much upset by what she had done, until	BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO., 2596 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind. Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Mention instrument interested in. Age?Name instrument
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Dr Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads he sprang up from his chair in laughing triumph and pulled out of his waistcoat pocket the slip of paper on which he had scribbled some words. "There you are!" he said. "What did I tell

you? She stared at the words written down: "Kiss me on the forehead."

Then she was very angry. "You'd no right to make me do such a thing, Mr. Jago. I think it's caddish of you. I've a good mind not to come here any more."

She burst into tears and sobbed out something about "making a little fool of me" and "playing monkey tricks."

He soothed her and explained that it was

a scientific experiment, without any harm in it.

"The fact is," he said presently, when he had
made her smile again after she had dabbed her
eyes with her torn handkerchief, "there's a vibrational sympathy between you and me, Belle. You're sensitive to my psychic energy. I believe you and me could do some remarkable things if we put our heads together.

Even now in moments of excitement he forgot his grammar, though he was careful to speak correctly as a rule and studied the mas-ters of English prose with a nice sense of style. It was not until a week later that he persuaded her to let him put her into a hypnotic trance. She fought against his will-power like a frightened bird until he calmed her and told her that it was just like going to sleep and that there was no harm in it, and that she could trust him not to hurt her in any way

She went off suddenly after he had fixed her with his eyes and made his usual suggestions of going into the silence. Her head fell back over the rail of the chair, so that he could see her long thin neck. Her arms were limp at her side. She breathed quietly but heavily.

For a few minutes he stood looking at her. He was aware that he was excited, and that his heart was jumping jerkily. He hoped to good-ness no one would come into the shop while this girl was under his influence like this.

Hardly likely, just before closing time.
"Belle," he said quietly, "you're in love with
Em Jago. You know that—don't you? though you've tried to hide it from yourself. You love him very dearly. This evening when you go home you will feel an irresistible desire to come back to him. At nine o'clock you will put on your hat and come back to the studio. When he opens the door you will hold out your arms to him and say, 'I want to stay with you,
Em. For ever and ever.' Don't forget that,
will you? At nine o'clock you'll come back.
At nine o'clock you'll come back.''

He spoke to her of love. He told her that she loved him with a very great passion. She needn't be frightened of him. He was going to be very kind to her. And she wanted to stay with him and help him. She would come back at nine o'clock and hold out her arms to

him when he opened the door.

Over and over again he repeated this suggestion, until he was startled by a small boy who opened the shop door and made the bell

ring and then ran away—the little devil.

He called to her gently. "Belle! Wake up!
You've been asleep. Wake up, my dear!" He shook her by the shoulders and then

patted her hands. "Oh, lor!" she cried with a little whimper.

Then she sat up and put her hands to her forehead.

"I must have had forty winks. My head aches something awful. Mr. Jago—Em—what have you been doing with me? Didn't you nave you been doing with mer Didn't you make me go off? It was when you made me look into your eyes like that. I—I didn't want to—— Oh, Mr. Jago, I want to keep respectable. I want to be a good girl. Sometimes you make me—scared."

He soothed her, laughed at her, avoided her eyes so that she should not see the burning light in his own

light in his own.

"It's closing time," he said. "You go back and lie down a bit. You're not looking well, little girl. And as for being a good girl, you always have been and you always will be. You needn't be scared about that.'

It was three hours until nine o'clock. Emery Jago cooked himself two eggs over the gas-stove and had his supper. After that he smoked so many cigarets that his nerves were jangled. His own shadow on the wall made him start. He had been getting nervous ever since he had been going to spiritualistic séances.

Sometimes at night he hadn't the pluck to put the light out and got into a blue funk because he heard queer creaks on the back stairs, and once sat up with his hair on end when a sudden draft blew open the bedroom door. It was very absurd, because he was quite certain that the whole thing—or nearly the whole thing—was fraudulent. Nine-tenths of it, anyway.

Those mediums he had been visiting—some of them were idiotic. These people duped their audiences with the simplest tricks which he had learned out of the Boys' Book of Conjuring, and they did them clumsily too. Perh there was an element of truth mixed up with all this fraud. He couldn't get the secret of some spirit photographs he had seen. And some of the automatic writing produced by these women was rather remarkable.

A good deal of it perhaps was just subconscious stuff surging up in people's minds when they were self-hypnotized. But perhaps it wasn't all that. Perhaps now and then a spirit took control. He had seen a materialized spirit at a séance in Camberwell. It moved about the room, touched him on the forehead. He had come to the conclusion that it was a fake—easily done in the darkness—but at the time it had given him a scare. That was because of his nervous temperament. He ought to take more fresh air and exercise.

Eight o'clock. He wondered if Belle would come. There was no fake about this hypnotic suggestion.

He had a good mind to start in as a spiritual-ist with Belle. There was a lot of money in this medium business. After the war many mothers were searching for their dead sons, trying to get in touch, ready to pay anything to a medium who could produce results. Well, it comforted them, fake or no fake. It gave them a sense of spirituality. And, after all, it wasn't all fake. No, he couldn't go as far as that.

If he set up with Belle they would do thought reading and automatic writing and try their hands at clairvoyance. One needn't fake too hands at clairvoyance. One needn't fake too much—perhaps not at all. Just a few simple tricks to get people into a right state of mind by autosuggestion, and then leave the rest to what came through. If anybody could get into touch with the spirit world, he could—that was certain. He was hypersensitive, like any to mysterious with a tous.

an Eolian harp to mysterious vibrations. He might as well make use of his gifts. Mrs. Laveray was making six hundred pounds a year as a medium. "You're a psychic. You're one of us, deary." It had put the idea into his head.

A quarter to nine. It would make him look rather a fool if Belle didn't come. Perhaps she wouldn't turn up in the morning-or ever again. He had frightened her, poor kid. Rather a shame. Only he didn't mean her any harm. He wanted her to share his future

Mrs. Laveray had told his fortune by the crystal. He was going to have a lot of luck, she told him, surrounded by rich people, living in luxury.

Fame was coming to him. She saw a picture of him in the crystal, standing before a great audience. And there was a lady with bronze-colored hair. A great lady with a glint of diamonds about her throat. He was making love to her. Their hands were clasped. It was going to happen sometime in the future.

Of course Mrs. Laveray might be faking like so many others, but somehow she impress

Nine o'clock. He heard footsteps outside the shop. The shutters were up, and he had locked the door. Someone was ringing the bell. He rose from his chair and stood listening

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tsteps outside p, and he had as ringing the stood listening

intently. Perhaps he had only imagined that ringing. Too many cigarets and his nerves all jangled! No, the bell had rung, all right. Belle Chubb! Yes, he could see her there through the door as clearly as though it were wide open and in full daylight, a slim, frightened foure in a clocke hat and a chean inches ened figure in a cloche hat and a cheap jacket above her short frock and long stockings of imitation silk.

Slowly he went to the door and opened it.
Belle was there exactly as he had seen her.
"Is that you, Belle? Anything you want?"
She faltered into his narrow hall and stood

there under the gas-jet.
"Oh, Mr. Jago! Oh, Em! I had to come back . . I don't know what's happened. Ifeel that queer!"

He took her hands and drew her further into the hall. "I've been calling you," he said quietly. "My love has been calling you. Don't you understand?"

Her hands faltered up and clung to him. "Oh, Em!" she cried. "I'm afraid. It's not good!" She wept miserably, clasping him about the neck.

about the neck.

"It's perfectly good," he said. "You and I are meant for each other, little girl. It's psychic, that's what it is. We can't help ourselves." He kissed her lips and throat. "My little Belle," he said huskily, because of his emotion. "Belle—French for beautiful!"

That night was the beginning of their part-

It was Mrs. Laveray from whom Jago obtained his initiation into the mysteries of mediumship. She was a remarkable woman with a very considerable knowledge of occult mat-ters, having been a theosophist in India when her late husband was a sergeant-major in the Norfolk regiment. She believed herself in the Norfolk regiment. to be the reincarnation of Queen Elizabeth and occasionally she was possessed by her guru, the Earl of Leicester, now a reformed character. She talked a good deal about a thing called

karma, which seemed to be the same thing as life, and she was always struggling to reach a state of Nirvana, which she could attain temporarily when she fell into a trance-like state and gave utterance in a deep bass voice to very beautiful but mysterious words which afterwards she said had been revealed to her by Vishnu. She could also get into touch with many young spirits which had recently passed over and she had great gifts of clairvoyance, which interested Jago most of all.

It was shortly before his partnership with

belle that Emery attended one of Mrs. Laveray's seances. She charged him half a guinea, which he grudged, but afterwards he thought he had had his money's worth. The same old tricks, he thought, when he was first shown into the back parlor of a small house in a back street of Camberwell.

An invisible musical box was playing in the darkened room and about a dozen people, mostly women, were sitting in a circle holding hands, with their feet tucked in under their chairs. Mrs. Laveray was already in a trancelike state when he entered, rather late, but she had sufficient touch with reality to speak to

in the circle, deary." He sat down in a vacant chair and found his hand clasped on one side by an elderly nan whose own hand was moist and clammy, and on the other by a middle-aged man with ony ingers. At first the room seemed impenebony fingers. At first the room section of a few trably dark, but when he had blinked for a few trably dark, but when he had blinked for a few trables. Two of minutes he could see the company. Two of them were ladies rather fashionably dressed and elegant, thought Jago. Once or twice they whispered to each other.

There was a bald-headed, clean-shaven man who looked like a schoolmaster because of his high forehead and pince-nez. The others were the sort of people who passed Jago's shop every day, shabby, worn-looking, middle-aged women who spent their afternoons at the movies, and a hospital nurse in a blue cloak, sitting very still, with vague watery eyes. The elderly man who clasped his right hand with bony

fingers seemed to be a ship's captain because of his pointed beard and reefer jacket. He smelled of coarse tobacco.

Mrs. Laveray sat alone beyond the circle in a low chair covered in red plush. She was a stout woman, about fifty, Emery imagined, in a black silk dress with short sleeves. She wore her hair cut like a man's and had a powerful face with a double chin and heavy eyebrows.

She seemed to be reciting something in a deep monotonous voice and occasionally broke into a strange outlandish tongue which was Hindustani, according to the man on Jago's right—the ship's captain—who whispered this information solemnly.

"Nirvana is the absolute kingdom of happiness," said Mrs. Laveray. "It can only be reached by great striving, by noble thoughts, by freedom from karma. It is the triumph over sin and selfishness, the putting away of the flesh and its iniquities."

Emery Jago could not resist the idea that Mrs. Laveray had a lot of flesh to put away. But he was impressed. This Oriental stuff was new to him. And it sounded rather well. "I search for my eternal gurn," said Mrs. Laveray. "My lover! My beautiful one! I

shall have no happiness, no peace for my rest-less bosom, no tranquillity, until I hear the voice of my beloved speaking from the ever-

lasting Joy.
"It is the voice of the Universal Love which is revealed in the tiny leaf, in the water drop, in that crouches after the tiger's eyes, in the cat that crouches after the timid mouse, in the poet's songs, in the cry of little children, in the sun and in the stars. Oh, my guru, my guru!"

Mrs. Laveray seemed to be struggling to escape from the prison-house of her body. She twisted about in her plush-covered chair. She uttered strange moans. She gasped heavily.

Jago felt the warm clammy hand which

clasped him on the left vibrate with a sudden emotional storm.

"A young man is trying to speak through e." said Mrs. Laveray faintly. "Such a nice-"A young man is trying to speak through me," said Mrs. Laveray faintly. "Such a nicelooking boy. I see his spirit face hevering above my brow. He is in uniform—torn and blood-stained. I smell blood—stale blood... Yes, darling, what do you want to say? I'm trying to help you. You can't get through, you say? Oh, yes you can, if you trust your aunty."

aunty."

Mrs. Laveray gasped again, clutched her throat with her fat fingers, writhed again in her plush-covered chair. Then suddenly she was very quiet, and out of the silence came the sound of a different voice, young and boyish. "Is that you, Mother? I'm Jack. Your boy who was killed in the war. Speak to me, Mother!"

Emery Jago could fairly hear the thrill pass through all the human bodies about him. It was like an electric shock. The woman holding on to his left hand with a damp clutch gave a little moan and whispered some pitful words. "I had a son called Jack. Killed in Flanders." "Speak to him, deary," said Mrs. Laveray in her natural voice.

her natural voice.
"Oh, my dear!" cried the mother of the dead

"Oh, my dear!" cried the mother of the dead son. Jago turned his head and saw her thin pale face twisted by emotion. Her eyes were glistening with a rush of tears.

"Don't you worry about me, Mother," said the young voice. "I'm all right over here. As happy as a sand-boy. Many of my comrades are here—such a crowd of the lads. Tom and 'Erb and young Arthur and Bert. Do you remember Bert? I think there's someone here belonging to him."

belonging to him."

The hospital nurse spoke very quietly, in a voice that trembled. "I had a brother named Bert. He was missing after the Armistice."

"That's the fellow," said the voice. "Young Bert. He had a sister who was a hospital nurse. He used to show me her photograph. She had sandy hair, if I remember rightly."

She had sandy hair, if I remember rightly."

Jago looked at the hospital nurse who had mentioned her brother Bert. Because of the darkness he couldn't be sure that she had sandy hair. But it looked reddish. "That's clever," he thought. "If it isn't true, it's clever."



What a dilemma for the Young Wife

. . . this whole matter of feminine bygiene!

MANY a young married woman is per-plexed concerning those intimate matters that are vital to her welfare. More than likely she has too much information-many facts, but with them much contradictory opinion that frightens and bewilders.

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No matter in what form these compounds are prepared, they are DANGEROUS when employed for feminine hygiene. So caustic is carbolic acid, for example, that its continued use actually hardens the delicate internal membranes and in many cases produces areas

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Bert was just the same as ever, it seemed— merry and bright. When he first came over he had been glum because his people couldn't find him. "Missing," the war-office said. He had been blown up by a German shell. There was nothing left of his earth-bound body.

He wanted to tell his sister and others that he was always thinking of them. Sometimes he had seen his sister in a long shining ward, nursing sick folk—or was it children?—he couldn't be sure. Anyhow, she was doing beautiful work. She would be rewarded for it.

Jago saw the hospital nurse touch her lips with a pocket-handkerchief. Her eyes were shining in that darkened room. Then young Jack began to speak to his mother again—that woman next to him who was trembling in every limb but still kept his hand clasped.

He spoke of his nursery days when she had held him on her knee, tight against her breast. She used to tell him fairy-tales. He remem-bered some of them now. There were real

bered some of them now. There were real fairies where he was—shining creatures who had never been on earth. Funny little beggars!

"I must remember that," thought Jago. "That's a pretty idea! No one can say it isn't true. Very likely it is!"

That boy Jack, speaking through the voice of Mrs. Laveray, mentioned a boy who had died at sea. Submarined. A quiet young fellow and very smart. His parents were still on earth, in the neighborhood of Camberwell. He'd like to get a message through. He was He'd like to get a message through. He was going to speak now.

Jago looked round the room. For a moment no one seemed to claim this seafaring boy who had been submarined, until the man next to

him spoke huskily.

"Is that you, Bill, my boy?"

Another voice, different from the first, answered cheerfully, "Hullo, Dad!"

The seafaring man looked round the dark room and cleared his throat, huskily. Jago could feel the tight grip of his bony fingers.

"Look 'ere, now. I suppose I ain't 'aving my leg pulled?" he asked suspiciously. "If I thought there was any monkey tricks-

"It's all right, Dad," said the voice. kidding! Do you remember that time I was torpedoed by the German submarine? I went down ever so far under the sea. All among the fishes and the seaweed. It was my soul came up after the third time. It was like flying, light as air. I thought, "Poor old dad would be surprised to see me now!

The seafaring man spat softly on the bare

boards between his feet.
"It was the D-18," he said to Emery. "Went down like a stone after being hit by a torpedo

from the German cruiser."
"That's it, Dad," said the spirit voice. "The jolly old D-18, and as nice a crew of boys as

jolly old D-18, and as nice a crew of boys as ever I saw."

"That's like my boy Bill," said the seafaring man emotionally. "Always cheerful and pleased with his company." He spoke louder into the darkened room. "Do you get any 'baccy up there, Bill? I couldn't imagine 'Eaven without a plug of 'baccy."

"Good Lord, yes, Dad," said the spirit voice. "There's always 'baccy for them as likes it. Wonderful stuff. Cool and sweet. You've no idea!"

"Well, that's a comfort," said the man.

"After learning the 'abit-

He exchanged a few more words with that boy's voice before Mrs. Laveray was seized with a kind of convulsion and gradually awakened to her normal self.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied, dearies," she said good-naturedly. "I've done my best for you. Them young spirits have been tearing at

"Wonderful, ma'am," said the seafaring an, "I must say. We're all grateful to you."
"Oh, Mrs. Laveray," said the hospital nurse, most hysterically, "is it true? It seems too almost hysterically, "is it true? It s good to be true. My dear brother— Mrs. Laveray gazed at her sternly.

"Haven't you any faith, my dear?" she ked. "Don't you know that without faith asked. and unless you become even as a little child you shall not enter the Kingdom of 'Eaven? And what is the Kingdom of 'Eaven? Answer me

The nurse did not commit herself to an answer.

"It's Nirvana," said Mrs. Laveray. you've got through karma you enter Nirvana. But not all at once. Those who pass over go from plane to plane until they reach the final ecstasy of everlasting joy and the scented garden where Beauty never dies."

"What's the matter with them pictures?" asked the seafaring man suddenly, with a

sharp fear in his voice.

"The pictures, deary?" asked Mrs. Laveray, as though much surprised by this question.

Jago looked at the pictures on the walls.

Everybody was looking at them, and certainly they were behaving strangely.

The portrait of a stout gentleman with side-whiskers—possibly Mrs. Laveray's father— suddenly changed places with the faded photosuddenly changed places with the taded photo-graph of a sergeant-major—probably Mrs. Laveray's late husband. The colored print of a little girl with a dog suddenly seemed to pop out of its frame and change places with a pic-ture of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, cut from an old copy of the Graphic. "It's those naughty spirits!" said Mrs. Laveray. "Up to their games again. They tease me something awful when they're in a larky mood."

larky mood."

Emery Jago felt the sensation known as goose-flesh. For the life of him he couldn't resist this symptom of fear. The dimly lighted room had set all his nerves quivering. tense atmosphere, the nervousness of the other

"It's all humbug," he said to himself reassuringly. "It's one of the old woman's assuringly. "It's one of the old tricks. I wonder how she works it."

And yet in spite of his skepticism he was uneasy, and his nerves were all on edge. One could never be quite sure of these phenomens, whether they were supernormal or supernatural, or just fakes.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Laveray, "that's the end of the séance, and if any of you like to come again and talk to your-dear ones. I'll do my

again and talk to your near ones, best for you, same as this time. I'm now going best for you, same as this time. I'm now going best for your tal-gazing. That's extra, you again and talk to your dear ones, I'll do my to do a bit of crystal-gazing. That's extra, you know, and quite private. 'Alf a guinea for a separate sitting."

Separate sitting.
Only three people remained behind for the crystal-gazing. They were the two fashionably dressed ladies and Emery Jago.
"I'll have half a guinea's worth of that," he thought. "It's a lot of money but I might learn something."

Mrs. Laveray retired to an inner room which afterwards Jago knew to be the bathroom. The bath had been covered with a board and draped in black. There was just room for a table and two chairs in one of which Mrs. Laveray wedged herself. But he had to take his turn while the others went first, those two

Then somewhat nervously, he had to admit to himself, he went in to Mrs. Laveray.

It was five minutes before she seemed to see

things in that crystal. "I see a young man," she said. "Longish hair, good-looking, small 'ands. I wouldn't be surprised if that's you. I see him taking up bits of paper, putting them into boxes or something. Pictures, I should say."

something. Pictures, I should say."
"My photos and frames," thought Emery.
"Pretty good that. Thought reading, I
wouldn't be surprised."
"I see a girl," said Mrs. Laveray.

"I see a girl," said Mrs. Laveray.
"Not unnatural," remarked Emery flip-

She looked up at him with a scowl. "If

She looked up at nun "you've come here to guy me" "I'm serious."
"Not at all," said Emery, "I's a slim bit of appeased. "It's a slim bit of appeased." a girl, with long legs. She's sitting in a chair.
Or perhaps it's on a sofa. You seem to be

standing over her, moving your hands about."
"Hypnotism," thought Emery. "That's a good one, that is. This old woman is a marvel. I wonder who that girl is."

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Mrs. Laveray, this question. n the walls. and certainly

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ay. Emery flip a scowl. "If

I'm serious."
a slim bit of ing in a chair. ou seem to be hands about."

That's a an is a marvel It was before he had met Belle Chubb. She saw other pictures. She couldn't tell whether they were past or future. It was then that she saw a lady with bronze-tinted hair and diamonds about her breast and hair. Emery was making love to her. He was surrounded by rich people, watching him. He was going to be famous. A public speaker or something. Perhaps a politician. Quite likely Prime Minister or trade-union leader. Something

important.
It took her some little time to see these It took ner some inter time to see these things, and Emery sat tensely interested with his sense of personal power flattered. He wanted her to go on. He was getting value for his money. If it wasn't true, it was useful as suggestion, and he didn't deny its truth. Quite a lot of scientists admitted the possibility of clairvoyance—the mind getting outside time and space-

Suddenly Mrs. Laveray pushed away the

Suddenly Mrs. Laveray pushed away the crystal impatiently.
"If I don't get a cup of tea, I'll die!"
"Here, how about my half guinea?" asked Emery, half humorously, half in earnest.
"That's all I'm going to see this afternoon," she told him. "And enough too, if you ask me, young man. Prime Minister of England, or heads after the dearning Interview of the treatment of the treatme leader of a trade-union. Isn't that worth half

She sat watching him with her drowsy eyes and seemed taken by his good looks.
"Them eyes of yours," she said, "they're worth a fortune to you."

worth a fortune to you."

He laughed with a slight sense of embarrassment. "Glad you think well of them.
All the ladies like them."

"Oh!" she said. "Don't you get scared. I'm
not amorous. I leave that to the young

hussies." She stared at him again, and seemed startled. "You're psychic," she said. "You could see things yourself if you wanted to, I could see things yourself if you wanted to, I wouldn't be surprised. I can always tell. Ever tried table-turning and all that?"

"A bit of mental telepathy now and then," confessed Emery. "A few experiments with breastier."

hypnotism."
This old woman was a wonder. There was

nothing she didn't know.

"Ah!" she remarked. "I thought so. Nervous, ain't you? Sensitive. Delicate as a boy,

He admitted the truth of all that. Suddenly as blurted out his secret ideas, his ambition,

his belief in mysterious powers.
"Look here, Mrs. Laveray. I'm rather taken with this sort of thing. I've been studying it. Mental telepathy, hypnotic suggestion, supernormal faculties, psychic stuff. I believe I could do rather well with it. It's in me, that's what it is, and always was since I was a small boy and played conjuring tricks. I'm a photographer now at the corner of Ezra Road, Brixton. I've a jolly good mind to set up as a medium, if you'd help me with a few tips. In a business way, you know. Commission and all that. On the straight."

that. On the straight."
"I don't want no more competitors," she answered rather sullenly. "Too many already, I can tell you. All them stuck-up society females taking the bread out of their mouths," said Emery. "Capture their clients and make them look silly. If you and me—you and I—could go into partnership——" Mrs. Laveray smiled at his optimism. "What do you take me for?" she asked good-humoredly. "Do you think I'm going to give away my custom and all my little secrets, to a young fellow who wants to set up for himself? young fellow who wants to set up for himself? No blooming fear, deary. You don't know

"We could make a good thing of it," said Emery quietly, restraining his excitement. "You could give me a bit of training, teach me

Some of your fancy tricks—"
She flared up at him instantly. "Tricks!
What's that you're saying about tricks? Did
you come here to insult me, young man?"
"Heavens, no!" said Emery. "When I say
tricks, I mean your methods and gifts and so
forth."



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"Well, you go and find them in the Camber-well Road," answered Mrs. Laveray sullenly. "Tricks, indeed! I never heard such sauce from a young fellow."

"Sorry!" said Emery. "I hadn't the least idea of being saucy, as you call it. None whatever, Mrs. Laveray. Honor bright!"

"You're keeping me from my tea," said the dy. She relented a little before he left. lady. She relented a little before ne lett.
"Did you say something about being a photog-

"That's it," said Emery. "The corner shop.
Any time you'd like to call in, I'd be glad to see

you and make you a cup of tea. And no charge either. A pleasure."
"Well, that's nice of you," she said quite amiably. "And don't be hard on the girls with those dark eyes of yours."

Emery Jago went with Belle several times to the Caledonian Market in the north of London. It was an old haunt of his, where he had picked up books on psychical subjects and haunted houses and a twopenny copy of Vale Owen's automatic writings. Now that he had set up housekeeping with Belle Chubb they wanted some odd bits of furniture for the bedrooms, such as a chest of drawers and a corner cupboard. Belle, too, was quite practical and a good little housekeeper, and when she wasn't worrying because she hadn't been properly married in church—he laughed at her for that notion—was keen to get some things for the kitchen so that she could cook the meals nicely instead of living all the time on boiled eggs or kippered herrings or tinned stuff, which was bad for Em's digestion and made him nervous.

She held his hand as they wandered about the stalls, and when he stood looking at old bits of ironmongery or turned over some tattered books-centuries old, some of them, he told her—she leaned against him with her head touching his shoulder.

Emery was suddenly interested in something that had caught his attention on a stall. He stretched out an arm and took something and

"That's queer!" he said. "Fancy finding that here! We've been led to it, seems to me. I've been wondering where on earth I could

I've been wondering where on earth I could find one. And here it is, put into my hand almost. Extraordinary!"

Belle laughed at him. "What do you want with that bit of glass, Em? Silly, I call it."
"It's not glass," he said in a low voice that had a thrill in it. "It's a crystal."
"Some this in." it's?" stelle Belle helding.

"Same thing, isn't it?" asked Belle, holding on his arm and leaning her head against his shoulder again. This Em of hers was a funny young man. She loved him so much that it frightened her sometimes. But he was always doing queer things, and making her feel scared over and above her love for him.

"How much do you want for this crystal, mother?" he asked the Gipsy-looking woman. "Fifteen-and-sixpence," she told him. "But I wouldn't advise you to buy it, young man. Swelp me Gord, I wouldn't, and I tell you straight, though it's bad business."
"What's the matter with it?" asked Emery

in his quiet way. But his hand trembled slightly as he held the crystal up to the light from a gray sky which was leaden and sultry

over the Caledonian Road, that August day. "It's unlucky," said the woman. "It's used for fortune-telling and the magics. My mother was a Romany and used to do a bit in that way before I left the road and gave up being wild. I dare say that thing is thousands of years old. It gives me the jimjams to think of all them that 'as 'andled it and tried to see their fate, poor dears!'

Emery Jago fumbled in his pocket and pulled out fifteen shillings and some coppers. "It interests me." he confessed. "I'll have it."

Belle clutched his arm and made a protest "Em, I wouldn't! Fancy you being caught by a bit of glass like that. Why, I wouldn't give twopence for it!"

"It may be worth thousands of pounds to us," he told her in a whisper.

He put the crystal in the side pocket of his jacket, where it bulged like an apple.
"Well, I warned yer," said the Gipsy-woman

with a shrill laugh.

Emery nodded and strolled away. And that night in his shop at the corner of Ezra Road he sat in front of a small table with the crystal on a strip of black velvet which he had cut from his camera cloth. On the other side was Belle with her sharp-pointed elbows on the cloth, and her chin in her hands, and her fluffy fair hair falling over her forehead. The light was half turned down so that the room was dim. Only the crystal sparkled against the black velvet. The rays from the gas-jet above their heads seemed to play in it.
"Do you see anything?" asked Emery in a

"Do you see anything?" asked Emery in a low voice. They had been there for an hour. "Not a thing, Em. Oh, I'm fed up with this silly rot. You are a fool, Em! Straight." "Don't talk so much," he said, rather crossly. "Keep looking. Concentrate. Keep your mind a blank . . . Now then. Hush." He was staring into the crystal with his dark breedling stage. Pall's hair touched his

brooding eyes. Belle's hair touched his fore-head. He could see the reflection of her eyes in the crystal. Sometimes he thought he saw other things. The light moved in it like waves. It seemed to flow like water. Shadows came passed across. Once, almost distinctly, he thought he saw a figure like a human form.

Or was it a face? Or—just nerves? For five minutes more there was intense silence in that "Em!" said Belle in a whisper.
"What?" he asked, whispering also. "Do

you see anything?"

"Something's forming," she said. "It's like faces and bodies. I feel afraid."

"Keep on looking!" he urged. "For heaven's

His voice shook. His hands were trembling as they were clasped beneath his chin. He felt an immense strain upon him, as though all his strength were passing from his body into that crystal.
"Oh, Em!"

Belle thrust herself back from the table, and ave a shrill scream and covered her eyes gave a shrill scream and covered and The crystal slipped on the velvet cloth towards Emery

"What did you see?" he asked hoarsely. "What is it?"

For several seconds she held her hands against her eyes. Her face was very white. "Em!" she said when she looked at him again th fear in her eyes. "It was you! I thought with fear in her eyes. "It was you! I thought I saw you. You had a woman in your arms. She was in evening dress, like one sees in the picture papers. You were trying to kiss her. I could see your face. Your eyes were on fire, Em. I couldn't bear the sight of it. I won't never look in that rotten thing again."

She burst into tears and came round and

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clung to him, kneeling by his side. "Em, if you ever love any other girl, I'll kill myself. I swear I will. Why don't you marry me, same as other girls want?"

Emery stood there with Belle holding on to him. He tried to comfort her.

"Perhaps it was you," he said. "After we get rich. In evening clothes like a grand get rich. lady."

She shook her head and sobbed. Something told him that it was not Belle who had appeared in that crystal. It was the same woman that Mrs. Laveray had seen, with the glint of diamonds about her and bronze-tinted hair. It was his future lady.

It was his future lady.

"That crystal is going to make our fortune," he said. "Clairvoyance, and you making pots of money with rich clients. It's quite clear you've got the gift."

"No!" cried Belle sharply. "I'd rather de than stare into that silly bit of glass. I never want to look at it again."

want to look at it again."
"Oh, yes you will," said Emery quietly, "if I want you to. You can't refuse me anything, Belle. That's because you love me, little girl. You and I are partners. We can't get outside fate. Everything's bound to hap pen that happens. That's certain."

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nership with Belle Chubb that Emery saw the bulky framework of Mrs. Laveray squeeze through his shop door. It was three weeks after he had set up part-

She greeted him amiably. "Good afternoon, deary. Aren't you the young fellow who called on me one day?"

Emery agreed that he was that young fellow, and he was delighted to see Mrs. Laveray

and he was again.

"Twe brought a little job for you, deary," said Mrs. Laveray, after some further conversation about the weather, and a murder down Camberwell way.

She opened a black hand-bag which she nursed on her lap and produced four photographs of young soldiers in khaki.

"Friends of mine," she remarked. "Such ice boys!"

"They look it," agreed Emery. He had taken hundreds like them—with their best girls. "But I don't see what you want me to do with them.

do with them."

She explained with asthmatical laughter. It was just an idea of hers. Rather silly, but then she was sentimental. She wanted Emery to take her own picture. Just sitting there as she was now. And then, if it wasn't too difficult—she didn't understand these things—she wanted the faces of those dear boys—bless them!—taken on the same plate. Separately, of course, one how one plate just above her of course, one boy one plate, just above her head. Perhaps he might make it look as though they were coming out of a cloud, all vague like and nebulous.

rague like and nebulous.

Emery Jago was rather struck with that word "nebulous." He made a mental note of it. It was a very good word. He was also struck by Mrs. Laveray's idea.

"Nothing easier," he said, looking at her with a sideways glance. "As simple as A B C."

Mrs. Laveray was glaz" to hear it. She thought he must be very clever.

He took the four photographs. "You leave

He took the four photographs. "You leave it to me, Mrs. Laveray.

She left it to him gladly. But she would like to know how much he was going to charge a poor old woman for a little job like that.

poor on woman for a little job like that.

"Don't make it too steep, deary."

Not at all. Emery Jago was going to charge only a nominal fee for a small job like that.

"Twenty pounds," he said, and looked into

her eyes

She gave a kind of gurgle which was like a strangled scream, and fell back in her chair.

strangled scream, and fell back in her chair.
"Twenty pounds! Have you gone mad, young man? I think five shillings would be ample. Twenty pounds! You're having your little joke with a poor old woman."
"Oh, I'm not joking," said Emery, with a deadly calm. "I said twenty pounds, didn't I? That's not too much for faking spirit photos. And if you don't pay up and look pleasant, I'll come round and tell your clients that you're playing games with them. See? That will rather spoil your reputation, won't it?"
She pawed about with her hands like an old tabby-cat clawing at a dog through the area

tabby-cat clawing at a dog through the area

"Oh, you dirty young devil! I'd like to tear your eyes out. You serpent in sheep's clothing! Psychic, didn't I say? Why, you're just a blackmailing toad. You ought to be crushed under a steam-roller, and swep' up in the dust-bin. Noxious! I'll get the spirits on to you.

They'll fling you out of bed and hurl the coal. om. Noxious! I'll get the spirits on to you. They'll fling you out of bed and hurl the coal-scuttle at you. They'll cover your body with sores and spoil your face for you. Wait till my sum has a go at you. You won't know yourself when you get up in the morning, I promise you!"

you!"
"Now, look here," said Emery Jago sternly, but enjoying himself a good deal because of this unexpected drama, "we may as well be friends and understand each other. I don't want to take advantage of you. But if I'm going to do spirit photos for you I want to be properly paid. They might be traced to me, and I'm not taking the risk for nothing. Besides, it's deceiving simple souls who come to you for spiritual consolation. I don't come to you for spiritual consolation. I don't hold with it."



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He felt sincere and righteous in showing this

indignation. Mrs. Laveray breathed loudly and pressed a fat hand against her bosom. "It's a comfort to them," she said sullenly. "That's as may be," said Emery. "All the same, it's a fake. Highly immoral and very dangerous. And what's more, I wouldn't be surprised if your whole show isn't a fake. That crystal-gazing, for instance. That lady with diamonds in her bronze-colored hair. How am I to know if there's any truth in it, now that

I've caught you out over these photos?"
"It's true," said Mrs. Laveray, with all he bronchial tubes wheezing. "May God strike me dead while I sit in this chair if I don't see

pictures in the crystal!"

Emery was impressed. He believed that she was telling the truth about the crystal.

"I'll let you off that twenty pounds," he said after a bit. "I'll do those photos for nothing. In a friendly way, see, between you and I."

He corrected his grammar and said "between

you and me," though it always sounded wrong

to him.

She was gratified. In her temperamental way—even fat people can be temperamental, thought Emery—she beamed on him, relieved thought Emery—she beamed on him, relieved from the awful thought of that blackmailing

threat and the twenty pounds.
"Now that's kind of you," she said. "The first moment I saw you I thought that's a hand-Such nice eyes. You and I her, deary. We've both got some young fellow. Such nice eyes. You and I understand each other, deary. We've both got the psychic gifts. One has to learn the technique, like in all professions. Each one has his own methods. The patter, as you might call

it."

"That's exactly my idea," said Emery.
"If you could put me up to a few things, I'll stretch a point about those spirit photos!"

She squeezed his hand. "Reciprocity," she said. "You come round and see Aunty."
"That's right," said Emery. "Reciprocity, and a very good word too. I can't think how you get hold of such fine words."
"My poor husband was a scholar and a sergeant-major," said Mrs. Laveray. "I picked up some of his long words. Couldn't help it."
"I'll call round with the photos one evening," said Emery.

ning," said Emery.

He did not tell Belle Chubb that he had agreed to fake some spirit photographs. She wouldn't understand.

EMERY had some trouble with Belle when he first proposed to start some séances

"It isn't honest," she said, having given up the habit of saying "ain't," under his tuition. "It's cheating, Em. It's taking advantage of Pretending to be their dead friends and all that. Scaring them by conjuring tricks and silly nonsense. I wish you hadn't never had nothing to do with that Mrs. Laveray.

She's leading you into all this dirty muck."

Emery pushed back his hair impatiently with his small nervous hand. Belle was beginning to try his patience. She was rather stupid

and obstinate.

"Mrs. Laveray is a kind-hearted creature," said sullenly. "I've learned a lot from her." he said sullenly. That was true. Since he had obliged her about those spirit photographs Mrs. Laveray had been friendly and helpful, and now her health was breaking down because of her asthma, and she was going to pass on some of her clients, who were getting too much for her. It was to be a business arrangement between them, on a commission basis. It was only by personal recommendation at first that one could make a start. And it wasn't as if it were all fake. That was what he tried to explain to Belle.

"You must admit you see things in the crystal," he said. "After that first experiment of ours you've only got to concentrate for five minutes and you see all sorts of queer things.

You're psychic to your finger-tips."
"I'm afraid of it," she said sulkily. "I wish you wouldn't ask me to do it, Em. It gives me

the jimjams."
"It's a gift," he told her sincerely.

"Besides," she said, putting her thin hand on his shoulder, "that's not so bad as when you pretend to speak with spirit voices. It seemed funny at first-made me laugh because it's so fair. It really don't, Em." silly and comical like-But it don't seem

Emery explained his ideas carefully, though he didn't expect her to understand. "It's like this, Belle. I regard this séance stuff as being in two parts—illusion and reality. The illuion is for the sake of suggestion—to get people in the proper mood. See? Then queer things begin to happen, without a doubt. One's supernormal faculties begin to work. Spirit messages come through. Spirits themselves, I wouldn't be surprised."

"It's king" she said. "It's cheating.

"It's lying," she said. "It's cheating, mostly." Belle Chubb was utterly unconvinced by that confession of faith. "Don't do

"We must do it," he said gloomily. "How the devil are we going to live if we don't do it? I've told you that I'm getting into debt. miserable photography isn't any good and now that my old dad has passed over"—uncon-sciously he fell into the language of his fellow mediums—"there's not a soul to lend me a bit of money. You know that as well as I do

Finally, he broke down Belle's opposition. She could never resist him for long. Her love for him made a slave of her, and she couldn't bear it when he spoke sharply to her with a glint of anger, or when he wouldn't speak at all but pretended to ignore her. "I'll do it, Em!" she said one night, and put

"I'll do it, Emi sue sau out man, such the her arms round him and her wet face against his cheek. She had been crying, as he knew. She kissed him passionately. "You know I She kissed him passionately. "You know I love you, Em! Whatever you want me to do I can't help loving you. You silly old Em!" She was the slave of love.

Before his first séance Emery was nervous. So much depended upon it. And it was a great experiment, too. It was a test of his own powers. Lately when Belle had gone to "the pictures" in the cinema at the corner of Electric Avenue, he had locked himself in the bathroom for an hour at a time where he sat in the darkness with the blind pulled down in order to get into a trance-like state and give the spirits a chance to take possession of him. Anyhow, to see if anything happened. You never could

Things had happened. When he had put his mind into that blank state all sorts of queer ideas and images had come surging up-the strangest stuff. He didn't believe it all came out of his subconsciousness, though he knew the theory of all that. He saw faces in the darkness—some of them horrible and leering, others beautiful and alluring—the faces of lovely women such as he sometimes dreamed about in that half-waking state before getting

He was obsessed with the idea of a red Indian chief. He could see him in his Indian dress and moccasins—a hatchet-faced young man. But sometimes he was in uniform with the wings of a flying man on his chest. It was rather extraordinary, that constant appearance of this red Indian. He remembered reading an article about the man in an American maga-He was a full-blooded chief named Black Eagle, who had served in the Canadian air force during the war and had been killed during the battles in Flanders. The article had been illustrated by photographs and drawings. No doubt it had made an impression on his mind for some reason—perhaps because he had loved red Indian stories as a small boy. But why should this figure always take possession of his mind when he sat alone in the darkness, trying to get into touch with-well with anything that might happen?

Then sometimes he had seen-it was almost like seeing—a little girl in a white frock with a ring of daisies round her hair. Perhaps that also was some childish memory. He may have seen her when he was a small boy on Clapham Common or on the grass at Tooting.

He had read a bit of Freud and knew that

such memories persisted in the subconscious mind where everything is stored up—every impression of childhood. But it was just as if he saw her, and curiously enough, he was certain that her name was Elsie. Why Elsie? Why not Alice or Gwendoline or any other grift It gave him quite a start afterwards when Belle mentioned casually that she had had a sister called Elsie who had died as a child. "Have you ever told me that before?" he

asked in a startled voice.

"Not as I know of," she answered. "Of course I may have. Why, Em?"

"I believe I've seen her," he said gravely.

"Come off it!" cried Belle. "Where, I'd like to know?"

"In the bathroom," he told her solemnly, "In the darkness. More than once, too, with a daisy chain round her hair."

Belle looked at him curiously and then gave a shrill laugh. "You're getting balmy, Eml You'll go off your nut if you're not careful."

TERTAINLY his nerves were jangled. It was the strain of preparing for his first séance. There was a lot to do in arranging the upstairs rooms. He took away the folding doors, and Belle made a pair of black velvet curtains which together they hung up on a brass curtain rod they had changed have mod after her was

Belle had changed her mood after her surrender to his plans. She made a mockery of the whole business and gave squeals of laughter for no definite reason, as though she had gone silly. She refused to let him put her under hypnotic influence, and said if he wanted any spirit voices she could do the trick better when she had her wits about her.

One night she played a joke on him, pre-tending to go off in a trance and then speaking all sorts of things in different voices. She dida coster to the life with a coarse cockney accent and then suddenly began to speak in the voice of a little girl in a high childish treble.

Emery was utterly startled, believing that she was quite hypnotized until suddenly she sat up and said: "Silly, aren't you?" with a shriek of laughter.

"Do you mean to say you were shamming?" "You silly old Em! Anyone could take you in!"

He was thoughtful after that. It shook him rether. "You did that coster very well," he remarked. "Marvelous, to be quite honest." He stared at her suspiciously. "Sure you were faking all the time?"

"Up to the neck!" said Belle. "And if you want a society girl or a young toff, I can do them better than Mrs. Laveray or any of your silly old mediums."

She pretended to go in a trance again and spoke like a young gentleman of the West End, not dropping her h's and making only one mistake in grammar.
"How's that for Oxford?" she asked. "I

knew a boy once She did not dilate on that reminiscence but

looked at Emery with mischievous eyes.
"If I go into this business," she said, "I'm
going into it as a funny game. I'd go balmy if I took it serious.'

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Emery was thoughtful. Belle's exhibition of mimicry revealed a new aspect of her character. It was also, he admitted to himself, a temptation in case the spirits failed.

He had done a bit of carpentering work in the room upstairs. He had taken up one of the floor boards and made a little square compartment into which the phonograph just fitted. When the board was laid down again no one would suspect that anything was hidden under-neath. But by pulling a thin bit of wire and releasing a spring fixed to the starter he could set the phonograph going. He had another contrivance in the ceiling which would enable him to rattle a tambourine by pulling a bit of black cotton which came through a loop in the velvet curtains.

People would be fools if they imagined these musical instruments were played by spirits. He didn't intend them to think so. But it ch, 1928 subconscious s just as if he e was certain Elsie? Why y other girl's rt afterwards that she had ied as a child. before?" he

swered. "Of d gravely. There, I'd like

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red by spirits.

would create a mental atmosphere. Later on he might do that picture trick which was Mrs. Laveray's specialty . . . and other things which he would keep dark from Belle because she didn't understand the difference between

she didn't understand the difference between illusion and reality.

On the night of the séance, which was a Monday evening, he was pretty sure of about a dozen clients. Mrs. Lavery had given him a list of people she had recommended to visit him that evening. At least, her spirit control—the guru as she called him—had mentioned his address and said nice things about him.

So what with Mrs. Laveray's introductions with in own words to private friends, he was

So what with Mrs. Laveray's introductions and his own words to private friends, he was pretty sure of getting a dozen people on the night of his first séance. He was making a charge of half a guinea, for a start.

An hour before nine o'clock which was the time for the séance he had "the needle" badly, as he told Belle. He drank some brandy—a pretty stiff dose—to pull himself together. A dozen times he went upstairs to see that every. dozen times he went upstairs to see that every thing was in working order. The phonograph responded beautifully to the spring which he could touch from his chair in front of the black cultains. The tambourine tinkled from the ceiling when he gave the slightest tug to the bit of black cotton which he could pull behind his back. "These gadgets are necessary," he said to himself. "It's just suggestion. One can't do without this sort of thing."

The room looked almost vast when he turned the lights out—all except a red lamp on a ped-

estal. Its rays hardly penetrated the darkness.

"Darkness made visible," he murmured, remembering some old saying. The Bible perhaps, though he had never read it. He felt highly strung, emotional. He could feel little rushes of vibration in his arms and at his finger-ties. Undeubtedly he was very psychic. And tips. Undoubtedly he was very psychic. And nervous too.

Emery standing behind the curtain swayed a little on heels and toes. That brandy—the filthy stuff—made him feel very queer. He hoped Belle would behave all right. If she went off into the giggles she'd spoil everything.

But though she had acted flippantly when old Savage, the bookseller, and Guttery, the stammering chemist, came in, she had pulled herself together when Lady Ardington arrived with a young man wearing evening clothes and a monocle, and a sad-looking lady who was obviously his mother. Mrs. Laveray had described Lady Ardington. There was no mistaking her. She were at all handdenre looking sking her. She was a tall handsome-looking woman of about fifty with an aristocratic nose and thin lips. She carried a lorgnette with which she gazed round the room, while she talked in a high choose in the company of the stalked in a high choose in the company of the stalked in a high choose in the company of the stalked in a high choose in the company of the com

she talked in a high cheerful voice.

"Well, here we are, Charles"—to the young man with the monocle. "You've come to scoff, I'm sure—oh, the younger generation!—but I hope you'll remain to pray. Dear Mrs. Laveray says this young medium is perfectly wonderful."

"I wish he wouldn't live in such a low neigh-

borhood," said the young man, gazing round with disapproval. "I get nervous among the proletariat, with all this communism about."

He adjusted his monocle and stared in a hostile way at the red tie worn by Ted Hernery, one of the visitors.

"Hush, my dear!" said the sad lady who had come with Lady Ardington.

come with Lady Ardington.

The hospital nurse who attended the Laveray seances slipped in with her friend, a young widow, whose spirit husband always smelt gas—he having committed suicide by it. Then Mrs. Richardson, the wife of Emery's librarian friend, and two others. The last to come was Mrs. Laveray herself—"on a busman's holiday," as she explained. There were affectionate greetings between her and Lady Ardington.

"Ush," said Mrs. Laveray solemnly. "'Ere comes Mr. Jago. Psychic to the finger-tips. Invisible spirits walk with him day and night, they tell me."

they tell me."

Emery stepped through the black curtains. He felt dry inside his mouth and there was a cold moisture in the palm of his hands. His head was aching violently because of that brandy. He was just a little drunk, he thought.

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

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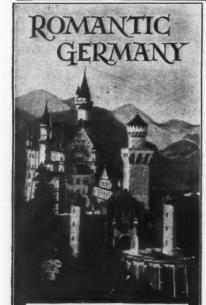
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Cosmopolitan Travel Service West 40th Street, New York City Almost certainly a little drunk. He avoided the sarcastic eyes of Ted Hernery and fixed his gaze upon Lady Ardington. She was looking at him through her lorgnette, beamingly, and the turned and whispered something to the young man with the monocle. Emery heard the whisper as though she had shouted it because of his south cause of hearing. "What wonderful eyes! . . . The windom of the soul!"

"'Ush!" said Mrs. Laveray sternly. Lady Ardington's remark restored his self. confidence somewhat. He bowed to the company and took his seat at the table near the pedestal lamp. Belle, in a plain black frod showing her thin bare arms, was standing ready to turn the lights down as he instructed

She looked white and strained. Then he began to speak, but it was not the speech which he had prepared. He really felt that he was inspired by some spiritual influence, dictating these words. Afterwards by tried to remember them but only knew that he had spoken modestly of his psychic powers and had told these people that he was merely grop ing towards the light, a wanderer in the uner plored regions of human thought advancing with hesitating steps, feeling in the dark in contact with things unknown, until sometimes his searching hand touched some thread which was like a guiding clue to other worlds .

He glanced over at Belle. She was staring at him fixedly with a mysterious lurking smale which made him feel uncomfortable. Was she mocking him? Perhaps she thought he was drunk, just because he had taken a nip or two of brandy to steady his nerves. She was like that—always making fun of him. There was kind of contempt in that smile of hers. He resented it. He didn't like it. He frowned at

her until suddenly she turned out the lights; all except that little red lamp on the pedestal which scarcely penetrated the darkness.

It was time for that phonograph music, to help the atmosphere. He pulled the wire under the table which touched off the spring. It acted all right, except that one heard the pre-liminary whir of the record before the needs reached the tune. He could hear his audience stir in their seats as though startled by thi sound. One of them whispered "What that?" in a frightened way. He could see the forms like shadows, very vaguely, and patche of whiteness where their faces were faintly reached by the rays of the little lamp.

Then he was startled himself and went hot with annoyance. He had chosen a record of soft and gentle music—the "Schlummerlied" by Schubert. He had tried over dozens before deciding on this one as dreamy and spiritual. He had put it aside most carefully. But that phonograph was playing something quite different. It was some infernal jazz-tune. "Curse!" thought Emery fiercely. Other

words came into his brain, and they were not nice words. Perhaps in his silly, nervous state before the séance he had fumbled about with the records and put on the wrong one after al his trouble. Or perhaps Belle had played a trick on him. If he found that out he would make her smart for it.

Relentlessly the awful tune went on, with wild and terrible cacophonies.

"Damnation!" thought Emery Jago, sitting there at his table getting hot and cold. "Held deposition." and damnation!"

Those words hammered inside his brain until at last the record ran its course, slowed down and ended in a fearful discord.

It had jangled his brains frightfully. Only by a terrific act of self-control could be concer-trate on going into the silence, making his mind a blank, reaching a state of self-hypnolism. All the time his conscious brain was liker rat running round in a cage. "What am I going to say?" he thought. "What can I tell these people? How can I show them my powers

I wish I hadn't drunk that filthy brand;

It was ten minutes before he could get going The people were becoming restless. He hear their breathing, their little movem their occasional whisperings.



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He felt very sleepy. It was the effect of that brandy. He wanted to go to sleep. He had a jolly good mind to go to sleep, just for a second or two. Those people wouldn't guess, in the darkness.

Then quite suddenly he began to speak in the voice of Black Eagle.

It was just as though the red Indian chief

at was just as though the red Indian Chier had jumped into his brain and taken possession. "This is Black Eagle speaking. Don't you remember? I was one of those war birds. Served with the Canadian bunch—Bishop and that crowd. What games we had before going out to the front! Poor little Billie Carlton she was a peach with all the boys. There's a fellow here tonight who wants to get through. fellow here tonight who wants to get through. He's pushing me away. Says he wants to speak to his wife. He took a whiff of gas when he was fed up because his grateful country didn't care a curse about ex-officer laddies after they'd done their job. Well, all right, old lad. Black Eagle is a sporting spirit. He doesn't grab the telephone when a friend wants to talk to a lady." to talk to a lady."

"Good heavens!" thought Emery. "Am I

faking, or is this the real thing?"

He couldn't be certain. Perhaps all this stuff was coming out of his subconsciousnes Or perhaps he was sensitive to some thought wave reaching him from one of those minds in the room. Or perhaps he was more drunk than he imagined. What was all that about Billie ned. What was all that about Billie He couldn't remember anything about such a person, though the name seemed vaguely familiar to him. Perhaps he was really possessed by a spirit. Such things did happen. It was extraordinary how the idea of that red Indian chief kept haunting him. He could hear some disturbance in the audi-

ence. One of the women was sobbing. Others were leaning towards her. It was the woman who had come with the hospital nurse—the one whose husband had pasted up his windows and turned on the gas. Mrs. Laveray had told him that. And yet before he started speaking he hadn't thought about it much. It wasn't deliberate on his part this reference to that ex-officer. Nothing was deliberate with him.

The words just came to his lips.

More words came to his lips in a different voice. That ex-officer was speaking now, asking questions about his two children. anxious that they should get a good schooling. He wanted them brought up to hate war. He said a lot of things about the beauty of peace, and the League of Nations, and the spirit of Locarno. He also made some reference to a hospital nurse who had been very kind to his wife. She had a brother on his side of No Man's Land. A fellow called Bert, who had been pipped on the Somme and gone missing. That was what the war office had said. Gone missing. As a matter of fact he had been lying out in a shell hole until he was buried under another name.

Emery wondered whether any of this stuff were true. Or was he just faking it all? He couldn't be sure. Of course he had picked up some of it at Mrs. Laveray's. But then the words seemed to flow on without any act of will-power on his part. He had a curious sense of being outside his own body and possessed by some other personality. He was certainly in a highly wrought state, and felt rather ill. Almost faint. Rather sick, too. But he went

Annost faint. Nature sack, too. Dut he work on talking and was aware that his silent company was listening with strained attention.

"Anyhow I'm making a hit," he thought.

"Fake or no fake. And I don't care a rap for any of them" any of them.

And then he was frightened. As he sat the forms of people and the vagueness of their faces, he became aware of a strong scent of roses. "That's queer!" he thought, not frightened yet, but acutely sensitive to that new and fragrant smell.

He was saying something about a spirit who had come up out of the sea—was that some unconscious reference to Lady Ardington's lover?-when the words were frozen on his There was something moving at the far end of the room, by the window. It looked at first like a patch of light on the floor-whiteness, squirming. It seemed to rise and materialize into a white form, filmy and diapl anous. It was a human form, with a face and hands. It moved into the center of the room It was—he could almost swear—a little given with a daisy chain round her hair and some flowers in her hands.

It was the Elsie whom he had seen before in a vision—Belle's dead sister who had ap-peared to him several times as he had sat alone in darkness trying to get into touch with the other side. She seemed to be floating round the room very slowly, with a rhythmic movement of the hands. She was scattering flowers into the laps of the people there. They too were aware of her, as Emery could tell by the nervous breathing, their little frightened movements. Someone gave a kind of gasp.

movements. Someone gave a kind of gasp.

Emery felt a strange tightness about the
scalp. He could feel his hair rising on his head
All his nerves quivered. There was an acute
pain in his solar plexus. He had all the symptoms of fear which he had known as a small boy when he used to wake up suddenly and scream for his mother because strange monsten were about to devour him.

"It's a spirit!" he thought. "I've materialred it. It's Elsie come to get in touch with Belle. She's wearing that daisy chain—just as I saw her! And I can smell the flower. They're roses . . . I'll never fake again. I swear to God I won't—if there is a God."

There was a cold moisture on his forehead. He felt paralyzed. Not for the life of him could he have turned his head or raised a hand. yet above this fear which controlled his body that mind of his was active and alert.

"Amazing!" he thought. "A materialized spirit at my very first séance. It's a lesson against skepticism. I've been blaspheming against the spirit world—denying it as all a fake. And now Elsie comes with her little daisy chain!"

There was the sound of a kiss in the room, followed by a frightened cry from one of the women.

"I say, hang it all!" said the young man with the monocle.

One of the women gave a kind of moan or whimper and seemed to fall sideways off he chair on to the oak-stained boards.

She was moaning on the floor with other bending over her. A flower touched Emery on the back of his right hand. He could feel its coldness and wetness and all his nerves

quivered at the touch of it. "Look here, turn up the lights, can't you?" cried a loud petulant voice, which belonged to the young man with the monocle. "A lad has fainted . . . All this infernal humbug"

It was Mr. Guttery, the chemist, who tuned up the lights, after feeling round the walls. "This is a bit thick," he said huskily with a tremor in his voice. "It's going a b-b-bit to f-f-f-far in my opinion."

He and Ted Hernery lifted up the lady who had fainted. It was the widow of the man who had gassed himself.

Emery was still in a state of nervous protration. He pushed the hair back from his forehead with a trembling hand.

"I hadn't an idea," he said, and found him-self stammering like Mr. Guttery. "It was-Elsie! She came with r-r-r-roses!

There were rose petals on the floor. There was a wet white rose at his feet. Another lay in the lap of Mrs. Laveray.

in the lap of Mrs. Laveray.

"Well, I must say it's all gone off very nicely," said that lady. "Wonderful!"

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Ardington.

"Most impressive! Quite startling. And I hope that poor creature isn't too frightfully frightened. One has to get used to these

"I'm amazed," said Mr. Savage, the book-seller. "It's surprising, I will say that."
"What I want to know," said Ted Hernery, loudly and fiercely, as though challenged someone, "what I'd like to know is where these

dow. It looked on the floormed to rise and filmy and diaphwith a face and ter of the room. hair and some

arch, 1928

had seen before er who had ap-he had sat alone touch with the hmic movement ing flowers into They too were d tell by their ttle frightened kind of gasp. ness about the sing on his head was an acute ad all the sympown as a small

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re roses came from. They don't grow roses in Heaven, do they?'

here roses came from. They don't grow roses in Heaven, do they?"
"Certainly, they does," said Mrs. Laveray, sternly. "Why ever not, young man?"
"What about soils and manures?" he asked indignantly. "I live on sand, so I know."
The young widow lady was recovering under the care of the hospital nurse. Lady Ardington was speaking to Emery.
"Such a dear spirit-child!" she exclaimed. "I could hear the patter of her little bare feet. Tell me. Is she one of your controls?"
"I see her in the darkness," said Emery.
"She appears to me. Always with a daisy chain round her hair. It's Elsie. She died some years ago. A relative of mine."
Lady Ardington nodded understandingly. "I'm very psychic myself and so nervous! But it's all fascinating. One lives so closely to the other side. Just a thin partition—a little veil. I must bring some of my skeptical friends. That dear soul Rose Jaffrey, the actress, your Mradein was the said the search of the said of th That dear soul Rose Jaffrey, the actress, you know, and that brilliant man Mr. Adrian Mallard, K.C. We were talking one night—"

"Don't you think we'd better go, aunt?" said the young man with the monocle. "This sort of thing bores me stiff."

One by one they departed, and Belle showed them out of the front door. Then she came upstairs to the big room where Emery still

upstars to the big room where Emery still stood pale and emotional after this experience. Then it was true, all this. He had faked a bit just to create atmosphere but a spirit had come through. Elsie! . . . His little Elsie! "Belle!" he said solemnly. "What did I tell you? I'm a bit of a faker but a spirit came through all right. Little Elsie!"

tell you? I'm a bit of a faker but a spirit came through all right. Little Elsie!"

Belle Chubb began laughing hysterically. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, I think I'll die. Oh, my goodness! I'll laugh myself to death! Em, you idiot! You comical Mr. Jago!" He seized her roughly by the shoulder and shook her. "What do you mean?" he asked fiercely. "Why are you laughing like that? What the devil are you getting at?"

"Why, you silly old Em," she cried, "it was me all the giddy time. I told you I had a sense of humor, didn't I? Them roses! Why, I bought 'em in Electric Avenue. I'll teach them, I said. If it's ghosts, it's ghosts. I put on my dancing frock and left off my shoes and stockings and made a daisy chain for my hair. And I've kidded you up to the neck, Em!"

"Blast you!" he said. "Blast you!" and

"Blast you!" he said. "Blast you!" and struck her across the face with the back of

The astonishing character of Emery Jago—this professional medium who practises "the tricks of the trade" but is wholly sincere in believing that he possesses psychic powers— is brought into close touch with a group of people in the Smart Set of London. Chief among them are Mr. Adrian Mallard, K. C., the famous lawyer, and Rose Jaffrey, the talented actress. Mallard, a delightful and charming character who is in love with Rose in a purely idealistic way, receives a sudden and tragic warning which shocks him into the desire to attain a sure knowledge of life after death. He goes to Emery Jago, who converts him to a belief in spiritualism by startling manifestations which will seem plausible and perplexing to the readers of this serial. In the Next Instalment our author, Philip Gibbs, raises, in chapters of poignant drama, the tremendous question which confronts each one of us in our secret hearts: Is there a survival of personality after death?



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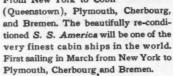


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Why Germany Defied Us (Continued from page 77)

war in 1914 unprepared, so would you enter it. Judging from your history during your Civil War, the Spanish-American War and Civil War, the Spanish-American War and above all the year 1916, there was no reason to believe you would do better than Britain.

While threatening us if we did not give up our submarine warfare you threw away your pistol. It was only a small one. You made no plans to get a big enough one really to frighten us. In other words, you were disarmed.
"To fight, you would have to arm and that

would take time, despite your great population and great wealth. There are many men as big and strong, or even bigger and stronger, than your champion Tunney. However, before they could fight him with any chance of sucthey would have to put in a long time training.

"Why should we have given up our submarine campaign because you, who were dis-armed and needed so much time before you could fight us on the battlefields of France, threatened to join our enemies?'

I called his attention to the fact that despite British unpreparedness which gave Germany almost two years to knock out France and Russia, Germany had not done so; that if these two nations had given Britain the time to prepare and add her strength to the force against Germany, why was it not reasonable to believe that the three allies could do the

I knew what his answer would be. I had heard it before from a dozen other former General Staff officers. It was an answer of two

words: "Hindenburg—Ludendorff." General von Hindenburg with General Ludendorff as his First Quartermaster-General were in control when Germany brought us into the war. But they were not in command of all Germany's armies during the first two years of

President von Hindenburg of the Germany of today was, when the war broke out in August, 1914, Major-General von Hindenburg on the retired list of the German Army living

quietly in Hanover.

In 1911 at the age of sixty-four he had finished, so he thought, his active service in the German Army. As he turned over his com-mand of the German Fourth Army Corps with headquarters at Magdeburg, he is said to have remarked that the great military knowledge accumulated by him in forty-six years of service from second lieutenant commanding a platoon to major-general commanding an army corps would never be of use to his country.

As a nineteen-year-old second lieutenant of the 3rd Infantry he had distinguished himself and been wounded in the head in the Battle of Sadowa, the crushing defeat of the Austrians so skilfully planned and carried out by the great von Moltke that Austria was beaten six weeks after war began. As a first lieutenant he served in the Franco-Prussian War where von Moltke's plans led to the overthrow of the French regular army in seven weeks.

He took part in this Franco-Prussian War in

the repeated and bloody assaults of the German infantry on the village of Saint Privat stub-bornly held by the French, but escaped unharmed. He was present at the Battle of Sedan the following month when Napoleon III, surrounded and unable to break out, was forced to surrender himself, his army of 124,000 men and more than 500 guns.

After Sedan, Lieutenant von Hindenburg took part in the siege of Paris. From its surrender until his retirement he had never heard a hostile shot fired

As he commented on his military career being finished that day in Magdeburg in 1911, little did he dream that a short five years later, in August, 1916, the Kaiser would send for him to make him Chief of the General Staff of all the German field armies at the end of the second

year of the greatest war in history.

With him came General von Ludendorff as his chief assistant. He is eighteen years

younger than von Hindenburg. Like his chiefle had started his career as a second lieutenant of infantry, being commissioned when he was seventeen. Unlike him he had never heard a hostile shot fired until this war. The attack on the Belgians holding the forts around Liège in August, 1914, was his first battle experience By his personal example of coolness under fine and his skill in leadership he straightened out an infantry brigade which had become demoralized and led it to a successful attack.

Now the great decision which had to be made by the German leaders the fall of 1916 shortly after Hindenburg came to power was whether to give up the submarine warfare and keep the United States out of the war at least for a while longer, or keep it up and bring us in.
Which course was to be followed hinged on

what was the real reason for Germany's failure to date to knock out either France or Russia before Britain, unprepared in 1914, had time to put a large fighting army into France.

As to the cause for this failure, there were two groups opposed to each other. One the Hindenburg-Ludendorff group which insisted bad German leadership to date first under wo Moltke and then under von Falkenhayn was responsible.

The opposing group said not bad leadership but the pre-war plan of General von Schlieffer was responsible, the strategy of which was to complicated and depended upon more time for each step than the Germans had had. This group were the backers of General von Falker hayn and General von Moltke, von Hinder-burg's predecessors as Chief of Staff.

Von Moltke was Chief of Staff from 1903 until the French victory of the first Battle of the Marne caused his relief.

Von Falkenhayn, his successor, while al-

lowed to resign in 1919, had in reality been re lieved. He had badly beaten the Russians the summer of 1915, but not thoroughly enough to prevent their coming back with a heavy attack in 1916 at the time when the British under Haig and the French under Foch were still pounding hard to break the German line north

and south of the Somme River.

This attack on the Somme showed von Falkenhayn's attack on Verdun to be a failure. In February of 1916 he attacked Verdun with the idea of so using up the French Army in Verdun's defense that that army could never attack again. He intended to finish this using up process, called "usury," before the British were ready to attack.

Yet, while in the middle of his Verdun attack both the French and British attacked him, and so hard he had to send troops, intended in

Verdun, to stop them. The Hindenburg-Ludendorff group insisted there had been plenty of time to carry out the original pre-war plan of General von Schlieffen.

According to this plan France was to be knocked out in the time necessary for Russia to mobilize and move her armies to attack Germany and Austro-Hungary. This because Russia's lack of railways made such move-ments slow. France having been disposed of, Russia was to be knocked out.

The Hindenburg-Ludendorff group pointed out in 1916 that in the first days of the everything had gone better than planned. The Belgian forts had quickly fallen. The Belgian Army had been unable to offer any serious resistance to the Germans. The British instead of sending their whole Expeditionary Force of 100,000 had sent but 70,000. It had got no further north than Mons before, overwhelmed and outflanked, it was driven back.

But when the French stopped on the Mane to fight and the Germans should have turned their left or western flank near Paris, got in their rear, and started bending them b produce a 1914 Sedan victory on a much larger scale, what happened?

The French turned the German western flank instead! Why? Simply because there

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arch, 1928

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were not enough German troops on their west-em flank to keep on turning the French. Von Moltke in the years before the war had changed the plan of his predecessor von Schlieffen so that General von Kluck in his famous march through Belgium south to the Marne in 1914 had at least 300,000 troops less than the original plan called for. On his death-bed. January 4, 1933

original plan called for.

On his death-bed, January 4, 1913, only a year and a half before the war broke out, von Schlieffen had murmured his last words to his son-in-law: "It must come to a fight. Only make the right wing strong."

Von Moltke's disregard of von Schlieffen's the and pat lack of time was responsible—

plan and not lack of time was responsible— according to the Hindenburg-Ludendorff group -for failure to win the first round of the war by knocking France out.

by knocking France out.

This group insisted that not lack of time but von Falkenhayn's "usury" tactics in Russia were responsible for failure to win the second round of the war in 1915 by knocking that country out.

Starting with a smashing attack in May, 1975, the Germans had been steadily driving the Russians out of the territory of East Prussia, Poland and Austro-Hungary they had advanced into during the winter of 1914-15. Hindenburg with Ludendorff, then commanding on part of this front, wanted boldly to break through the Russian line and take the risk involved of getting in the Russian rear. In this way they planned to break up the Russian Army thus putting Russia out for good Von Falkenhayn would not allow them to do so. He said his "usury" method of constant frontal attacks with large captures of prisoners and guns and tremendous casualties was using the Russian Army up.

and guns and tremendous casualties was using the Russian Army up.
While the Russians were so used up they could do nothing for a year, in June, 1916, they came to life with a smashing attack on the Austro-Hungarians. By the middle of August they had captured more than 350,000 Austro-Hungarians. Hungarians.

As a consequence of von Falkenhayn's "usury" methods, Hindenburg faced a failure when he took over command. The attack on Verdun had petered out, the British and French were still hammering on the Somme and the Austro-Hungarians were in danger of collapse unless the Germans sent troops to

stop the Russians.

By the end of 1916 Hindenburg had stopped the Russians, stopped the British and French on the Somme and almost wiped Roumania off the map; killing, wounding and capturing at least 200,000 Roumanian soldiers.

Once more dark days for Germany had been changed to cheerful ones by Hindenburg-Ludendorff successes—just as that first and darkest period for Germany in the failure of the first Battle of the Marne, in 1914, had been brightened by them by successes against Busic brightened by them by successes against Russia. At Tannenberg in East Prussia the last

days of August, 1914, they killed, wounded and captured 170,000 Russians with a loss of but 15,000 Germans killed and wounded. General sonov who commanded the Russians, flee-Sansonov who commanded the Russians, necing with the remnants of his army, could not
bear the disgrace. He committed suicide after
telling the few of his staff left him—"The
Emperor trusted me. How can I face him after such a disaster?'

Nine days later Hindenburg and Ludendorff had defeated another Russian Army under General Rennenkampf at the Battle of Masurian Lakes. The remnants of this army—almost a disorganized rabble—were chased across the River Nymen back to Russia.

These two battles were over in two weeks. Two Russian armies, each stronger than von Hindenburg's, had been decisively beaten. One hundred and thirty-five thousand Rus-

sians had been captured, 40,000 to 50,000 killed and at least 100,000 more wounded; making a total Russian loss of a quarter of a million.

This record of Hindenburg-Ludendorff faally won the dispute for them. It was decided that had strategical skill and determination of the University of the Mindel Russian Strategical skill and determination of the Mindel Russian Strategical skill and det tion of the Hindenburg-Ludendorff type been used since the opening days of the war in 1914



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was ready—and the war would have been won.

However, by the close of 1916 Russia and France were greatly weakened through having borne the brunt of the war for two years. They had passed their maximum strength and must steadily grow weaker. Therefore Britain more and more would have to bear the brunt of the war. This not only in giving money and war material to her allies but above all in putting fighting men on the battlefield.

But as she had not yet adopted real con-scription and volunteering had passed its

maximum, her army would not greatly incin size. It might decrease. Also the submacampaign was seriously interfering with supply of war material and food.

Judging from Britain's example, it wo two years before the United States would an effective fighting army. If she deci-send it to Europe the submarines would

ously interfere with, if not stop, her doi Hindenburg and Ludendorff gave Ger the skilled leadership to take advantage of new opportunity. America's unprepared would give Germany the time Germany defied us and we declared War.

Next month General Reilly will tell for the first time the inside story of how stunned the Germans were when they found American divisions not only fighting against them but fighting well

Ruth is Stranger than Fiction (Continued from page

little courtesy for women of all degrees, from scrub lady to princess. What was more to the point, he wanted nothing in return for his kindness, that alone making him something of a novelty in New York or New Zealand.

All and all, Haines was actually as different from the scoundrel he portrayed in the theater as pneumonia is different from pneumatic! I liked him and knew Jimmy would too, and weighing him up with Demarest and their rôles on the boards, I decided that life is just as puzzling to me as it must have been to Eve, who got streeted from Eden for simply giving an apple to the wrong type of man.

Well, to get to the point, as the ink cracked to the fountain pen, Verne Demarest renewed his attempts to get Urania interested till finally he came right out in the open and invited her to call at his apartment one afternoon, where, he said, he would give her a large liquor order for Charley Cash. Oo la la! Even Urania wanted to giggle the thing off, but Charley ordered her to go.

"This baby just come into a lot of jack," he told her. "Trip up there and put over this sale and your cut will make you sob with joy. Demarest ain't got brains enough to get gay with you and should he—well, you ain't got laryngitis. Give the neighbors a beller!"

Isn't that gorgeous? Urania left after lunch to be gone an hour and late on that fateful afternoon when she hadn't returned or phoned me, really, I began to get triple anxious. I mean I hadn't the faintest idea where this Demarest person lived, and though something more than posi-tive that Urania was nobody's fool, a hunch I

couldn't get rid of made me call up Brockton

Haines and outline the situation to him. Inside of twenty minutes word came up from the hall that he was downstairs with a taxi and a short while later we were standing before the door of Verne Demarest's expensive apartment. It was almost directly off the elevator and when loud and angry voices could be plainly heard through the transom, the West Indian indoor aviator who took us up in the cage grinned in that uptown way those particular dark-complected chore boys have. Honestly, they make me furious!

Mr. Haines smiled grimly at me, squared his jaw and rang the bell. The voices instantly died down but no one answered, and to our surprise and relief the door opened a couple of inches when I tried the knob. The thing was on a slim chain, and when a half-choked scream in Urania's well-known voice suddenly broke the spell, Brockton Haines threw himself against the door and we were inside staring at the back of Verne Demarest, whose arms w around the struggling Urania, looking at us wild-eyed over his shoulder. Without a word, Haines reached them in a couple of strides, swung the surprised and bigger Demarest around facing him and promptly knocked him down. Thus in real life the villain of the stage rescued the damsel in distress from the hero of the footlights! Though it broke up a tense

moment, I know they all thought my min a bit affected when I flung myself down couch and burst into loud and hys

couch and burst into loud and hystelaughter. What a climax!

Fatefully ticking away on the mantel, a b tiful ormolu clock informed us all that actors had just about time to rush to the shop for the evening performance of "Passes," which is what Haines was quietly ing Demarest as he helped the dazed and all leading man to him fact. leading man to his feet.

Me and Urania left them arguing and o the great outdoors again we determined the show that very night. So we grab taxi and rolled to the theater, while I co lated my girl friend for her presence of m making Demarest leave the door of his the chain. For once in her life Urani Tourette had no comebacks and she jus there silently, gazing out the window thoughtful and subdued manner.

In the lobby we ran into Charley Cash, gave us front seats in a stage box to dre

Honestly, I thought we'd both simply into the orchestra pit when the curtain we on the first scene showing the heroine s gling in the arms of Brockton Haine villain, while Verne Demarest, the hero, through a door coming to her assistance was the exact reverse of the genuine happ of a few hours before!

Urania's astonished exclamation Demarest to glance in our direction and s recognizing us he paled and faltered, peculiar twist about the stage situation acting dawned on him, too. Fairly hypno he stared at Urania, who calmly leaned the rail of the box and hissed at him:

"I dare you to go through with the see The alarmed Brockton Haines, who o see us, repeated the cue for Demarest, b gentleman went completely up in his li

gentieman went completely up in his in dashed from the stage, the curtain hastily before a thoroughly astounded No, my supporters, the show didn't At my inspired suggestion it was turned burlesque melodrama and for the fifteen of its Broadway run that same scene every performance as a prolog! At th the third week, when the box office and

agencies were coldly turning 'em Charley Cash spoke to me as follows: "Good-lookin', you can have the grand you foxed me out of on that hors and welcome! In fact, I already got it and I just boosted Demarest's weekly twelve hundred."

"For what?" I asked him, amazed. "You know that day Urania went tap?" queried Charles.

"Absolutely!" I answered, with some is "Well," Charley grinned, "that's the Demarest claims him and you and Uran the idea for the new openin' scene. He chance action of his furnished the whole

Now, honestly, did you ever hear of any more perverted?

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